107404

"King René's Daughter."

A Lyric Drama

in One Act,

founded on

HENRIK HERZ'S FAMOUS PLAY.

Music by

JULIAN EDWARDS.

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY,

CINCINNATI, ⊹ NEW YORK, ⊹ CHICAGO.

Copyright 1893 by The John Church Company.
Entered at Stationers Hall, London.

TO AMATEURS. *For rights of performance and use of Orchestra parts, address the Publishers.*

"King René's Daughter."

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING RENÉ (Count of Provence.)	BASS.
IOLANTHE (his daughter.)	SOPRANO.
COUNT TRISTAN OF VAUDEMONT	TENOR.
SIR GEOFFREY OF ORANGE	BARITONE.
SIR ALMERIC	TENOR.
EBN JAHIA (a Moorish physician.)	BASS.
BERTRAND	BASS.
MARTHA (his wife.)	MEZZO SOPRANO.

Count Tristan's followers.

Iolanthe, daughter of King René, and Tristan, son of Count de Vaudemont, are betrothed in infancy, to end an ancient feud.

Soon after this compact, Iolanthe is by accident deprived of sight.

By the King's command, her blindness is not only kept secret from all the world, but she also is reared in utter ignorance of her affliction.

Ebn Jahia, a Moorish physician, promises to restore her sight, but informs the King that she must first be told, she is blind.

To this the King objects.

Tristan who arrives in King René's kingdom in the guise of a Troubadour to claim her hand; by chance strays into her retreat.

He sees her and becomes enamoured of her, not knowing her to be his betrothed.

His horror when the fact of her blindness dawns upon him, gives place to extreme astonishment, when he discovers that she is totally unconscious of her loss.

He informs her of it, thereby removing the chief obstacle to the success of Ebn Jahia's undertaking, and the physician eventually cures her.

Tristan meanwhile annuls the marriage contract with King René's daughter.

He declares war; returns by stealth to claim the unknown one, and, is there surprised and overjoyed to learn that she is Iolanthe, King René's Daughter, and no longer blind.

He gladly renews the compact, which is consummated by their union, thus ensuring peace and happiness.

The action takes place in Provence, in a valley of Vaucluse and lasts from the afternoon to sunset. The period is the middle of the Fifteenth Century.

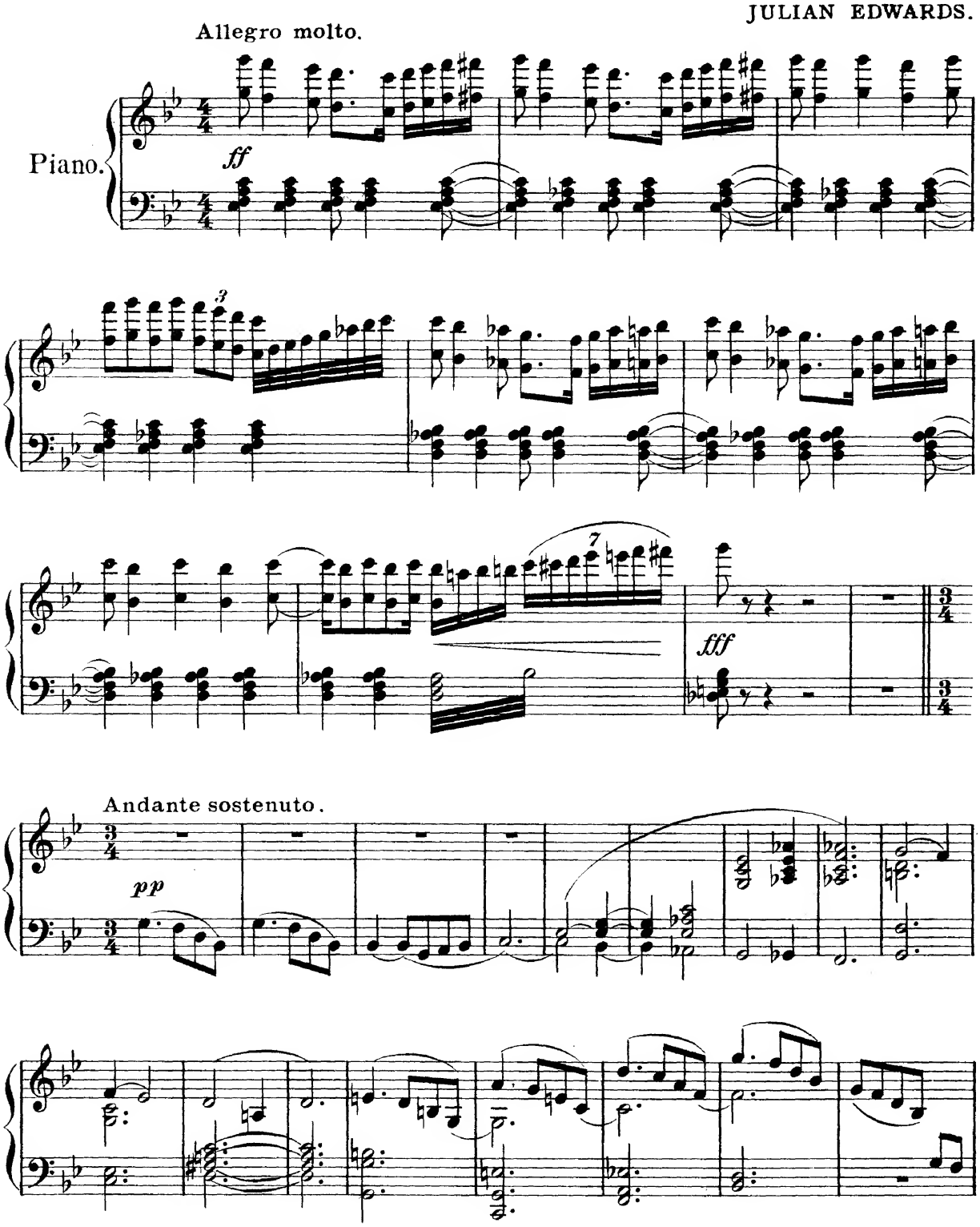
Copyright 1893 by The John Church Co

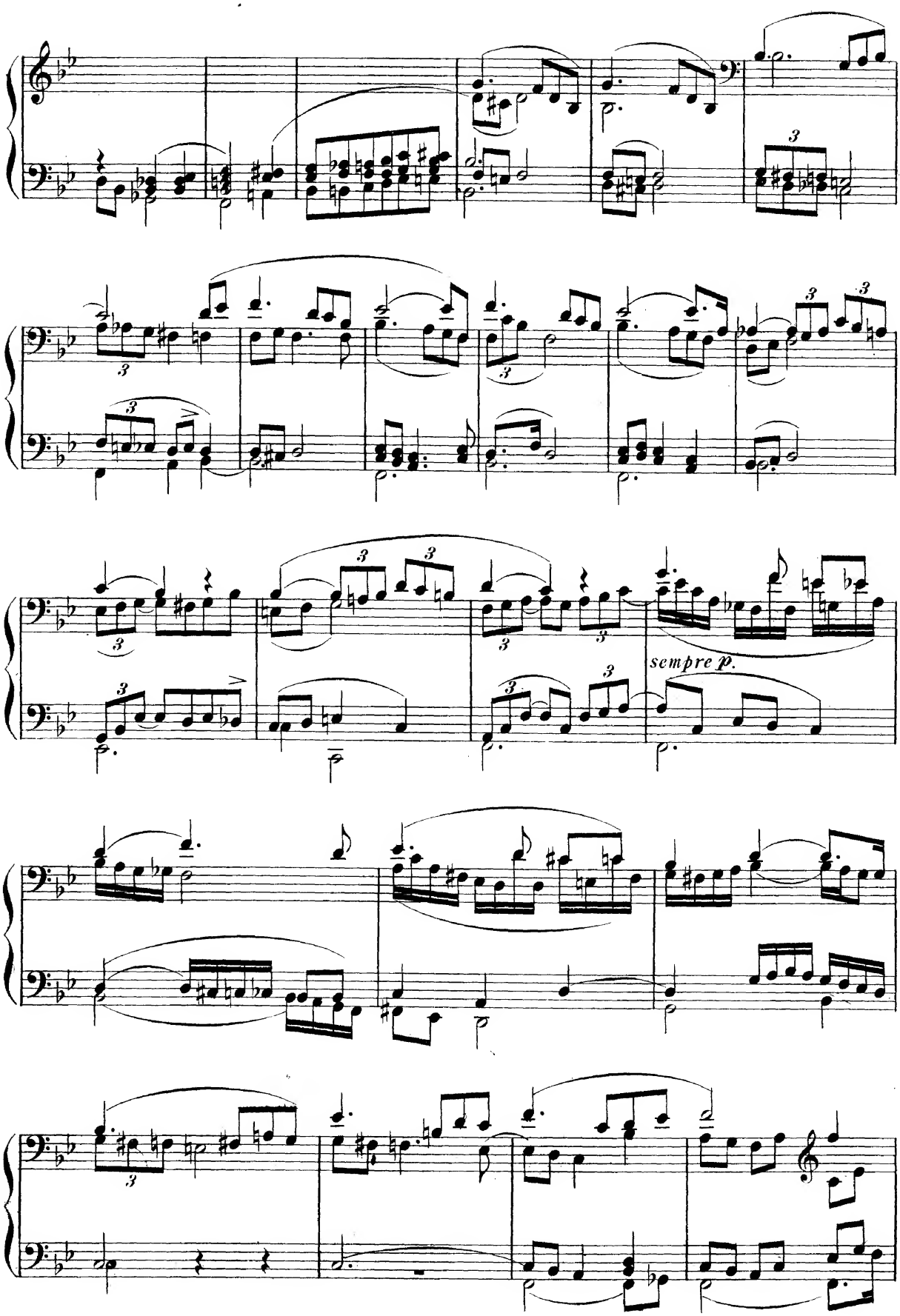
"King René's Daughter."

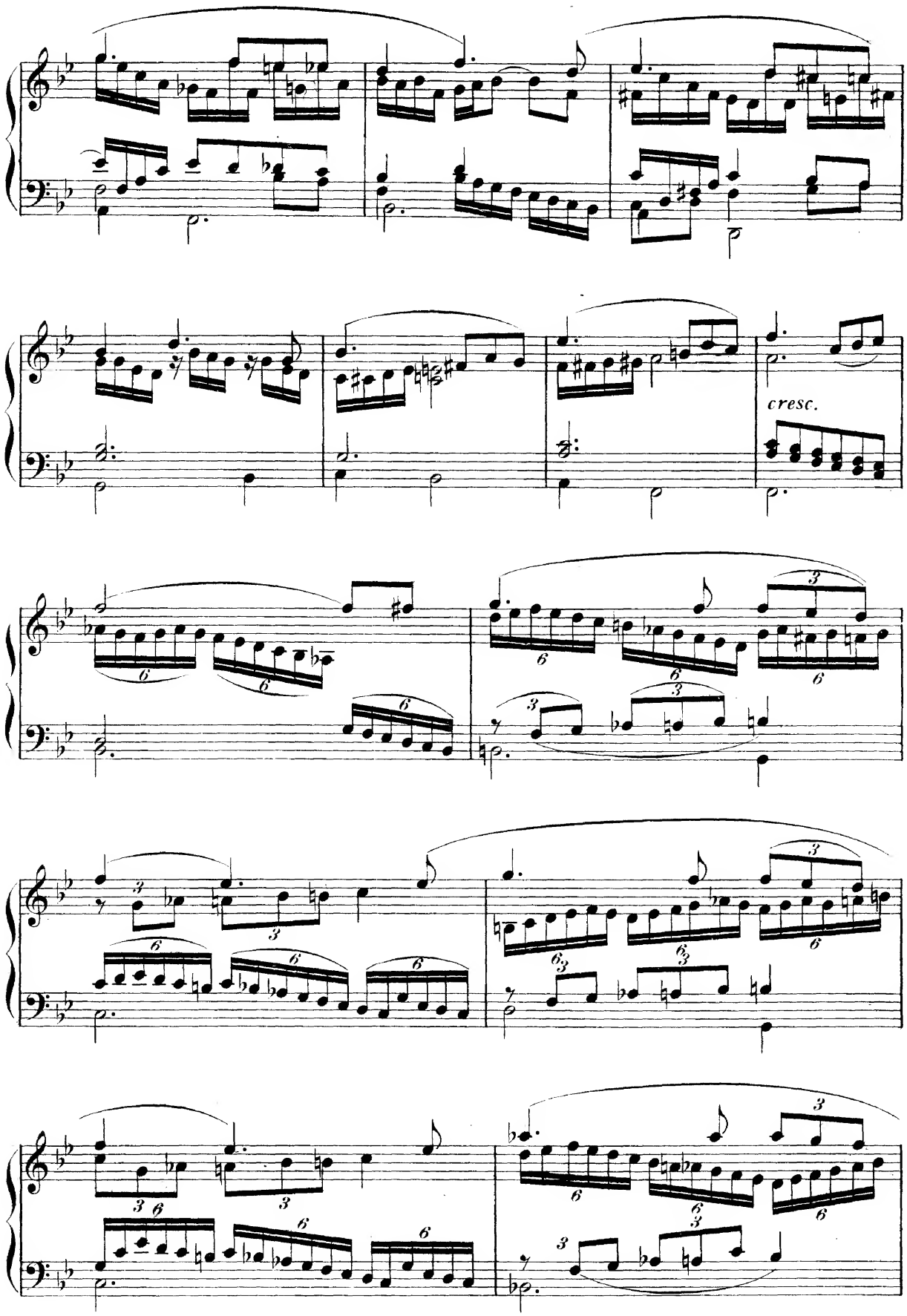
A Lyric Drama in one Act.

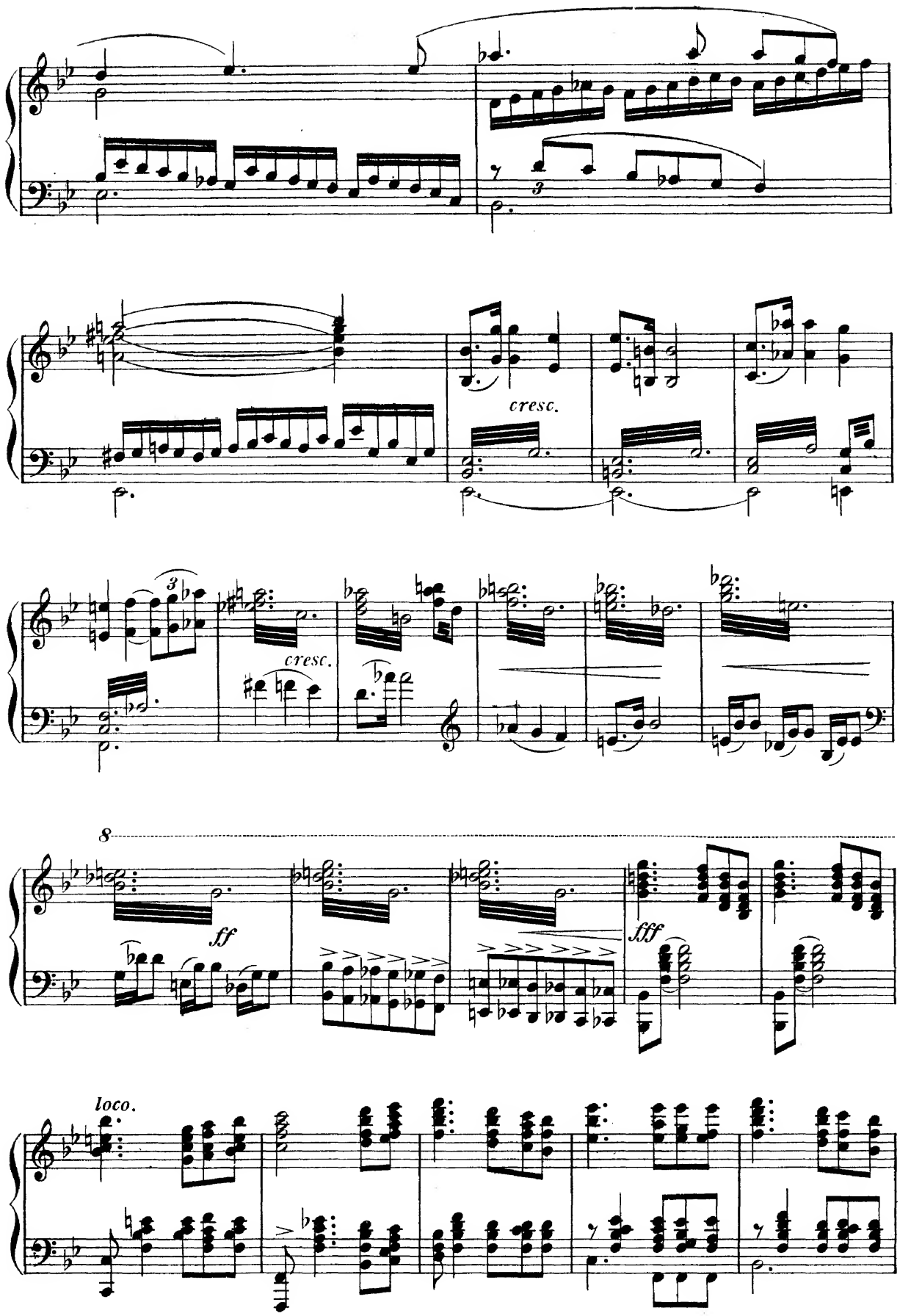
PRELUDE.

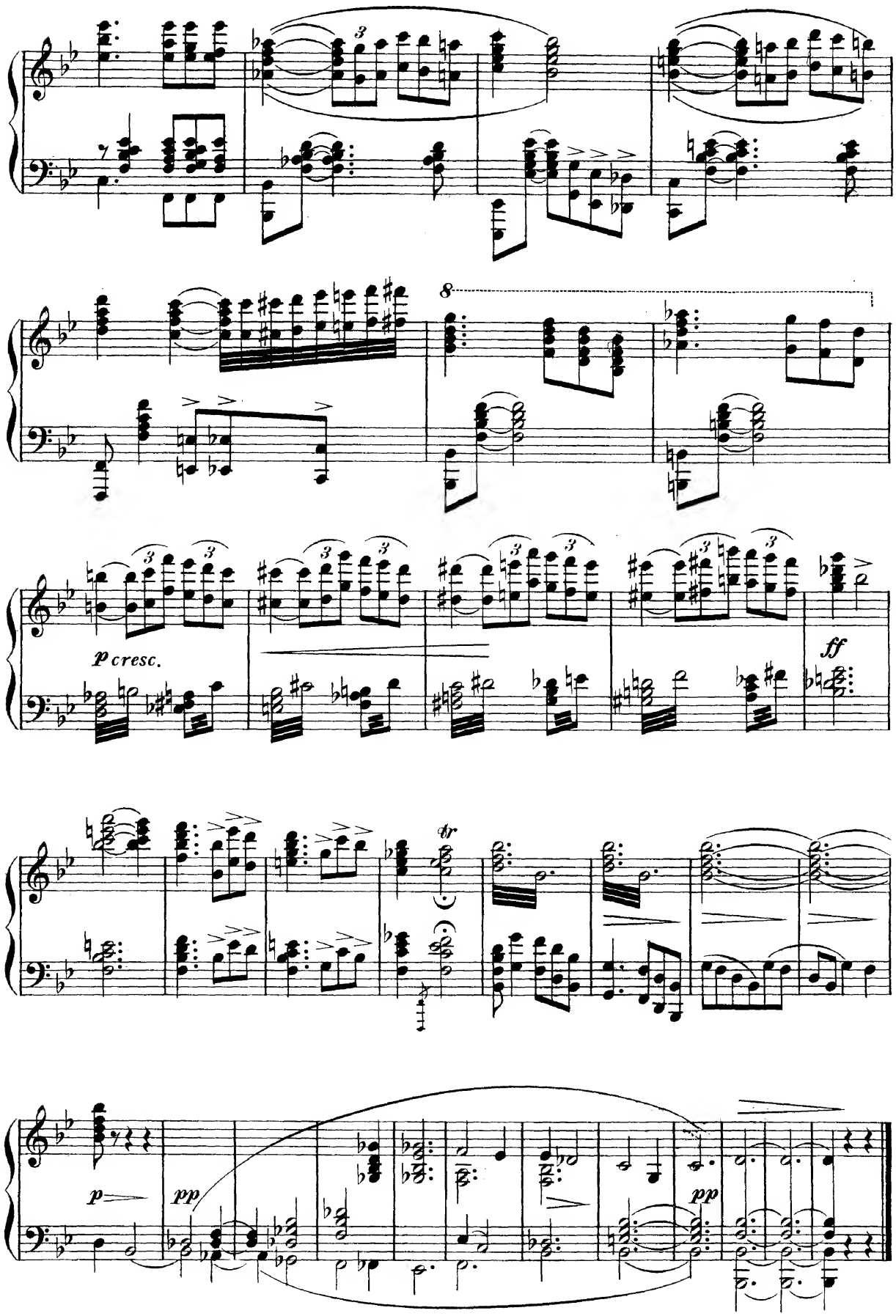
JULIAN EDWARDS.




sempre p.

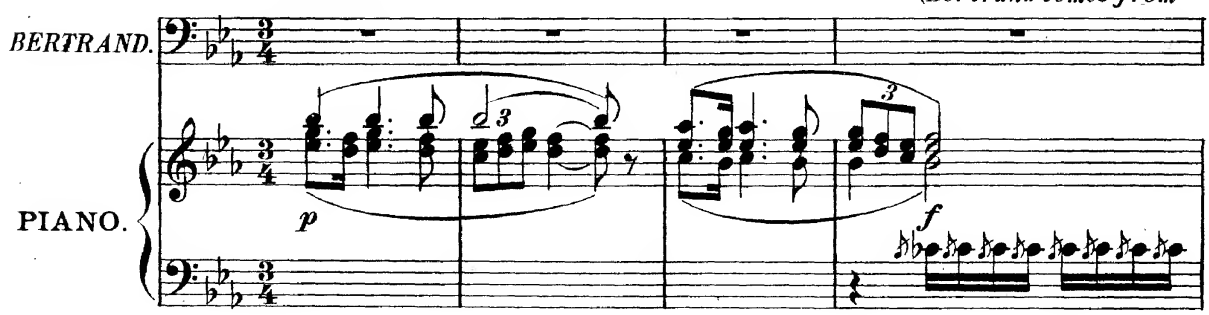

cresc.


cresc.
cresc.
8
ff
fff
loco.

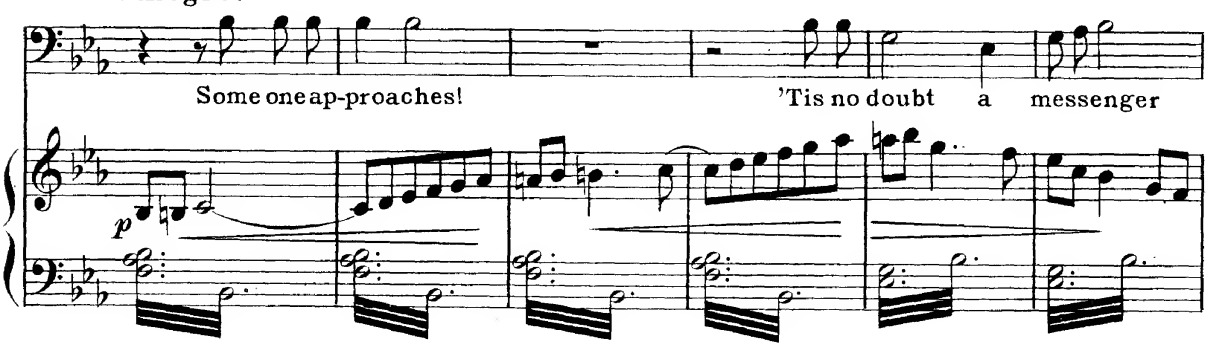

8
p cresc.
ff
tr
p
pp
pp

A Garden. To the left, a house covered with ivy and roses. To the right, fruit trees, tall palm trees, and other Southern plants. In the centre, a raised bank of rose trees, red and white. In front of the house, a table and three seats. In a background of mountains and rocks over grown with shrubs, a door is so concealed by moss and stones, that it is only perceptible when opened.

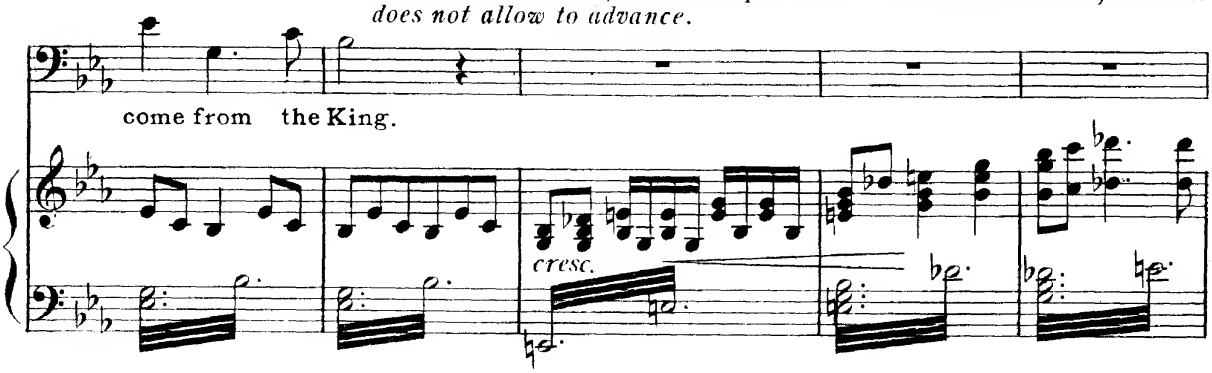
Andante. *(Bertrand comes from*

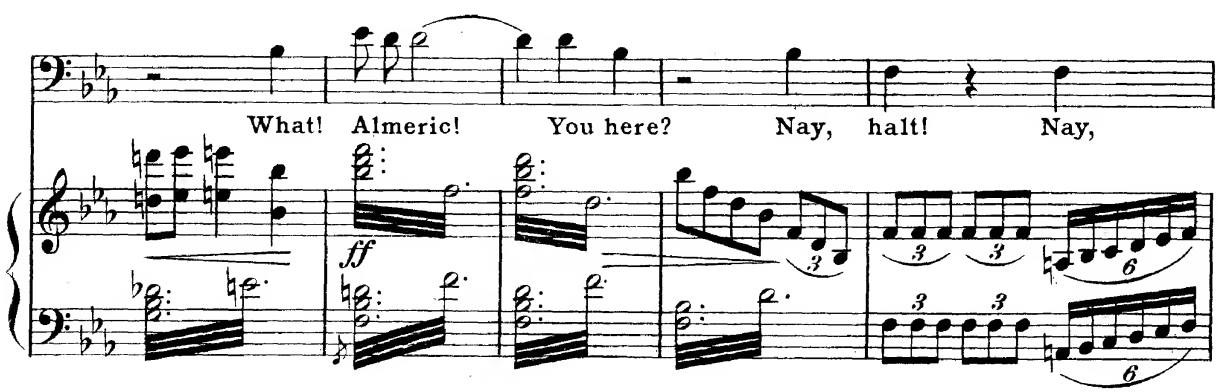


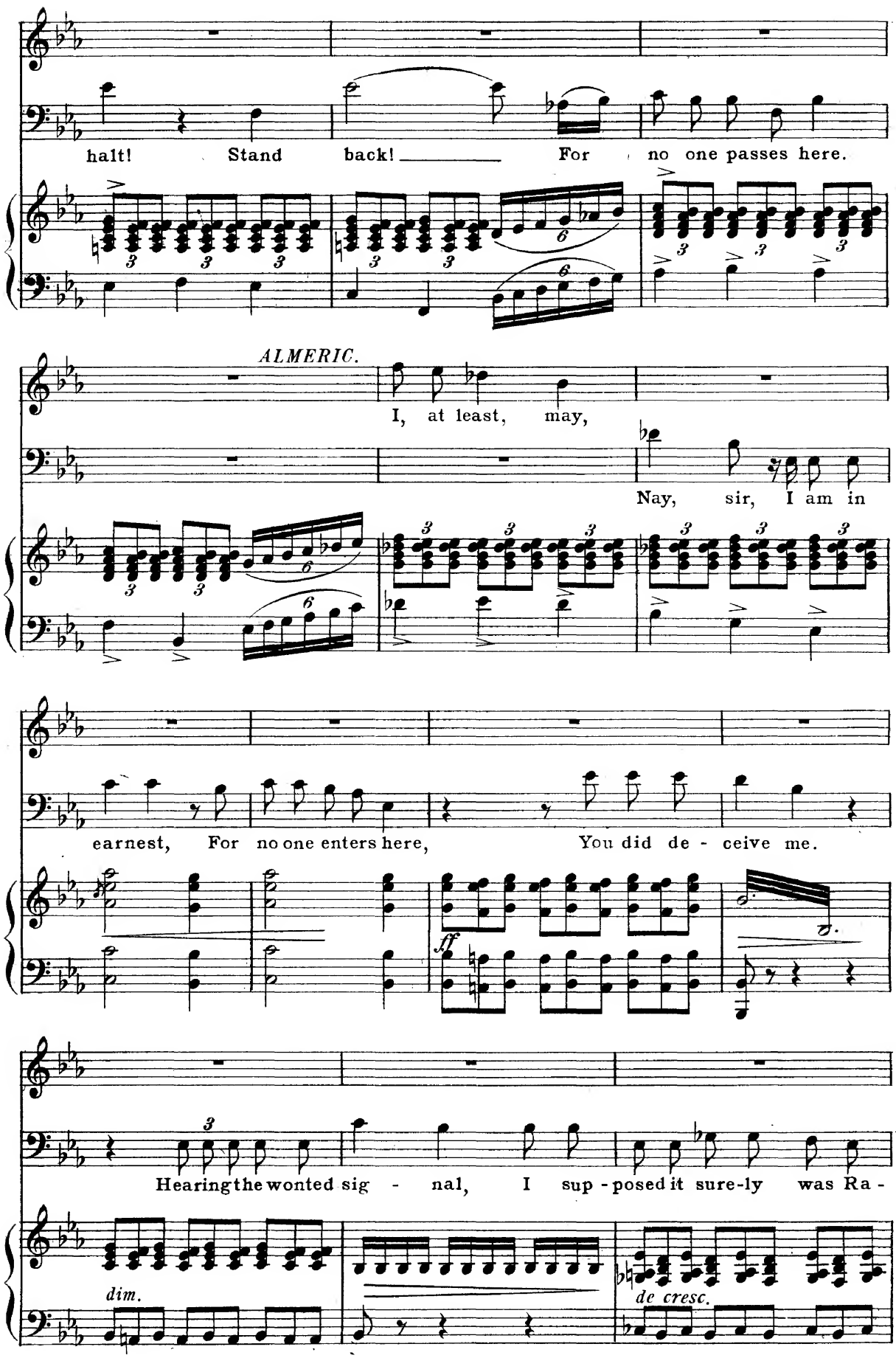
the house.)
Allegro.

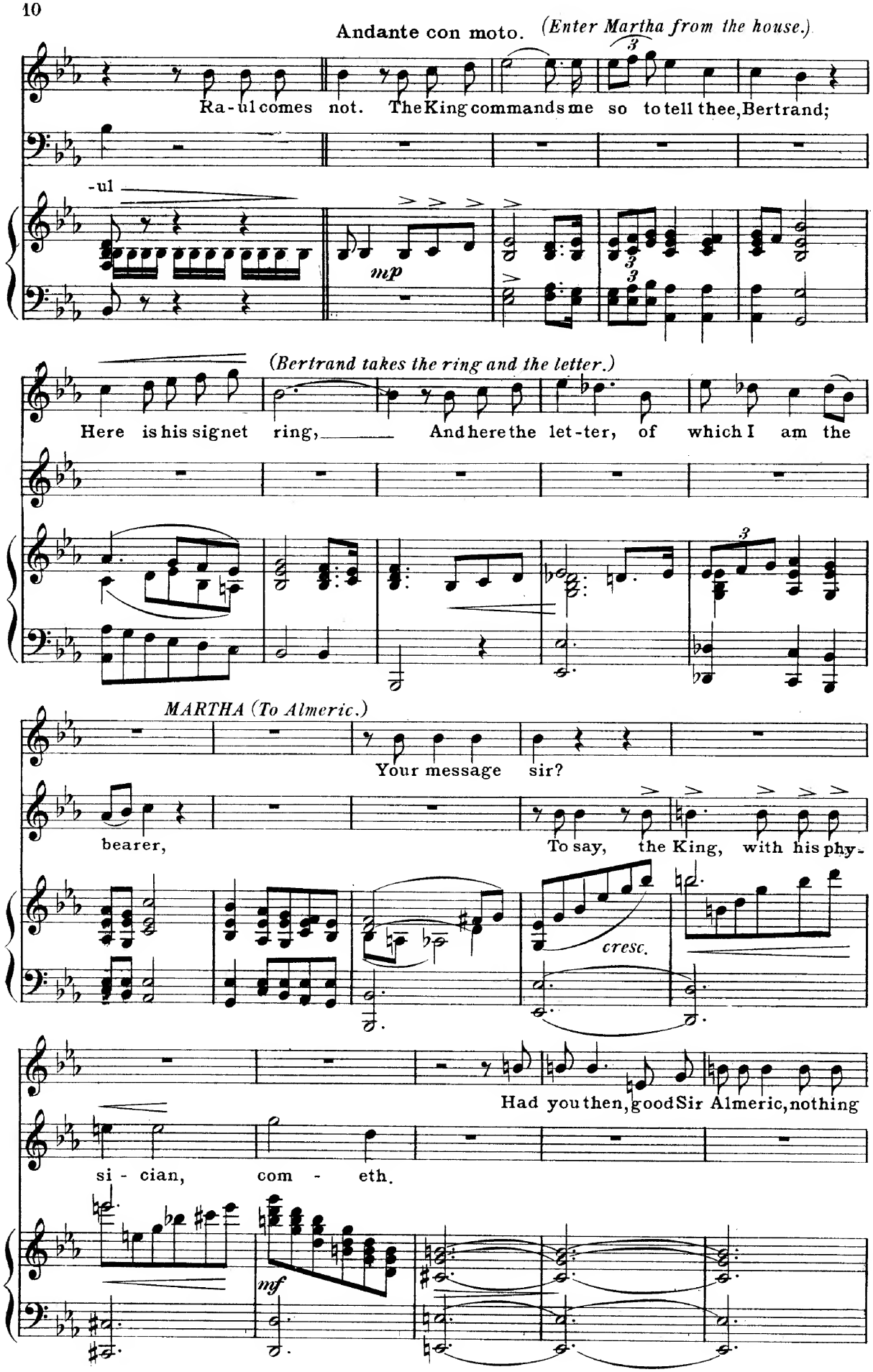


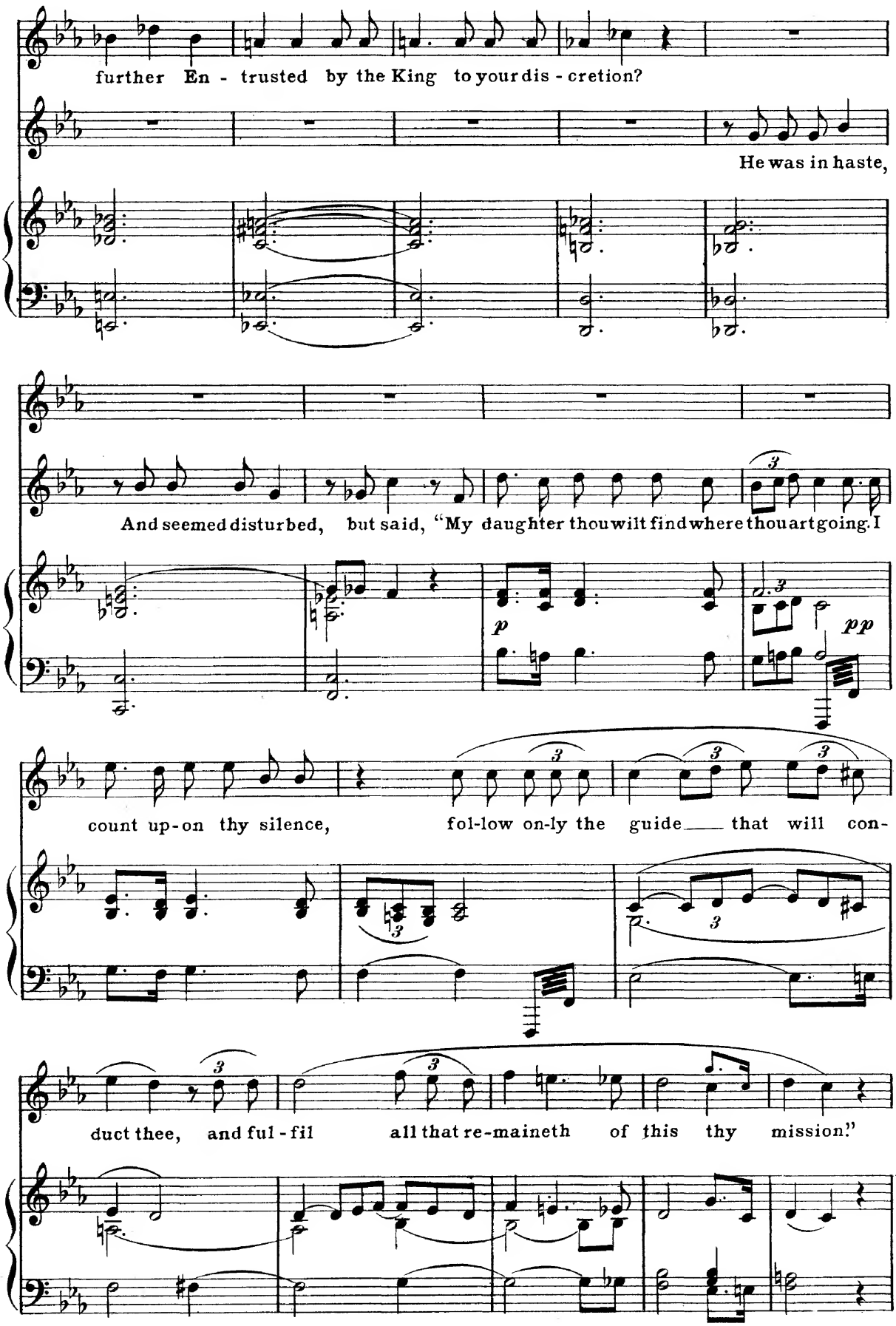
Goes to secret door, which he opens and admits Sir Almeric, whom he does not allow to advance.

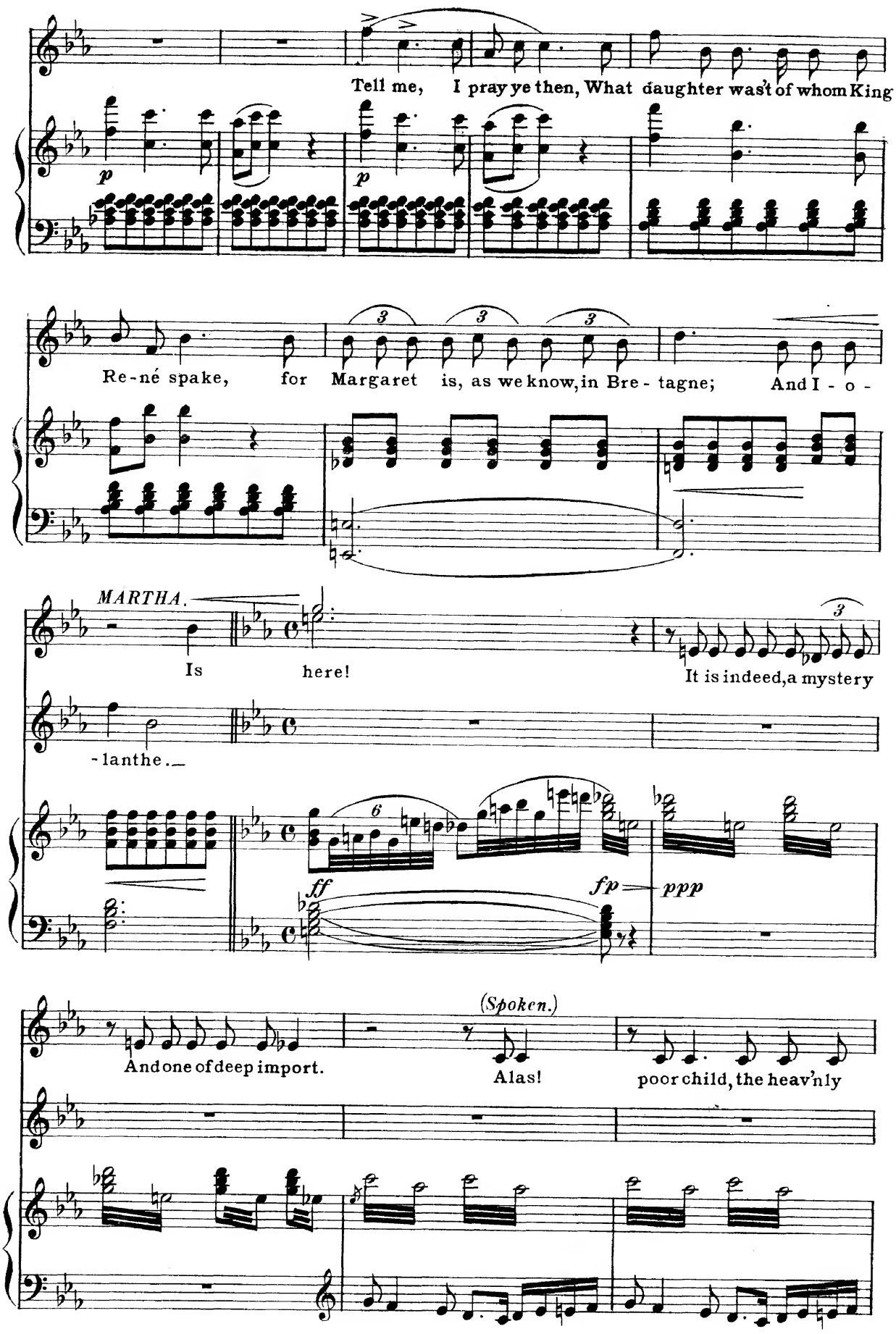


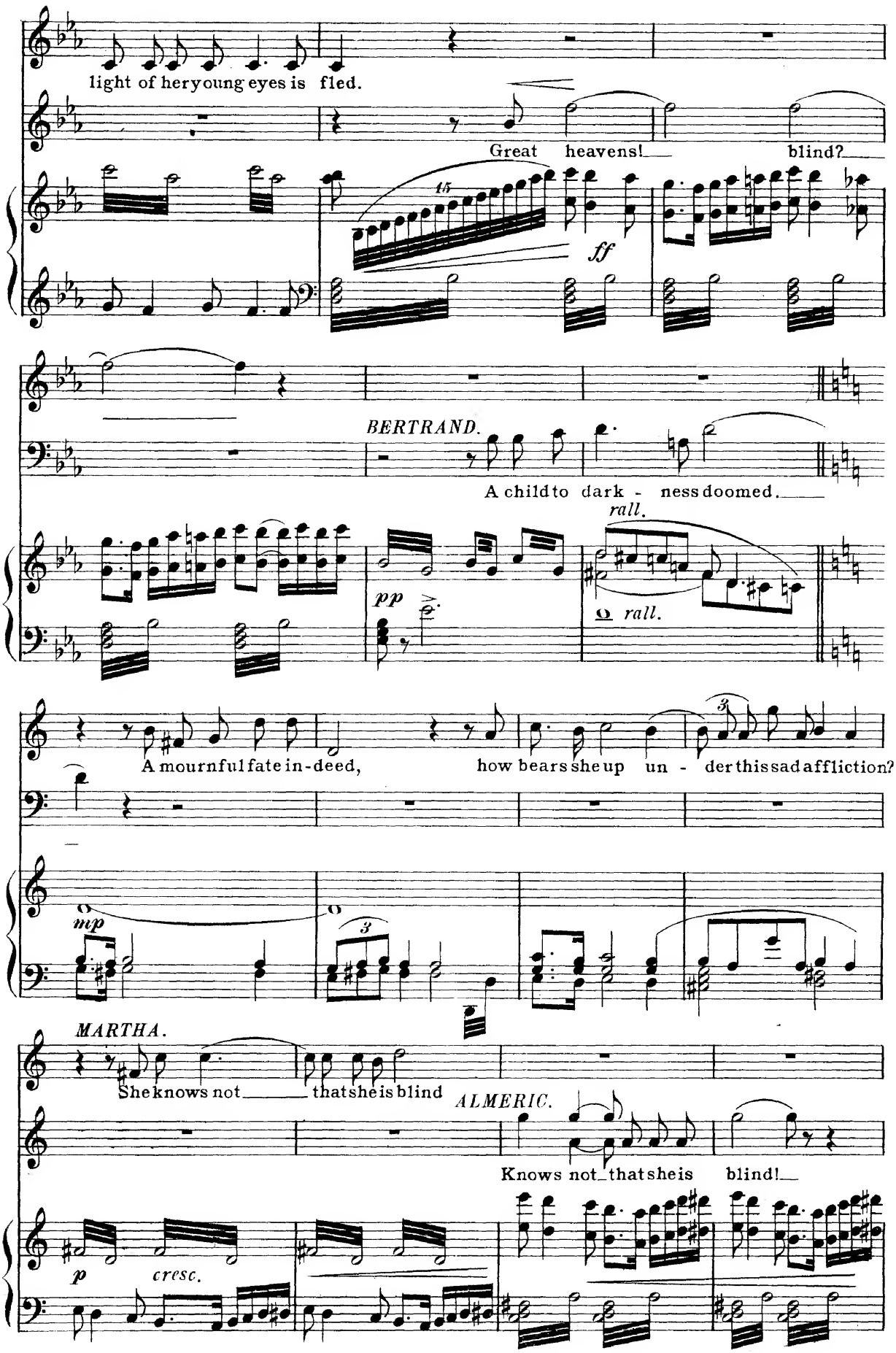


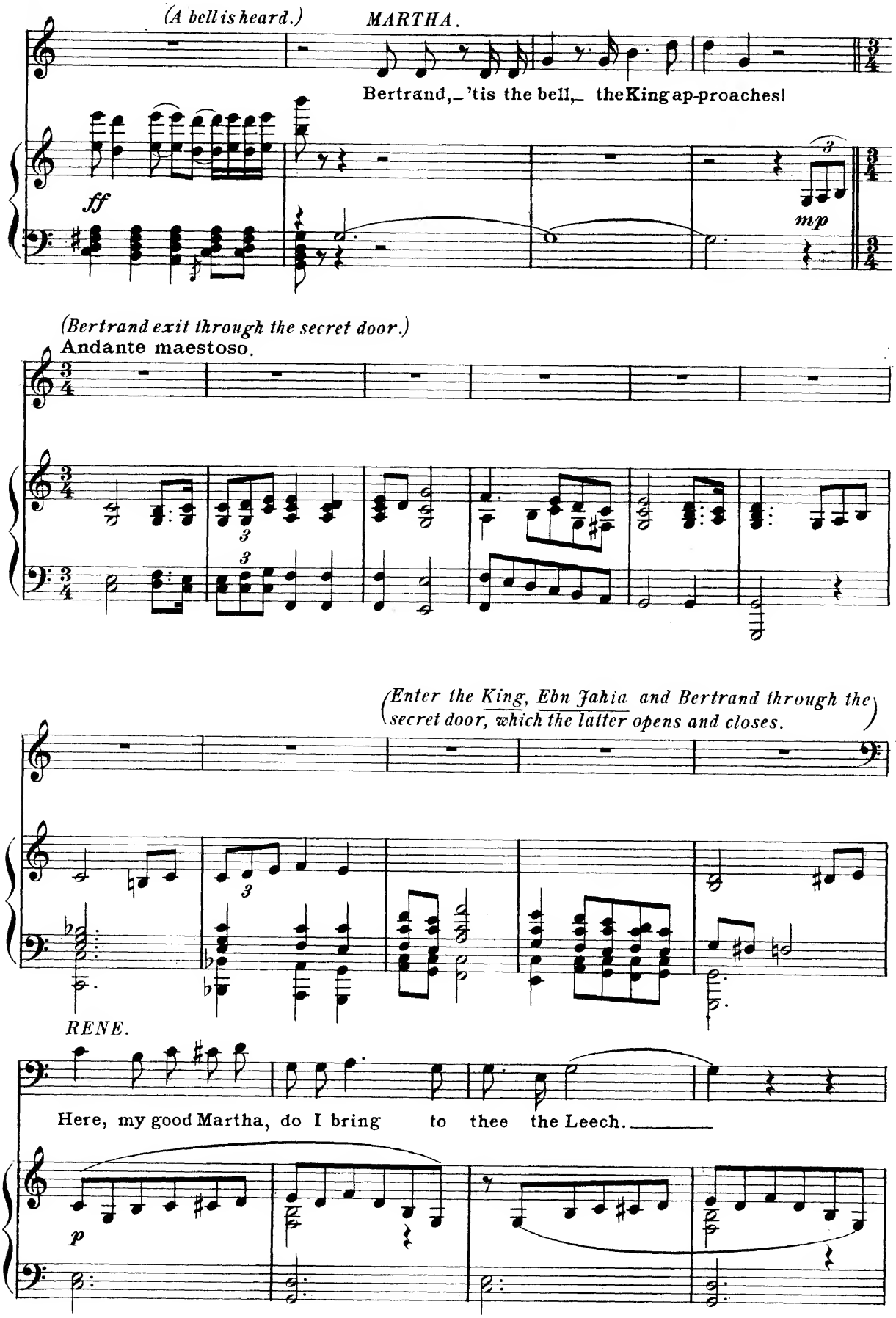

halt! Stand back! For no one passes here.
ALMERIC.
I, at least, may,
Nay, sir, I am in
earnest, For no one enters here, You did de - ceive me.
ff
Hearing the wonted sig - nal, I sup - posed it sure-ly was Ra -
dim.
de cresc.

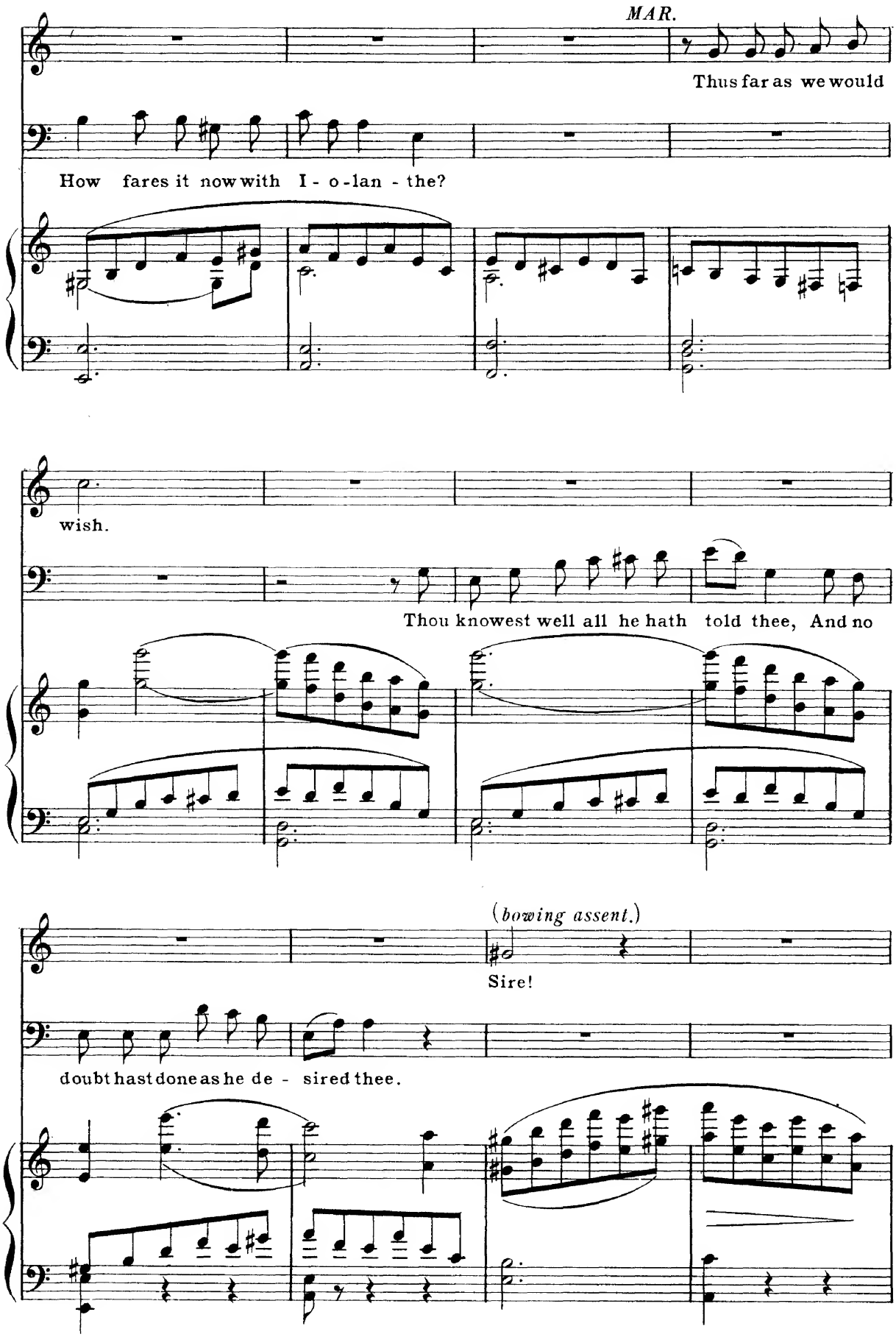

Andante con moto.
(Enter Martha from the house.)
Ra-ul comes not. The King commands me so to tell thee, Bertrand;
-ul
mp
(Bertrand takes the ring and the letter.)
Here is his signet ring, And here the let-ter, of which I am the
MARTHA (To Almeric.)
Your message sir?
bearer,
To say, the King, with his phy-
cresc.
Had you then, good Sir Almeric, nothing
si - cian, com - eth.
mf

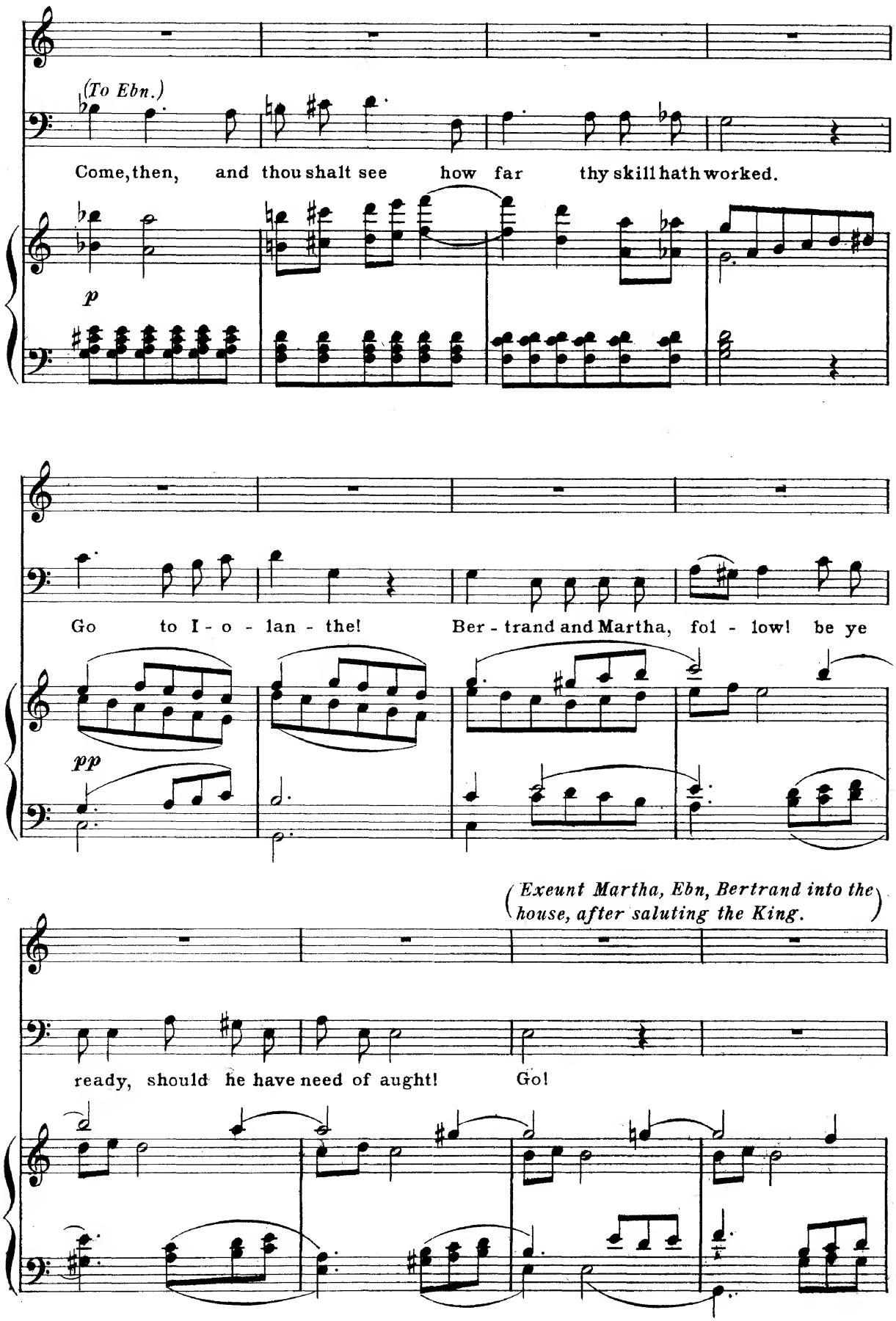

further En - trusted by the King to your dis - cretion?
He was in haste,
And seemed disturbed, but said, "My daughter thou wilt find where thou art going. I
p
pp
count up-on thy silence, fol-low on-ly the guide that will con-
duct thee, and ful - fil all that re-maineth of this thy mission."

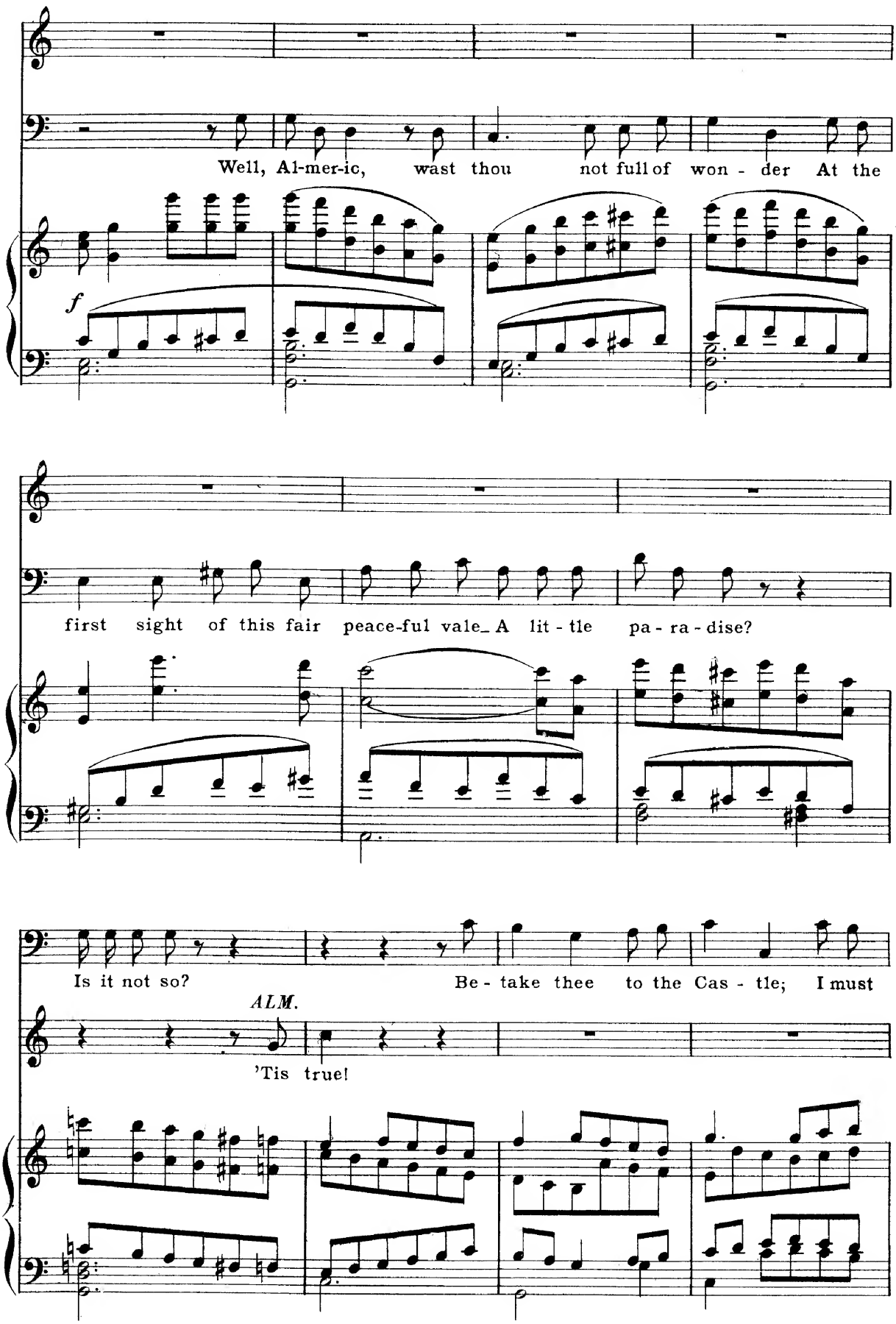

Tell me, I pray ye then, What daughter was't of whom King
Re-né spake, for Margaret is, as we know, in Bre-tagne; And I-o-
MARTHA.
Is here!
It is indeed, a mystery
-lanthe.
ff
fp
ppp
(Spoken.)
And one of deep import.
Alas!
poor child, the heav'nly

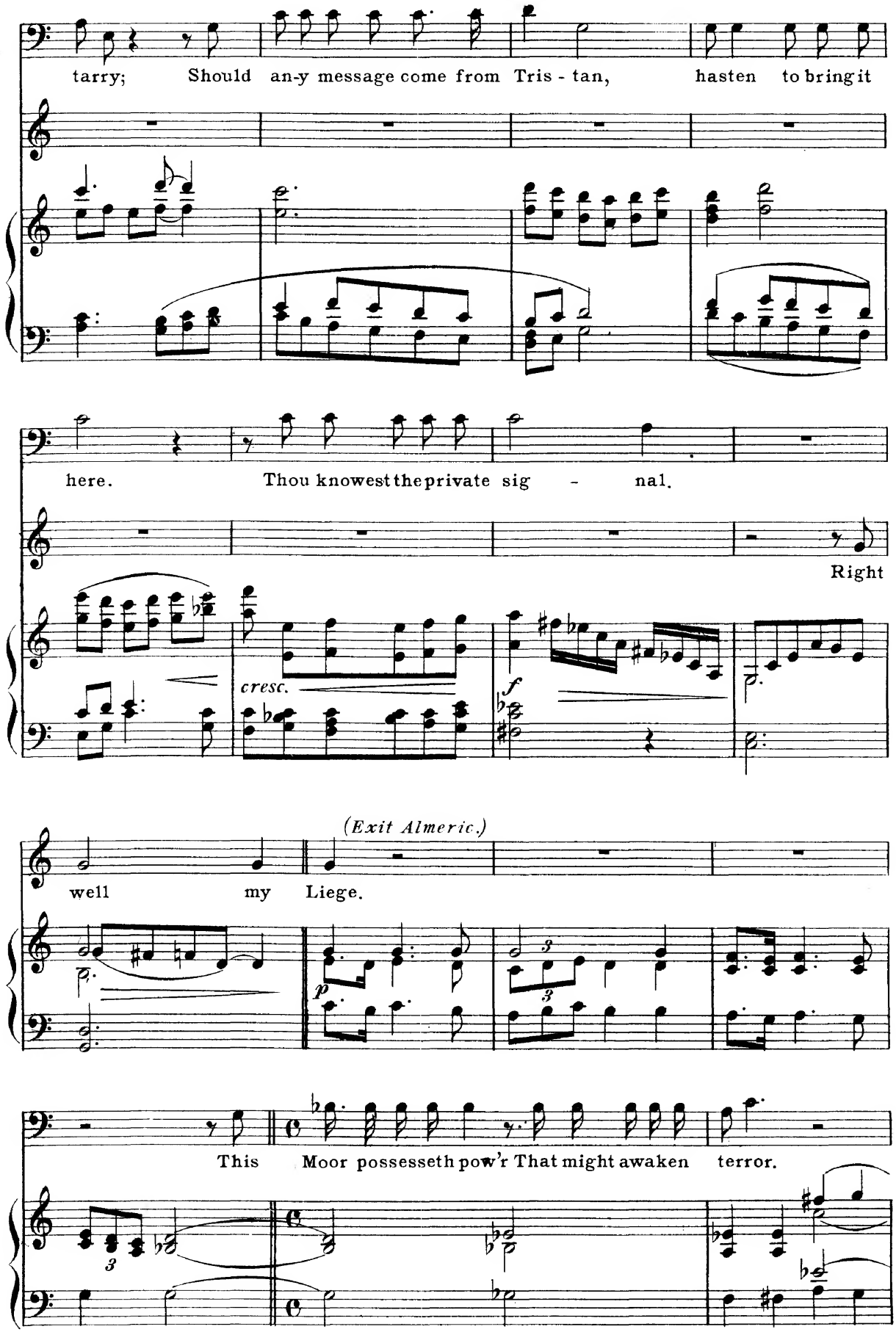

light of her young eyes is fled.
Great heavens! blind?
15
ff
BERTRAND.
A child to dark - ness doomed.
rall.
pp
rall.
A mournful fate in-deed, how bears she up un - der this sad affliction?
mp
3
MARTHA.
She knows not that she is blind
ALMERIC.
Knows not that she is blind!
p
cresc.


(A bell is heard.)
MARTHA.
Bertrand, – 'tis the bell, – the King ap-proaches!
ff
mp
(Bertrand exit through the secret door.)
Andante maestoso.
(Enter the King, Ebn Jahia and Bertrand through the secret door, which the latter opens and closes.)
RENE.
Here, my good Martha, do I bring to thee the Leech.
p


MAR.
Thus far as we would
How fares it now with I - o - lan - the?
wish.
Thou knowest well all he hath told thee, And no
(bowing assent.)
Sire!
doubt hast done as he de - sired thee.


(To Ebn.)
Come, then, and thou shalt see how far thy skill hath worked.
p
Go to I - o - lan - the! Ber - trand and Martha, fol - low! be ye
pp
(Exeunt Martha, Ebn, Bertrand into the house, after saluting the King.)
ready, should he have need of aught! Go!


Well, Al-mer-ic, wast thou not full of won - der At the
f
first sight of this fair peace-ful vale_ A lit - tle pa - ra - dise?
Is it not so?
Be - take thee to the Cas - tle; I must
ALM.
'Tis true!


tarry; Should an-y message come from Tris - tan, hasten to bring it
here. Thou knowest the private sig - nal.
Right
cresc.
f
(Exit Almeric.)
well my Liege.
p
This Moor possesseth pow'r That might awaken terror.

(Looking towards the house.)

He rouses her, hath raised her heavy eyelids. And now she speaks:

pp

but still as if she dream'd, An-on he placeth gently on her

breast the Amu-let, And now she sleeps again. 'Tis strange, yea, very

pp

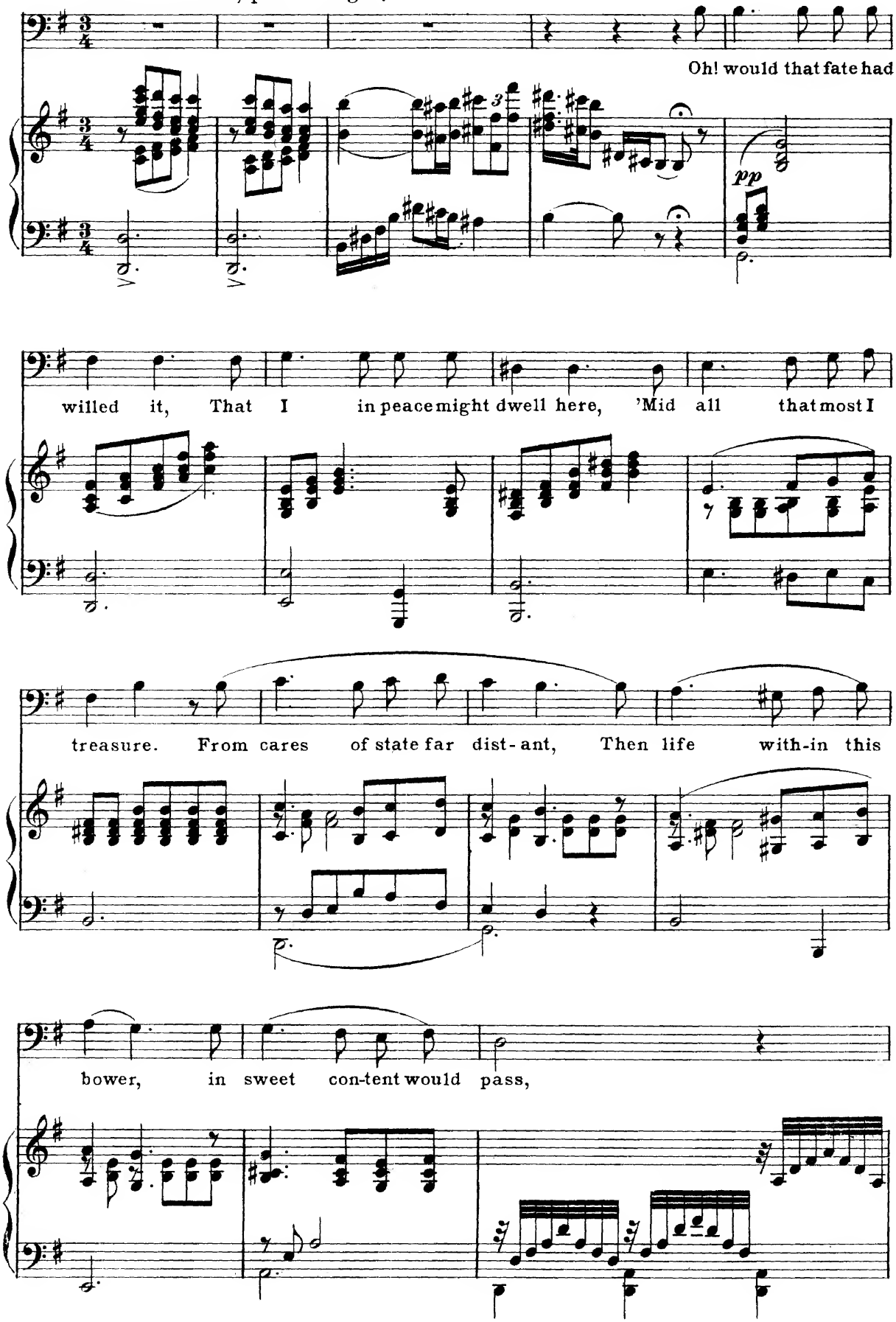
(Sighs and turns aside.)

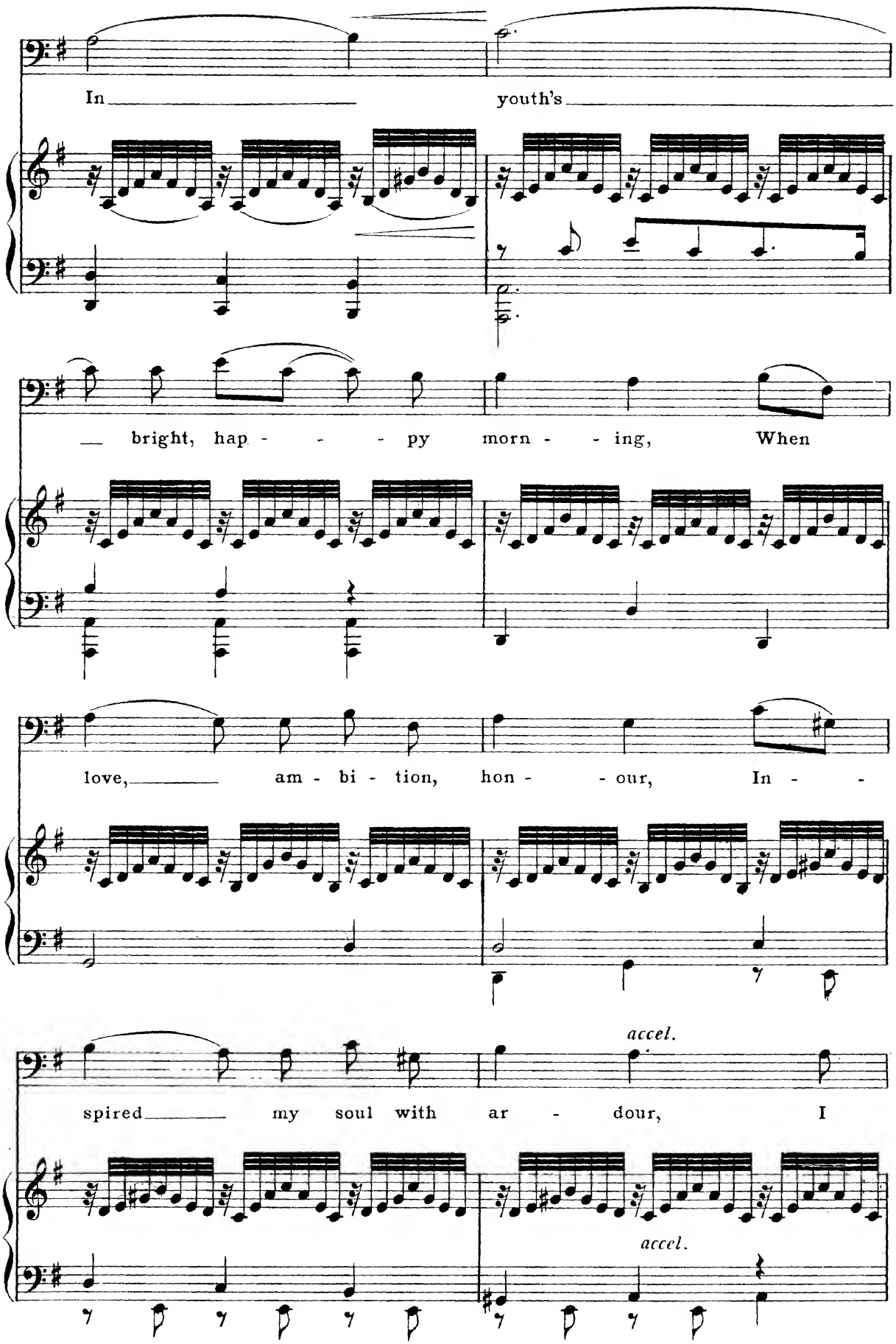
strange. How still is all a-round me.

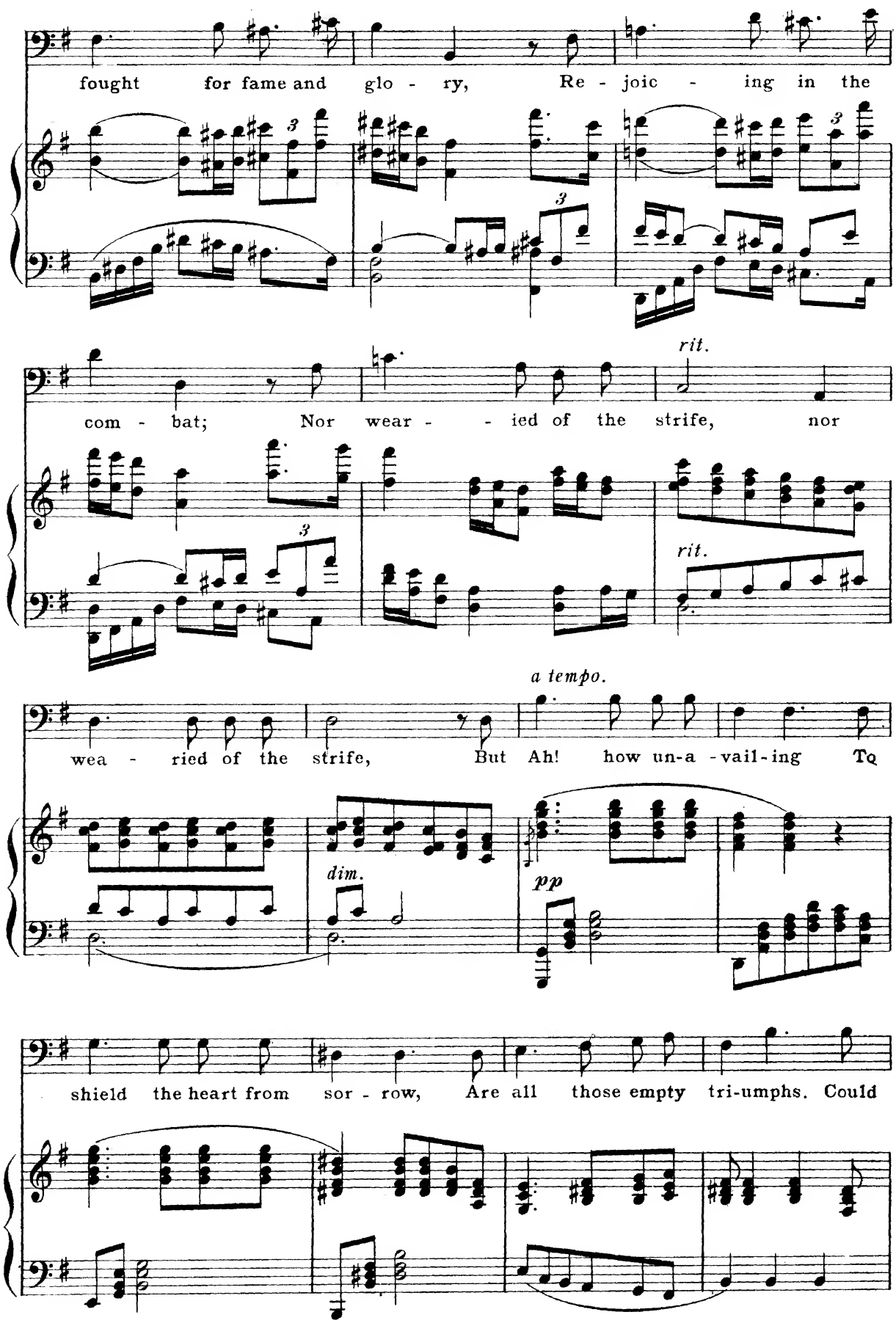
3

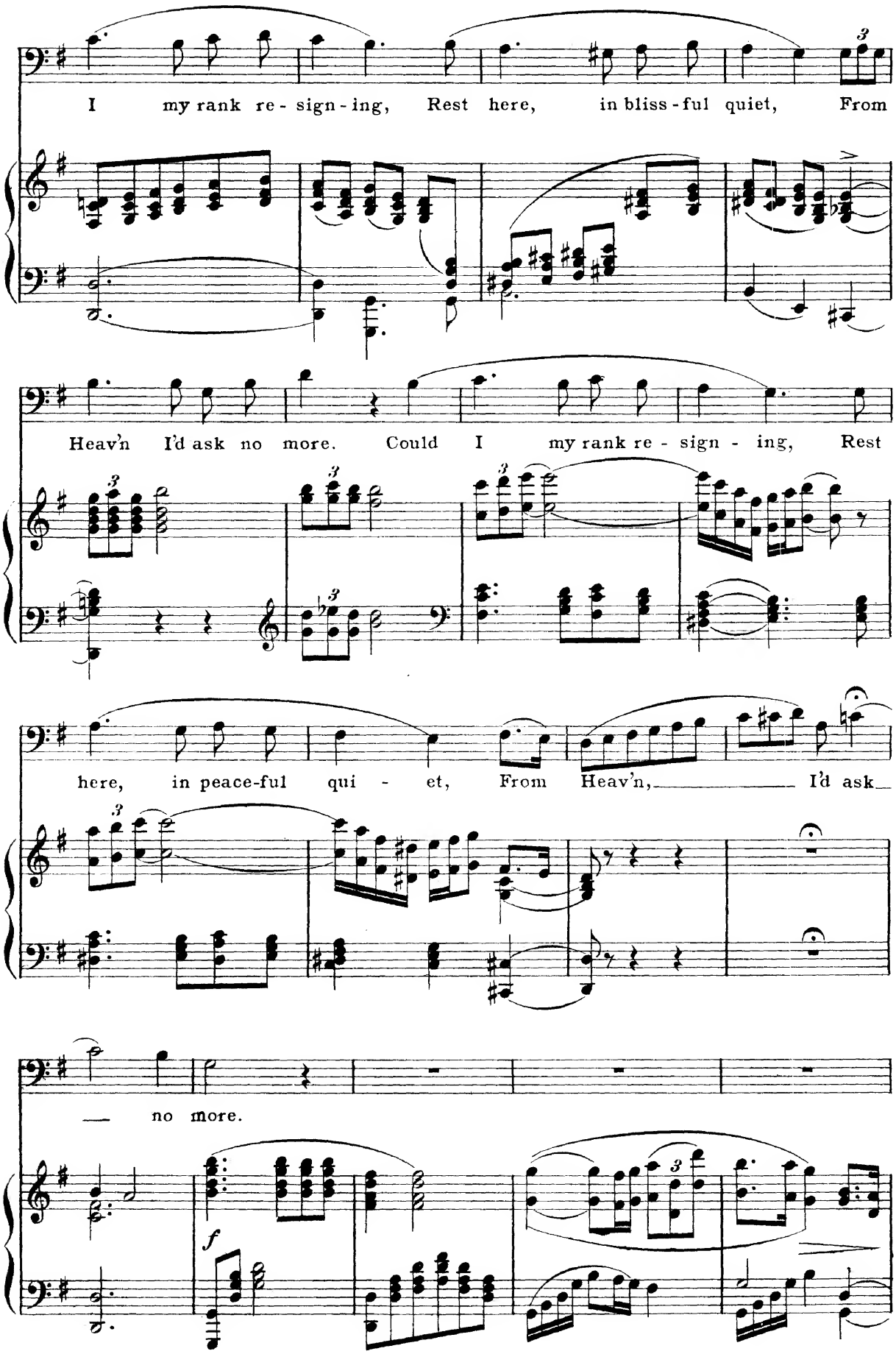
pp

Andante molto, quasi adagio.




In youth's
bright, hap - - - py morn - - ing, When
love, am - bi - tion, hon - - our, In - -
spired my soul with ar - dour, I
accel.
accel.


fought for fame and glo - ry, Re - joic - ing in the
com - bat; Nor wear - - ied of the strife, nor
rit.
rit.
a tempo.
wea - ried of the strife, But Ah! how un-a - vail-ing To
dim.
pp
shield the heart from sor - row, Are all those empty tri-umphs. Could


I my rank re - sign - ing, Rest here, in bliss - ful quiet, From
Heav'n I'd ask no more. Could I my rank re - sign - ing, Rest
here, in peace-ful qui - et, From Heav'n, I'd ask
no more.
f

Moderato.

p *f*

(Enter Ebn from the house.)

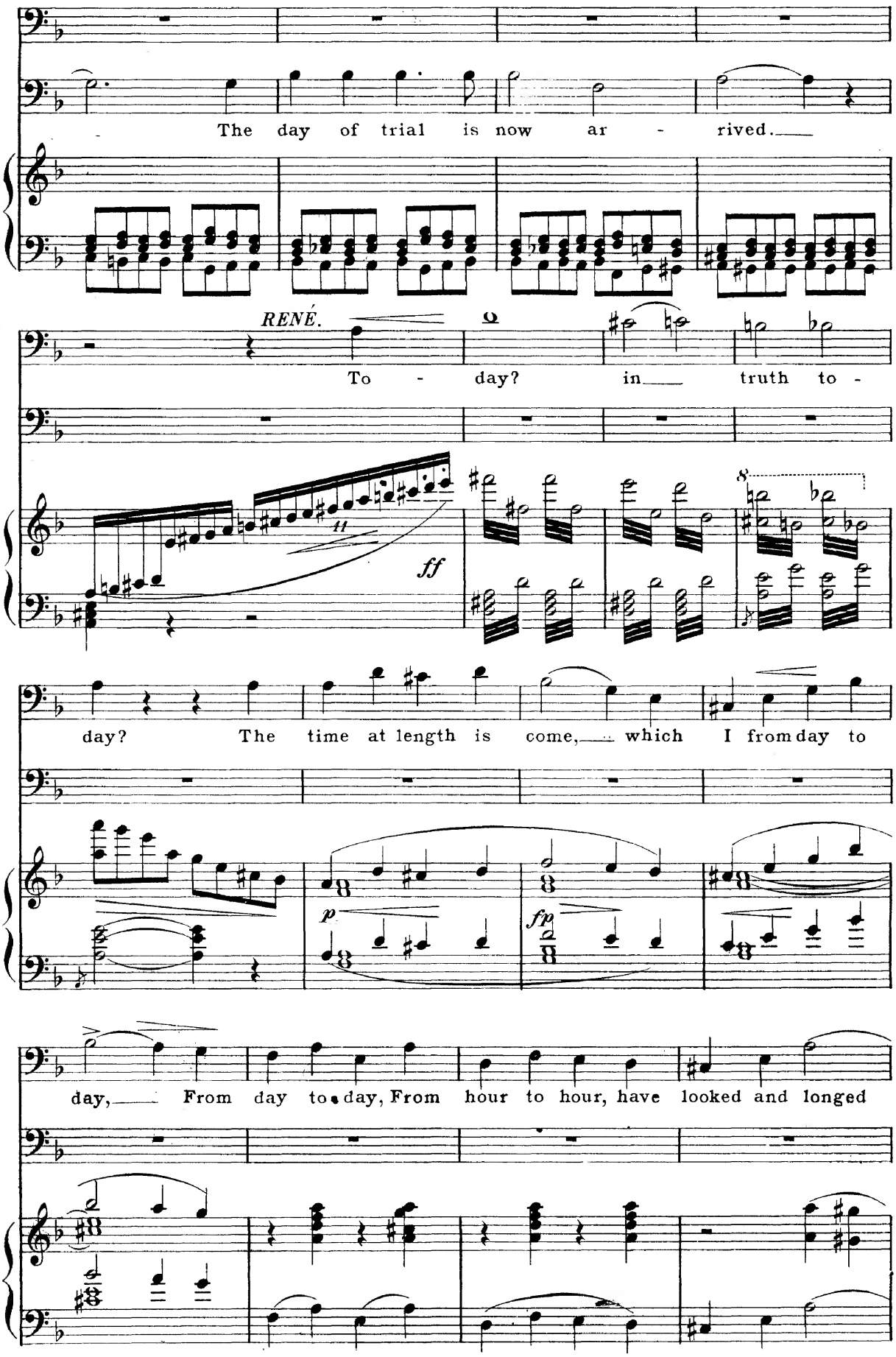
O com'st thou, like the Dove with olive branch of hope? Thy

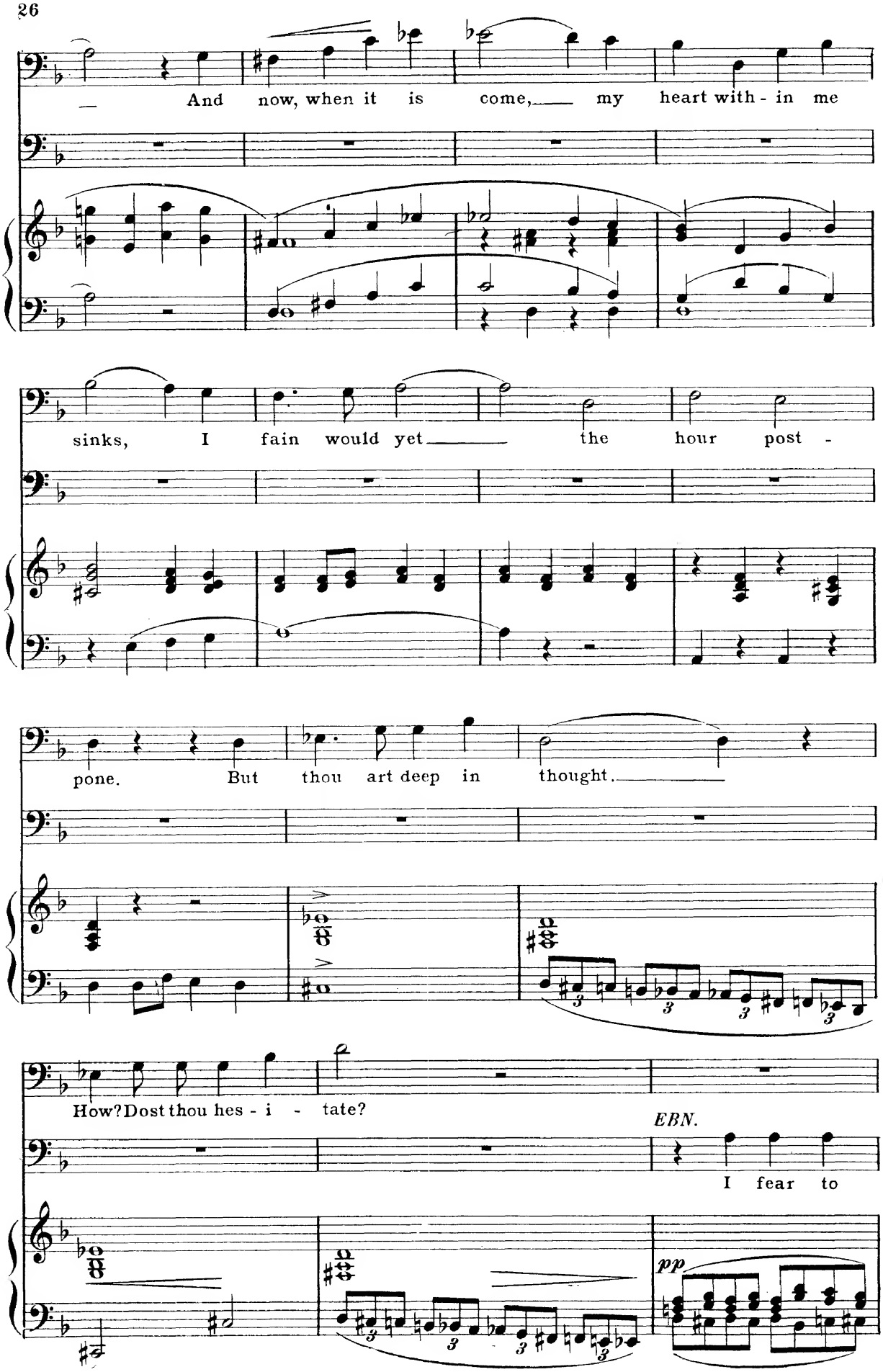
mien is strange, like to thine art, In truth, O tell me then.

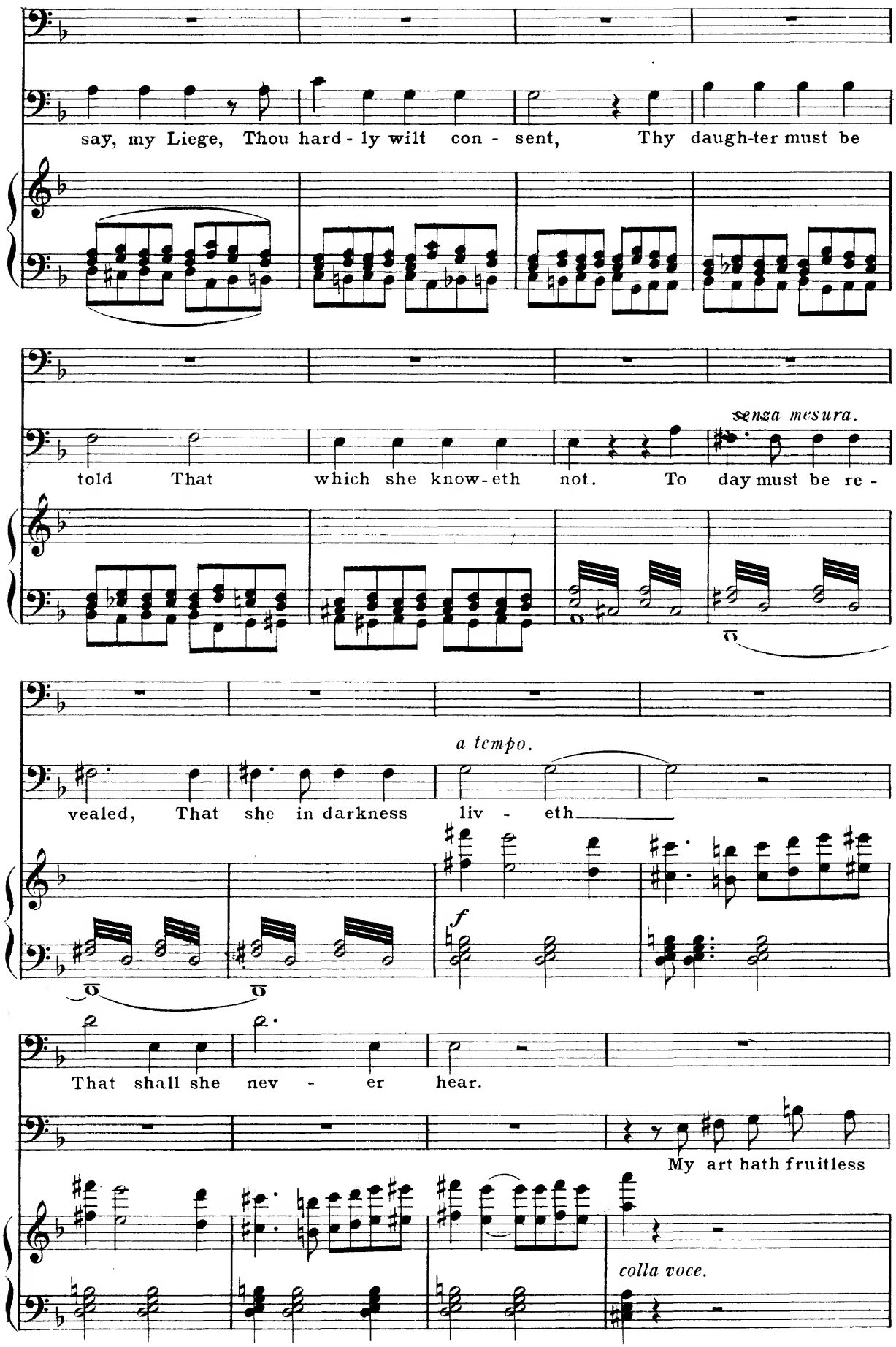
Allegro agitato.

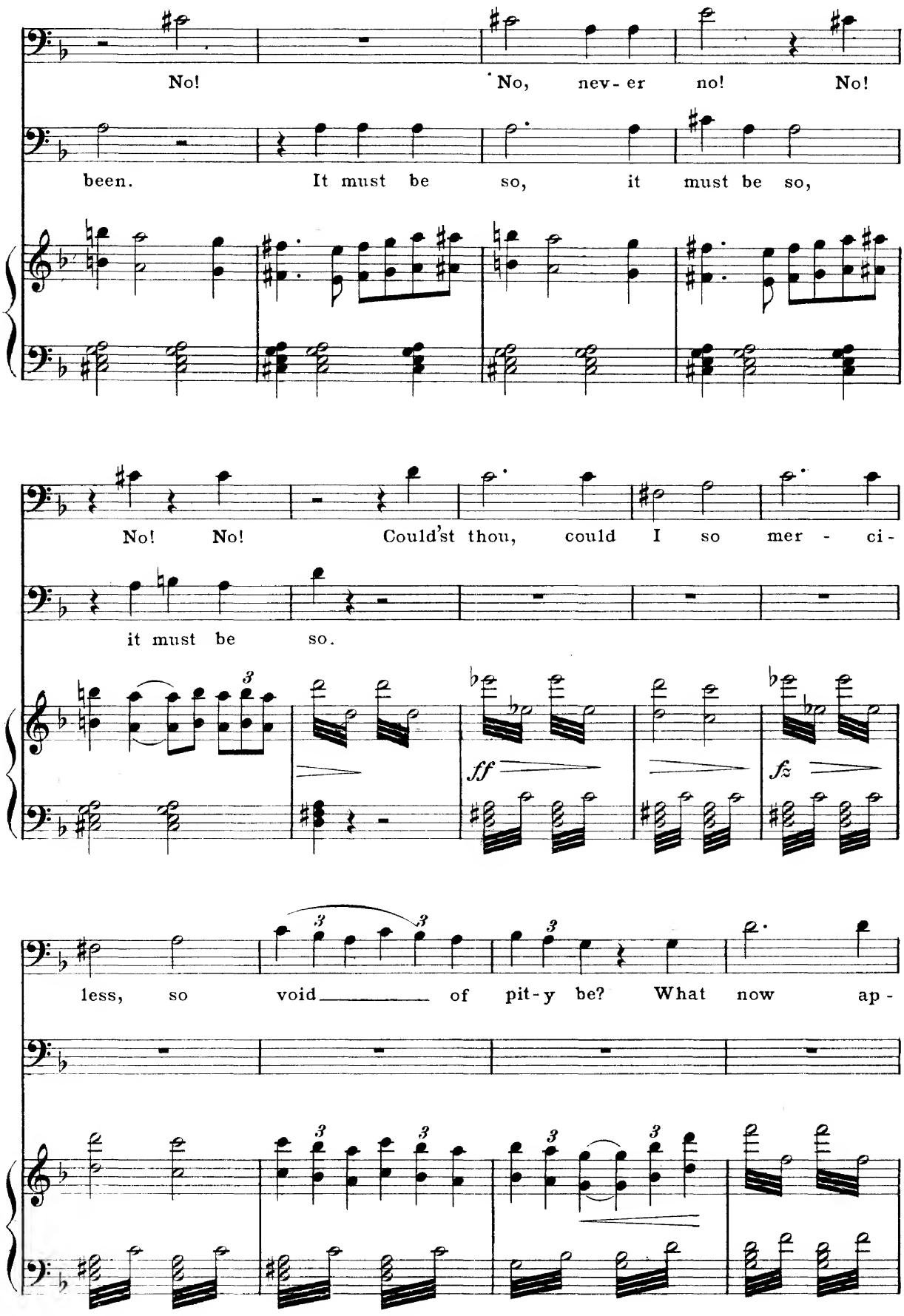
EBN JAHIA.

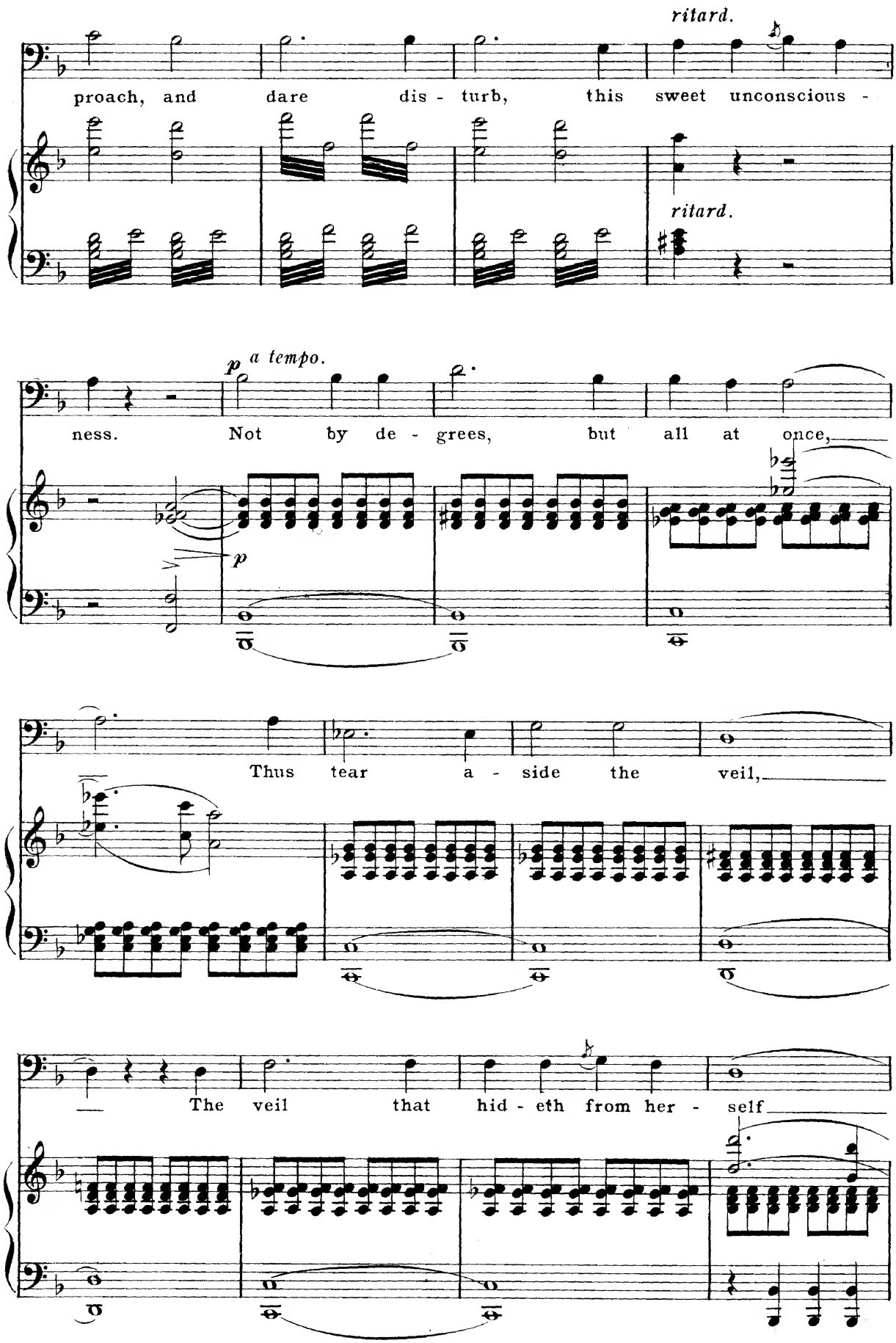
The best of hopes I have,

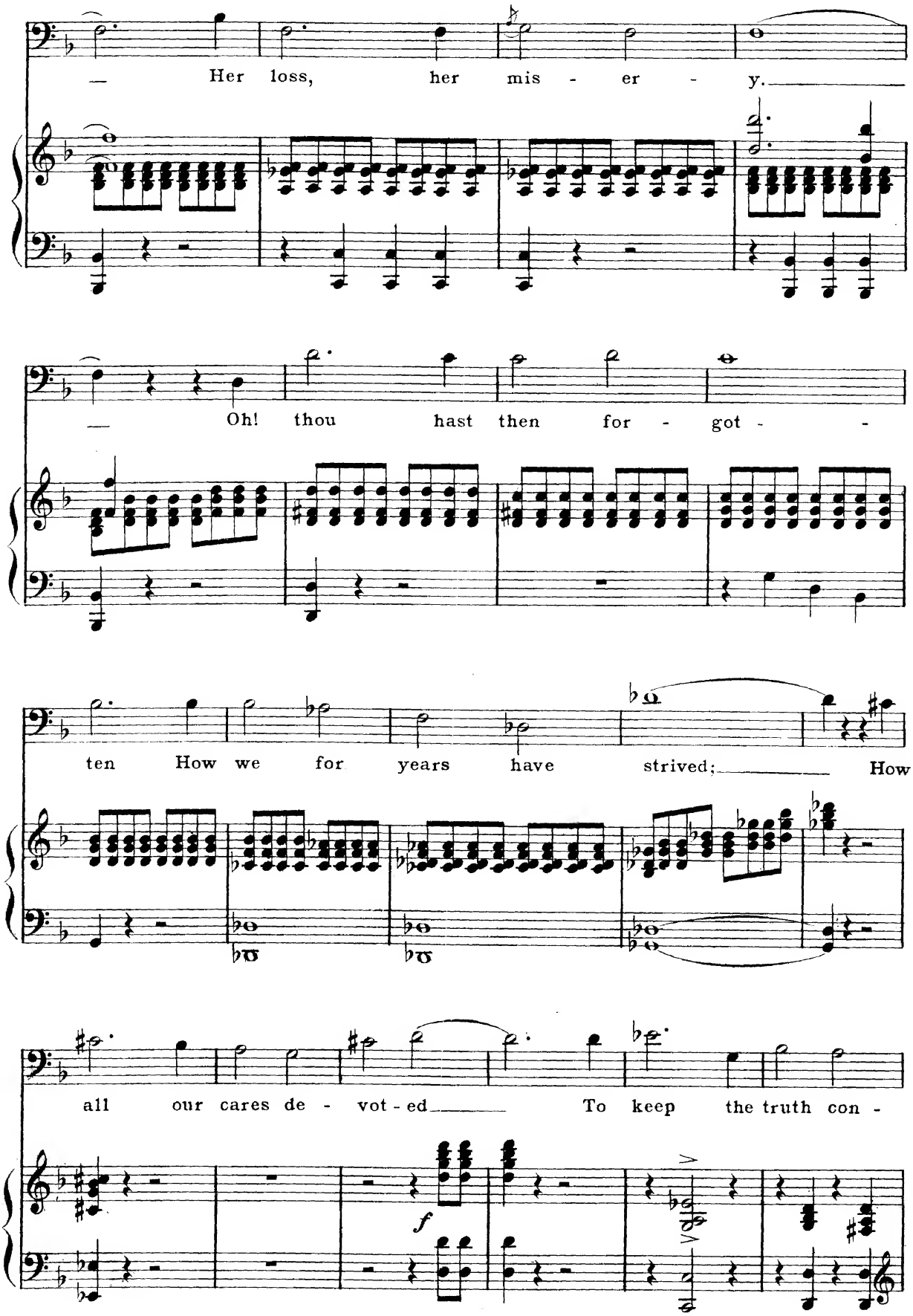

The day of trial is now ar - rived.
RENÉ.
To - day? in truth to -
ff
day? The time at length is come, which I from day to
p
fp
day, From day to day, From hour to hour, have looked and longed

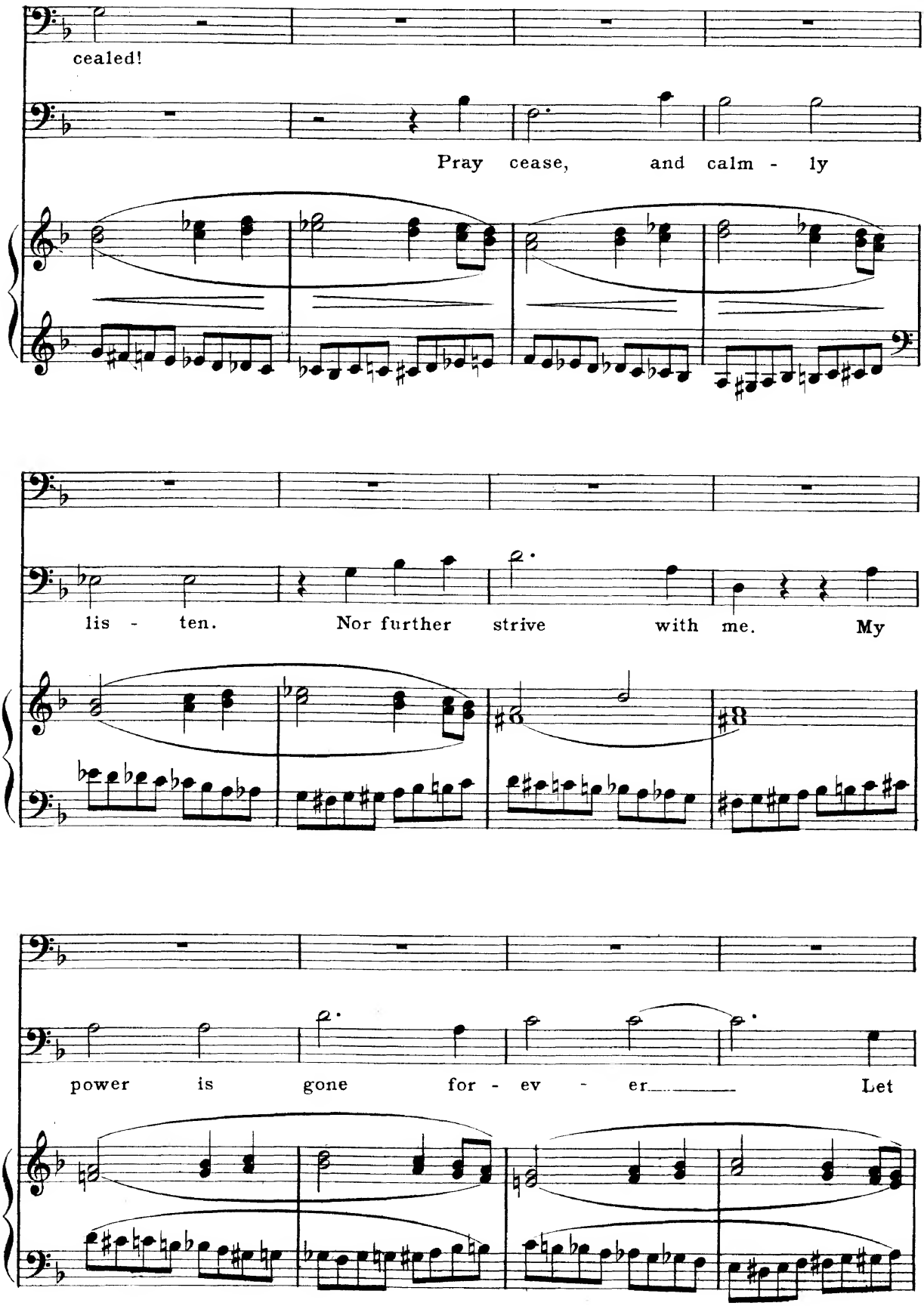

And now, when it is come, my heart with - in me
sinks, I fain would yet the hour post -
pone. But thou art deep in thought.
How? Dost thou hes - i - tate?
EBN.
I fear to
pp


say, my Liege, Thou hard - ly wilt con - sent, Thy daugh-ter must be
told That which she know-eth not. To day must be re -
senza mesura.
vealed, That she in darkness liv - eth
a tempo.
f
That shall she nev - er hear.
My art hath fruitless
colla voce.

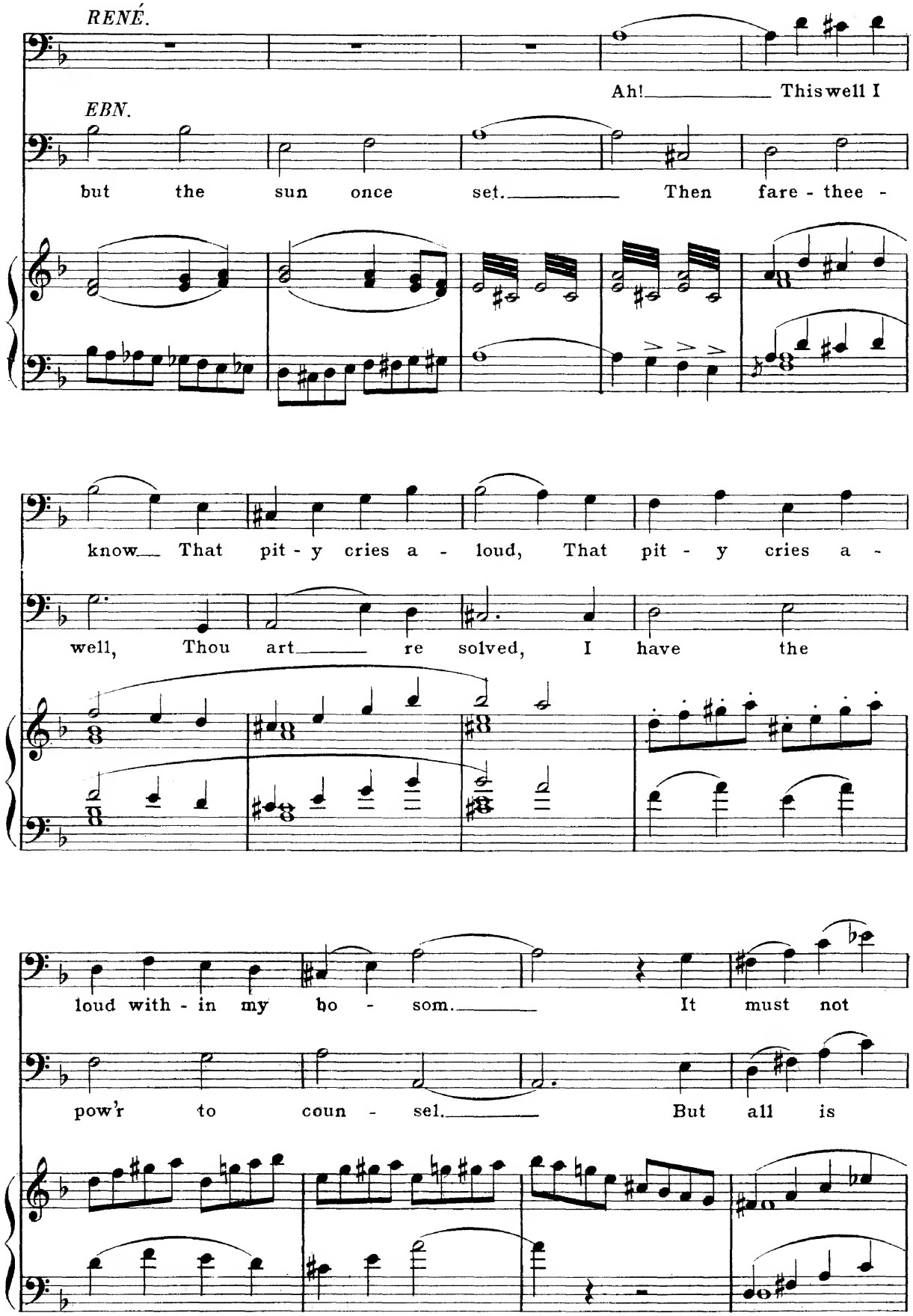

No! No, nev- er no! No!
been. It must be so, it must be so,
No! No! Could'st thou, could I so mer - ci-
it must be so.
ff
fz
less, so void of pit-y be? What now ap-

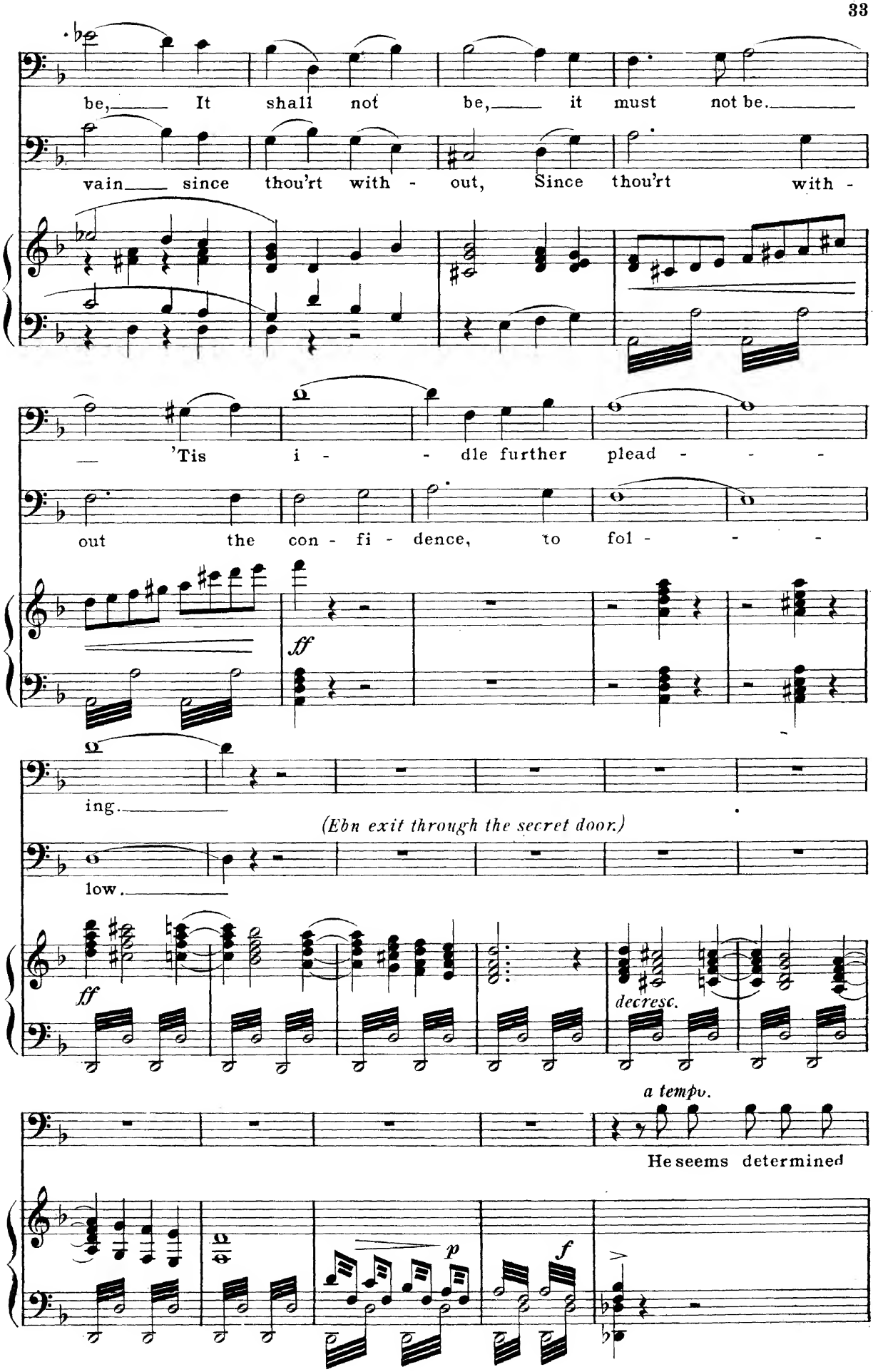

ritard.
proach, and dare dis - turb, this sweet unconscious -
ritard.
p a tempo.
ness. Not by de - grees, but all at once,
p
Thus tear a - side the veil,
The veil that hid - eth from her - self

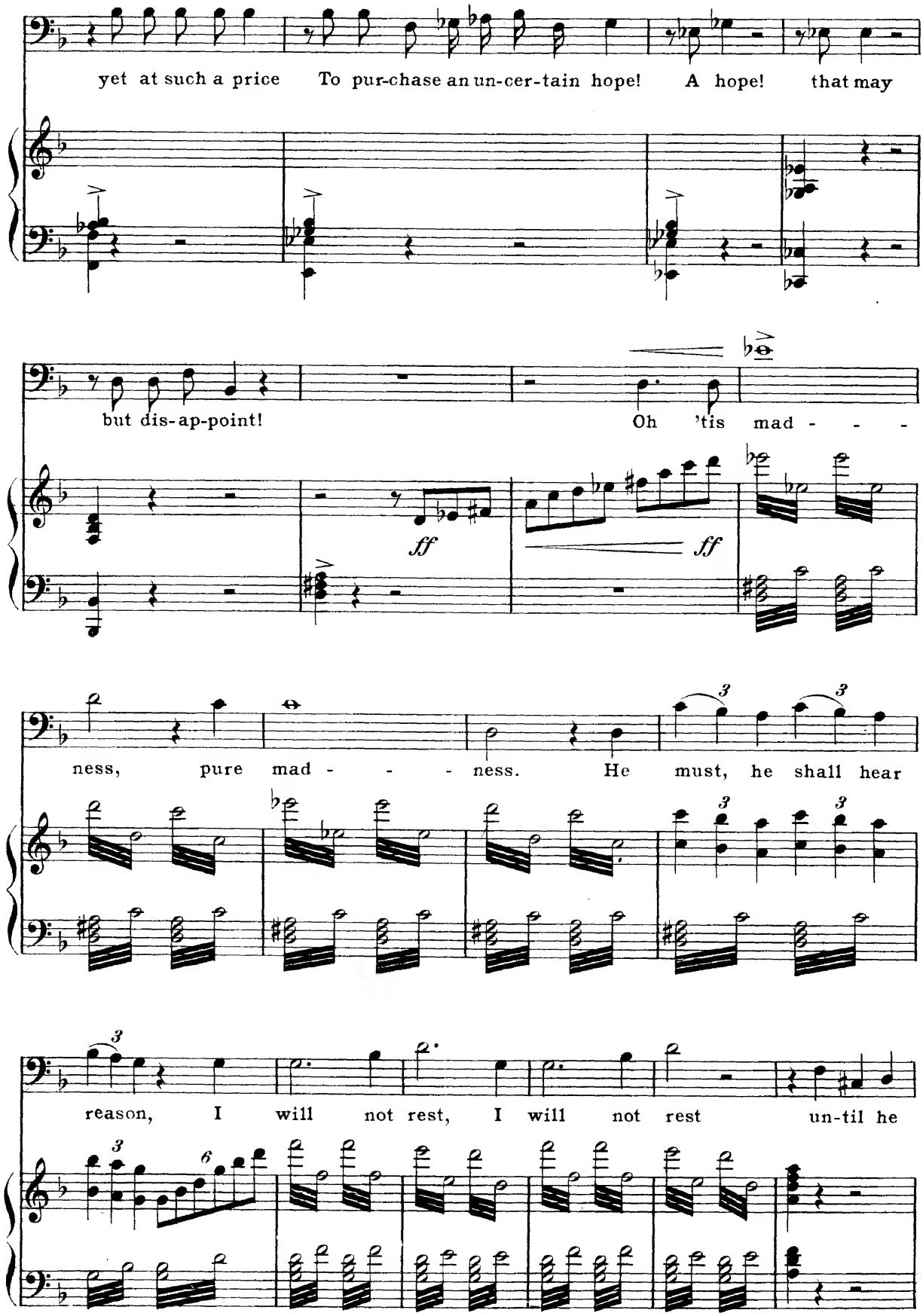

Her loss, her mis - er - y.
Oh! thou hast then for - got -
ten How we for years have strived; How
all our cares de - vot - ed To keep the truth con -
f


cealed!
Pray cease, and calm - ly
lis - ten. Nor further strive with me. My
power is gone for - ev - er Let

107894


RENÉ.
Ah! This swell I
EBN.
but the sun once set. Then fare - thee -
know That pit - y cries a - loud, That pit - y cries a -
well, Thou art re solved, I have the
loud with - in my bo - som. It must not
pow'r to coun - sel. But all is


be, It shall not be, it must not be.
vain since thou'rt with - out, Since thou'rt with -
'Tis i - dle further plead - - -
out the con - fi - dence, to fol - - -
ff
ing.
(Ebn exit through the secret door.)
low.
ff
decresc.
a tempo.
He seems determined
p
f


yet at such a price To pur-chase an un-cer-tain hope! A hope! that may
but dis-ap-point! Oh 'tis mad - - -
ff
ff
ness, pure mad - - - ness. He must, he shall hear
reason, I will not rest, I will not rest un-til he

(Exit hastily through the secret door.)

Enter Martha and Bertrand from the house.

yield - eth.

mp *dim.* *pp*

Andante.

MARTHA.

The King a - way, and as it seemed in

pp

an-ger. The Leech, too, is not here; what can have happened? *BERTRAND.*

Heav'n knows,

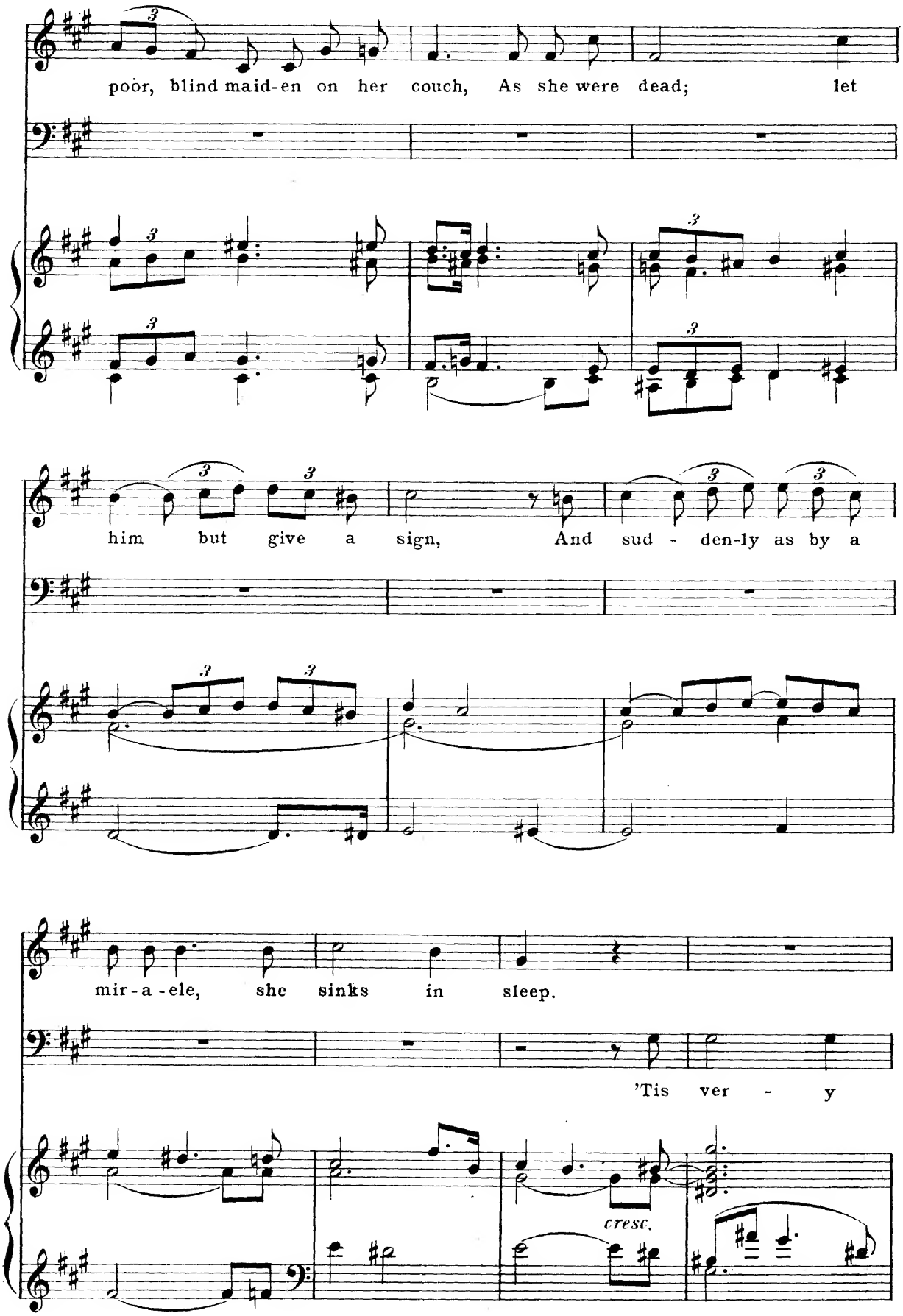
(Looking toward the house.)

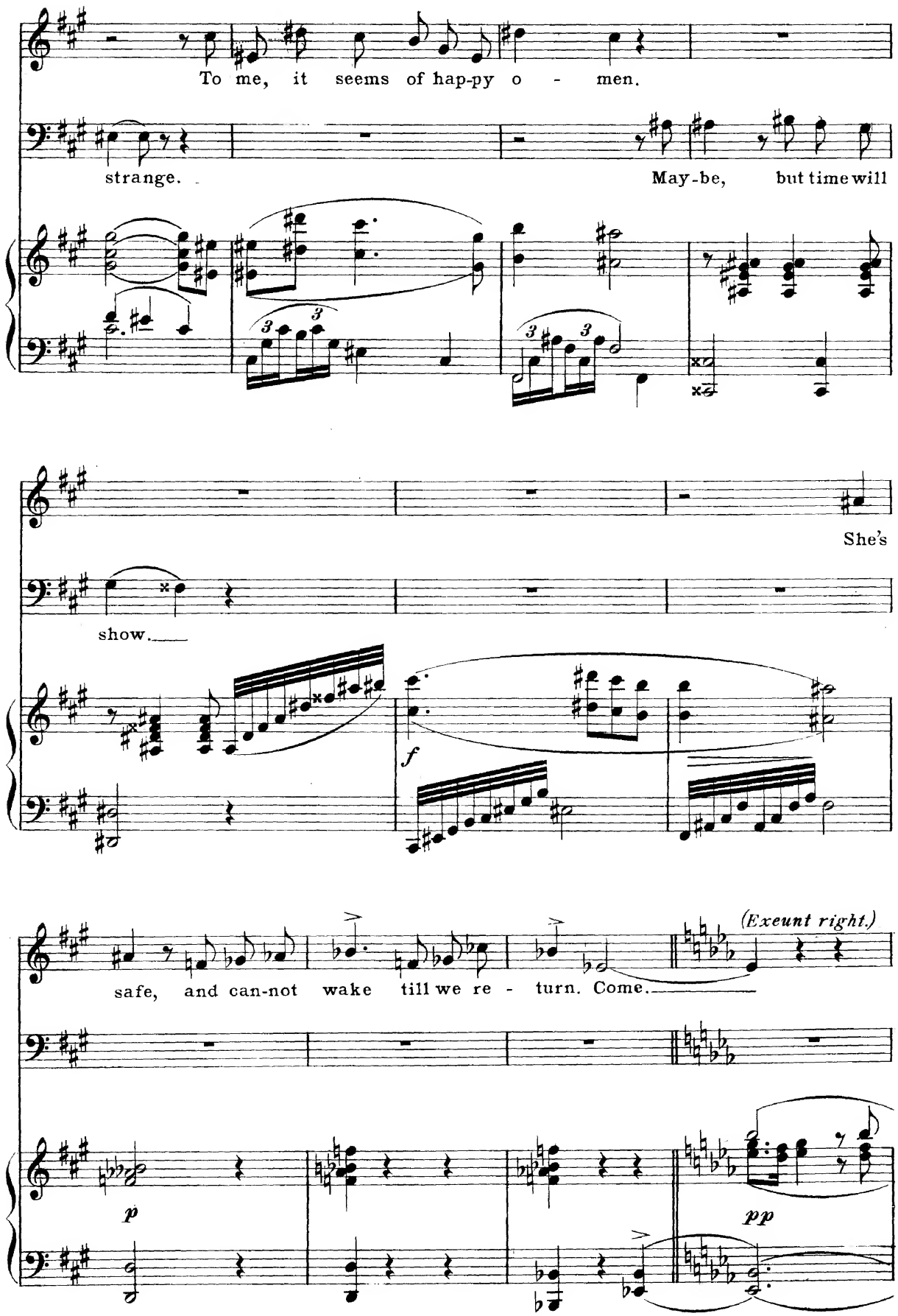
Thou fearest?

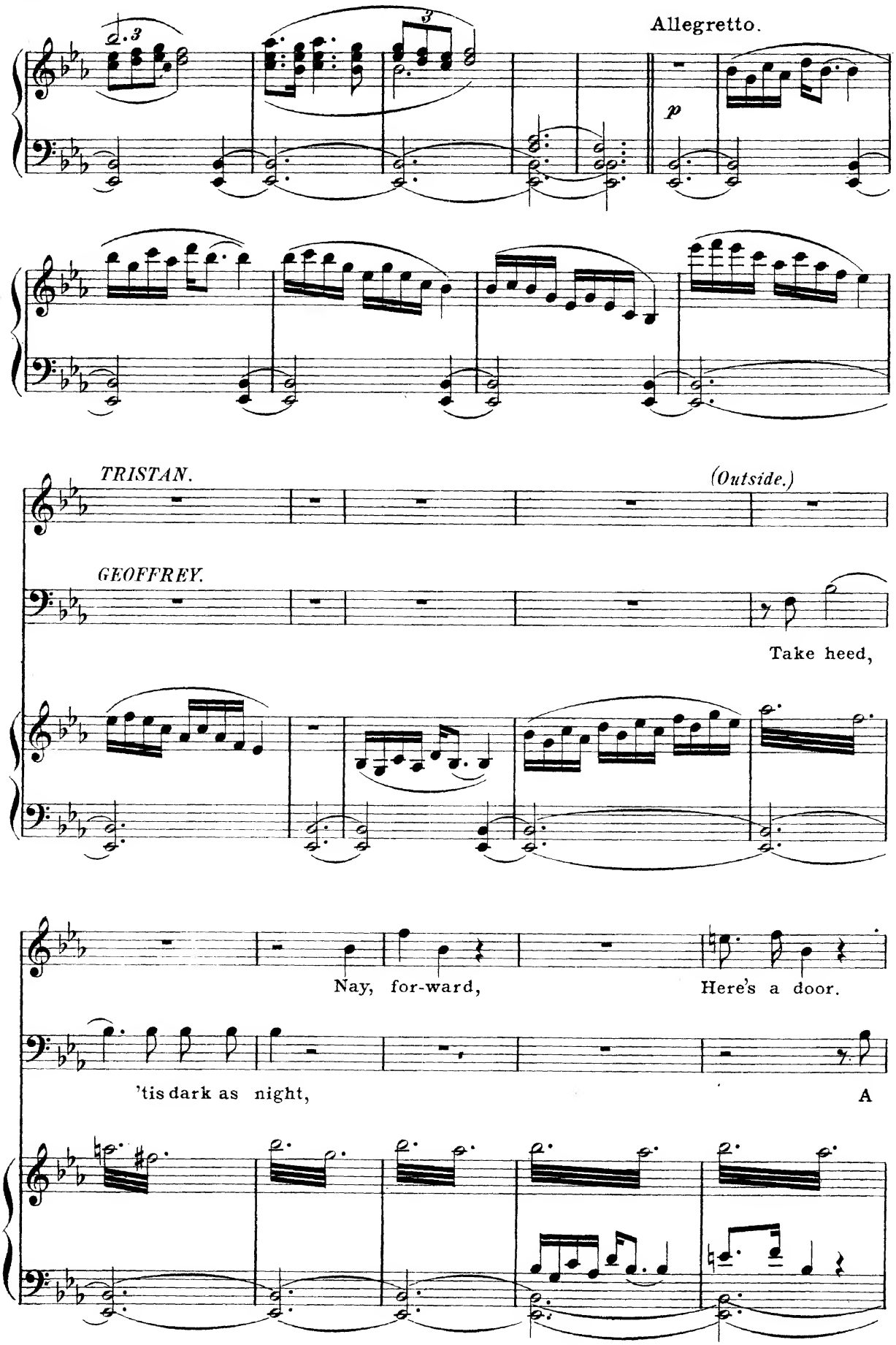
There lies the

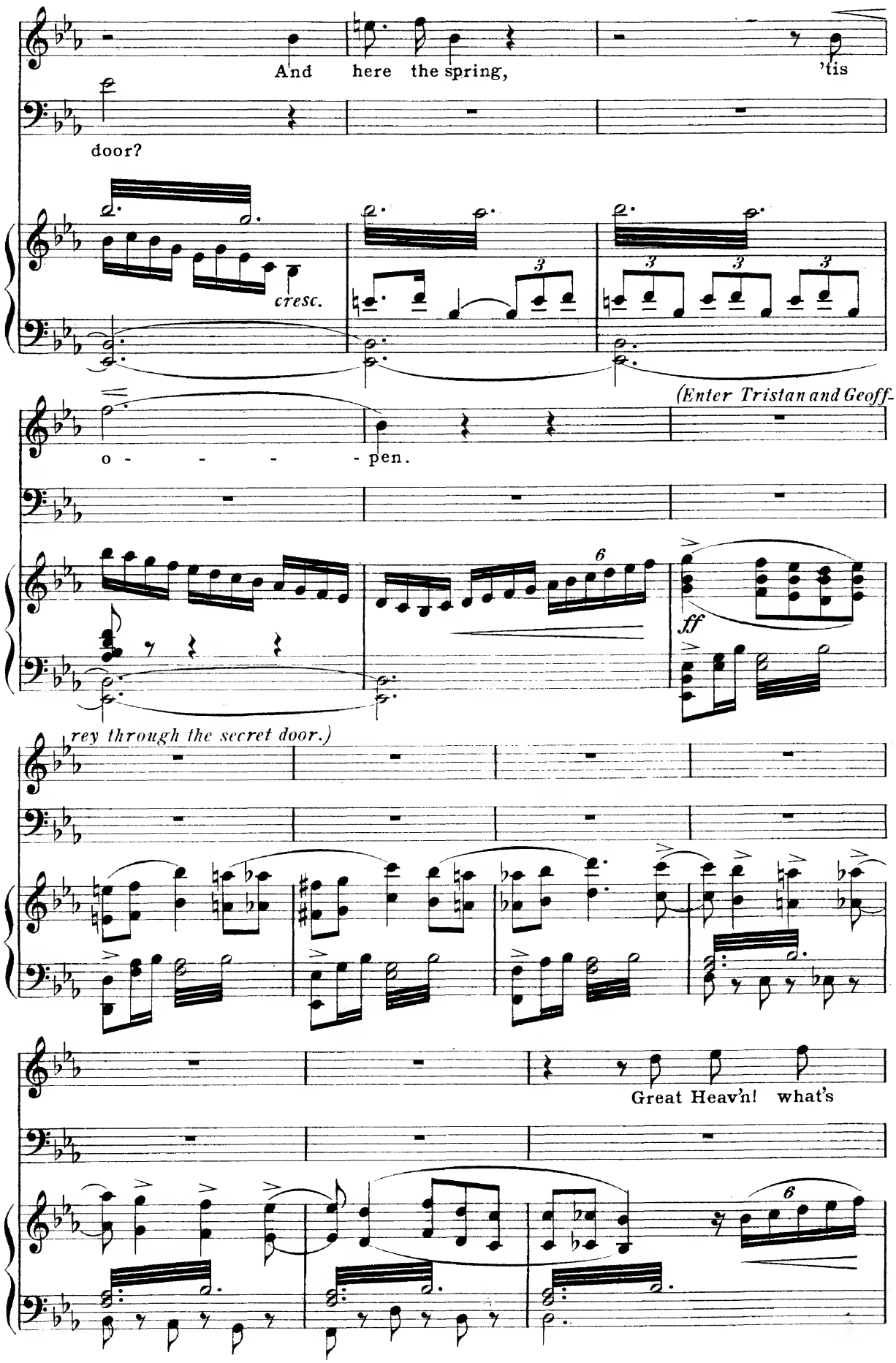
I like it not.

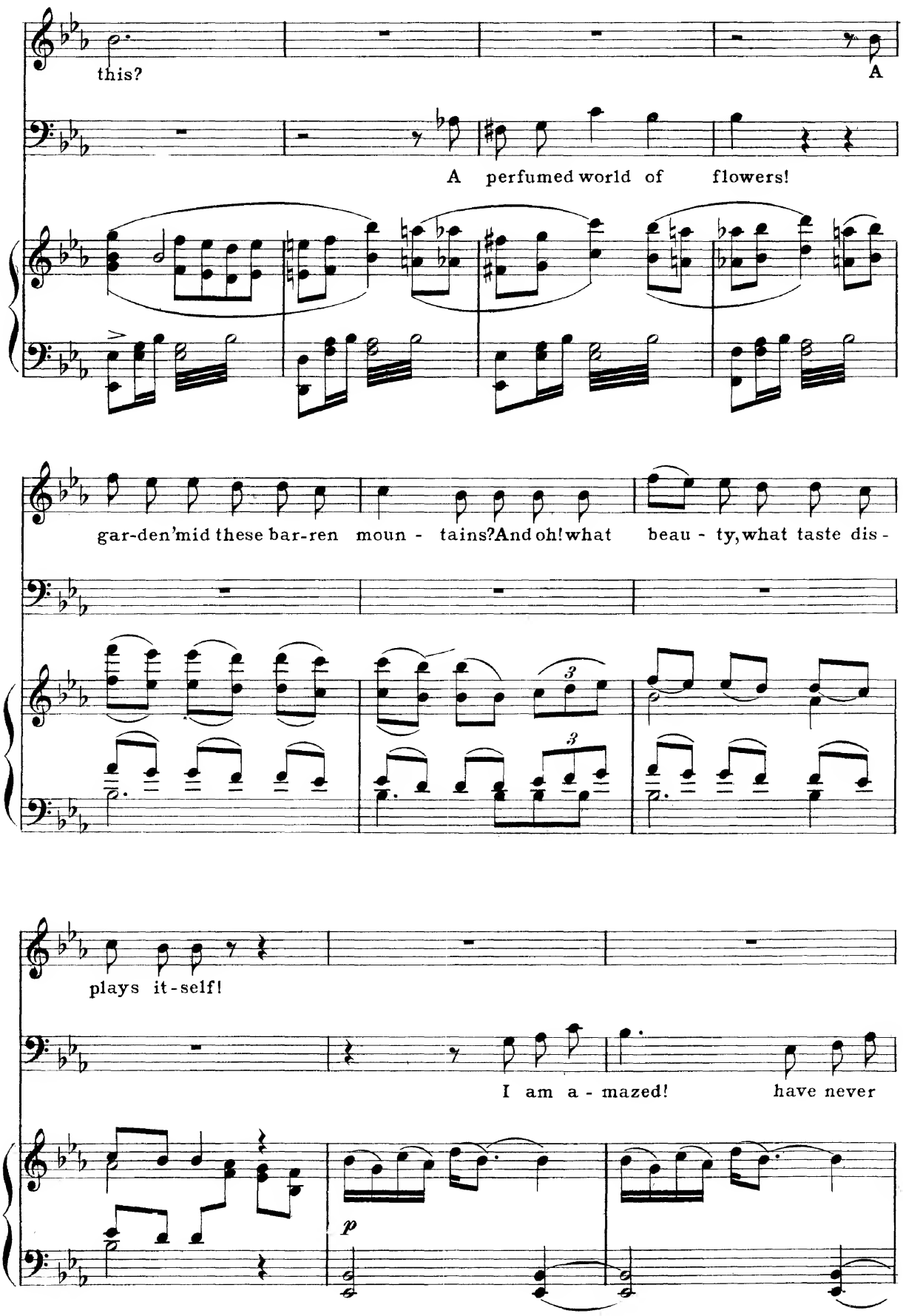
Ay.

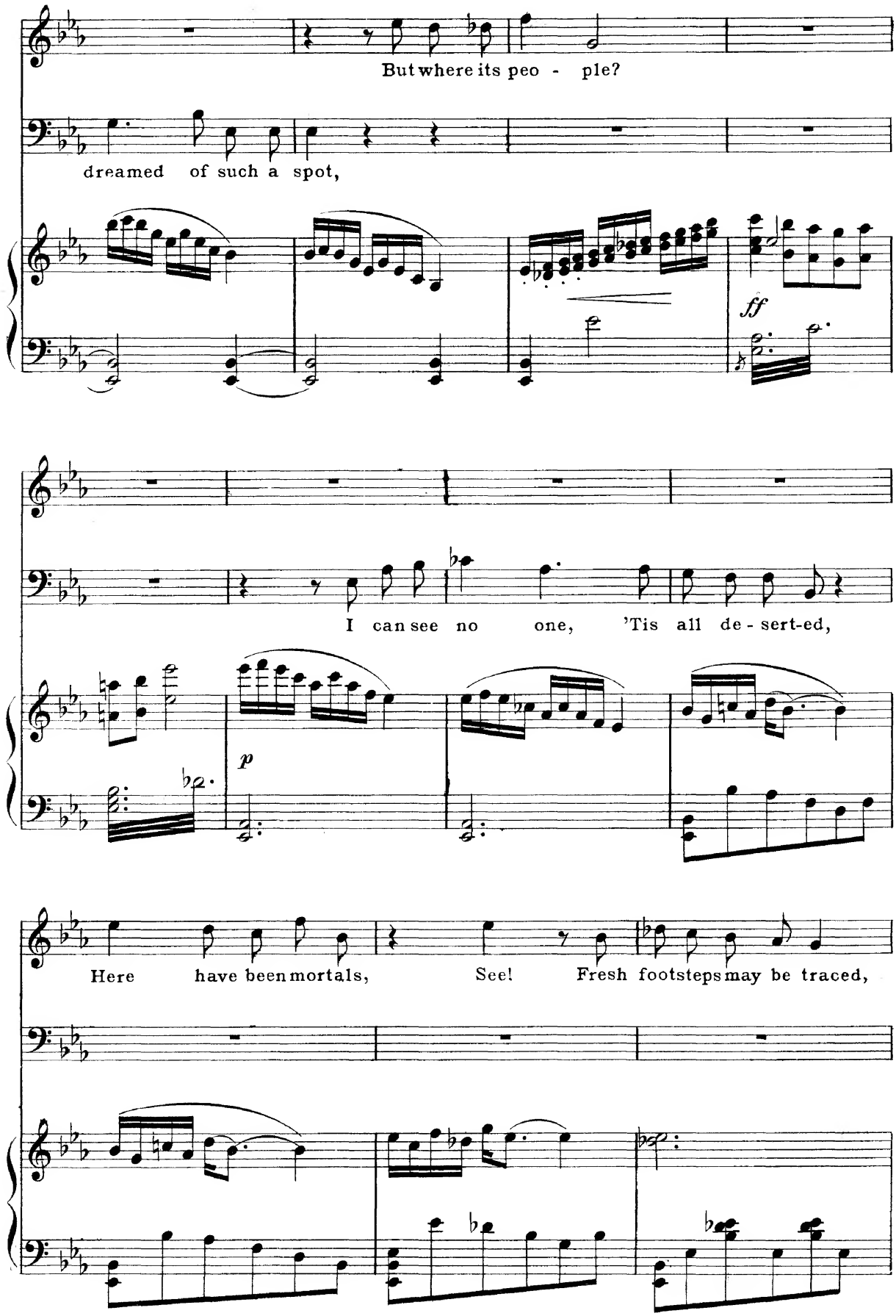

poor, blind maid-en on her couch, As she were dead; let
him but give a sign, And sud - den-ly as by a
mir-a-ele, she sinks in sleep.
'Tis ver - y
cresc.

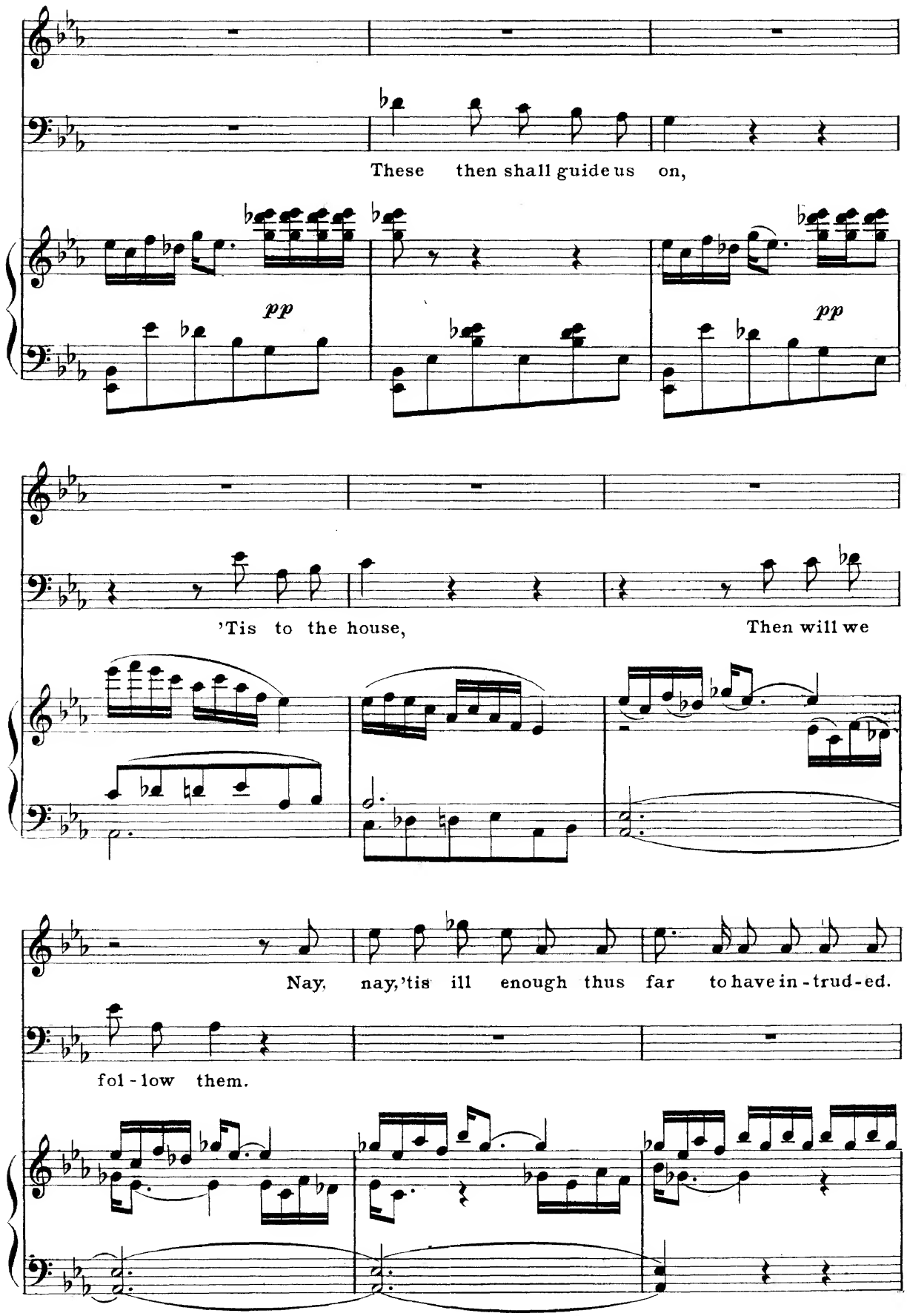

To me, it seems of hap-py o - men.
strange.
May-be, but time will
She's
show.
f
safe, and can-not wake till we re - turn. Come.
(Exeunt right.)
p
pp

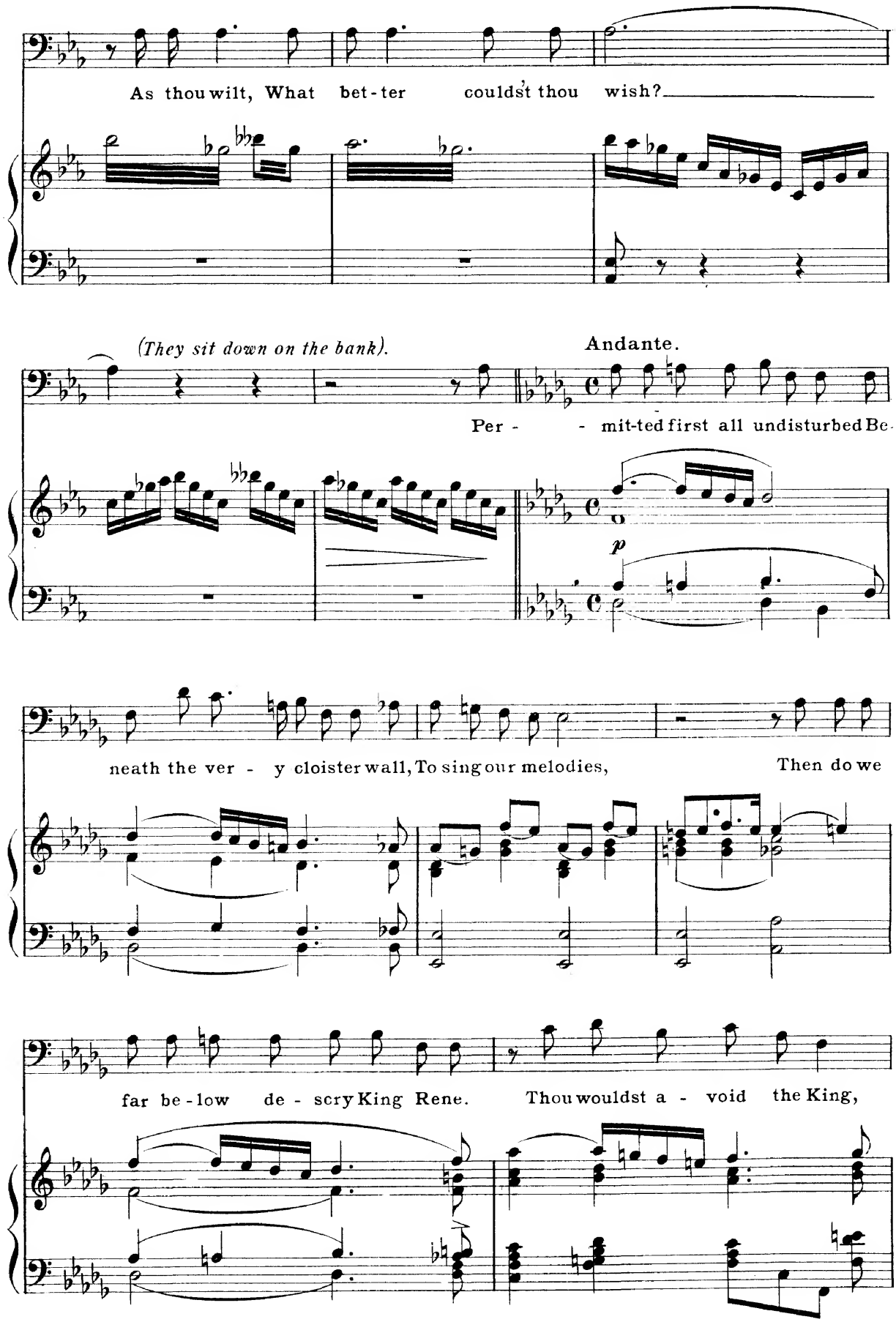

Allegretto.
p
TRISTAN.
(Outside.)
GEOFFREY.
Take heed,
Nay, for-ward,
Here's a door.
'tis dark as night,
A

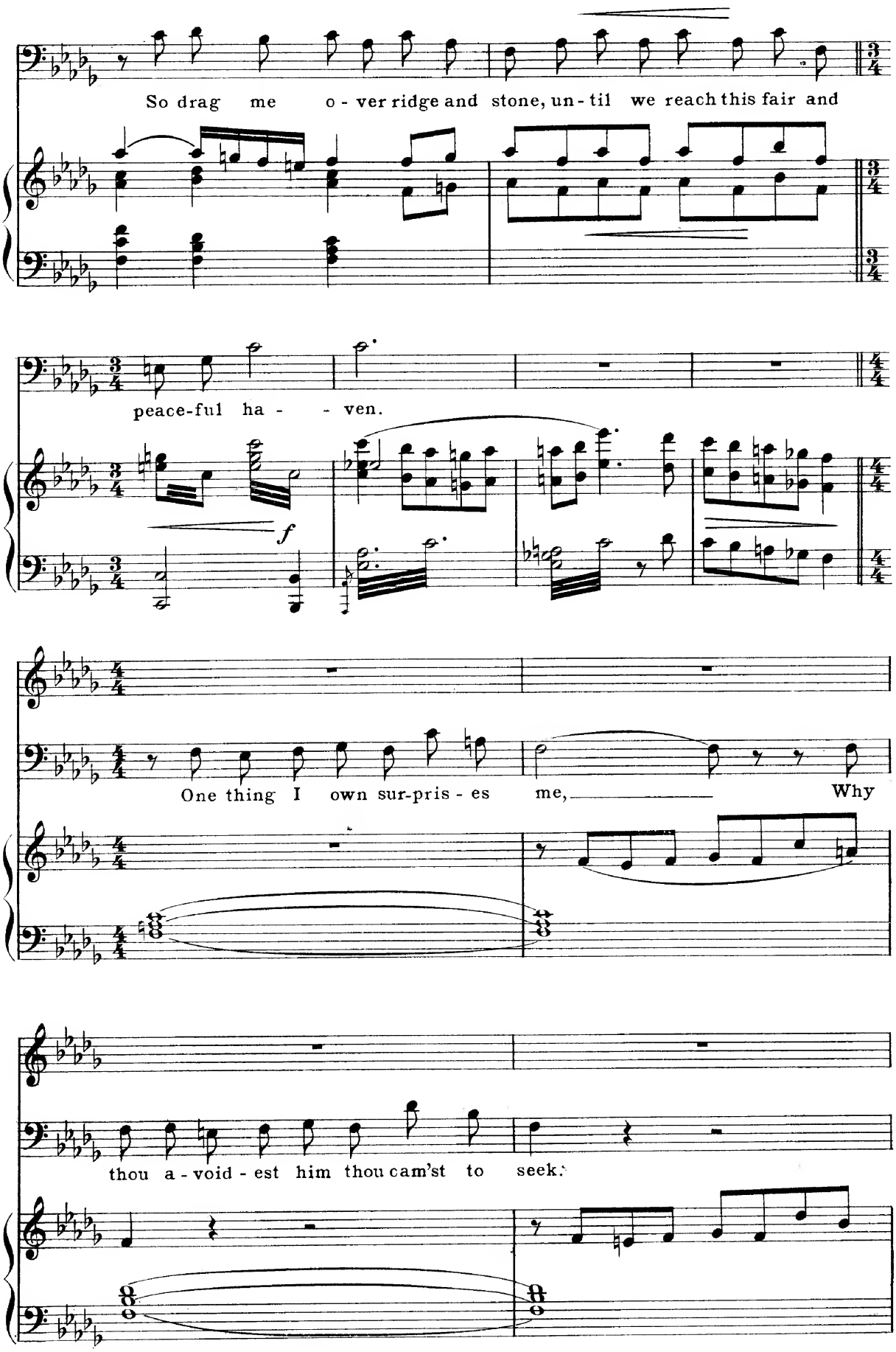

And here the spring, 'tis
door?
cresc.
(Enter Tristan and Geoff-
o - - - - - pen.
ff
rey through the secret door.)
Great Heav'n! what's

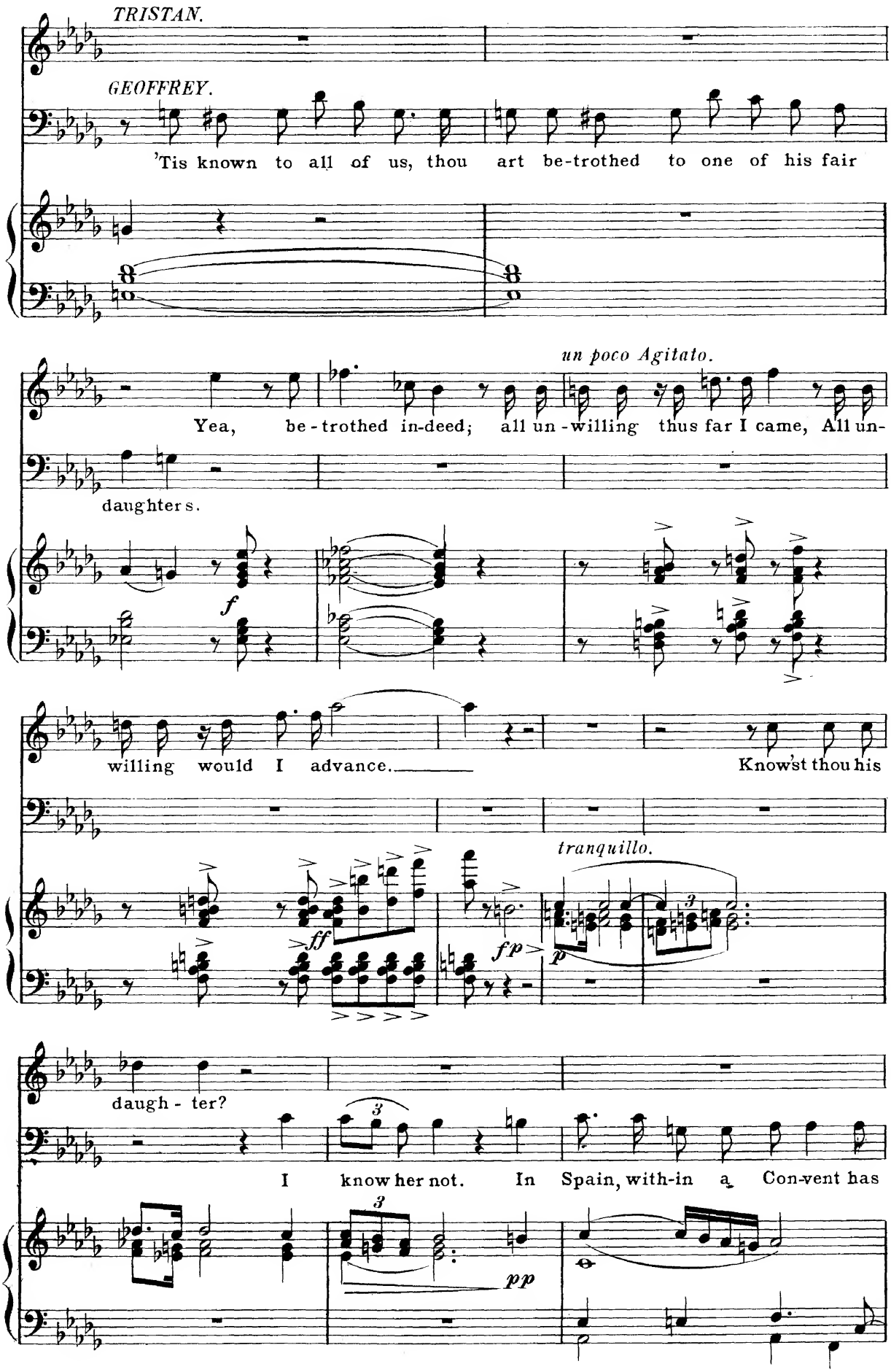

this?
A
A perfumed world of flowers!
gar-den'mid these bar-ren moun - tains?And oh!what beau - ty,what taste dis -
plays it-self!
I am a - mazed! have never
p

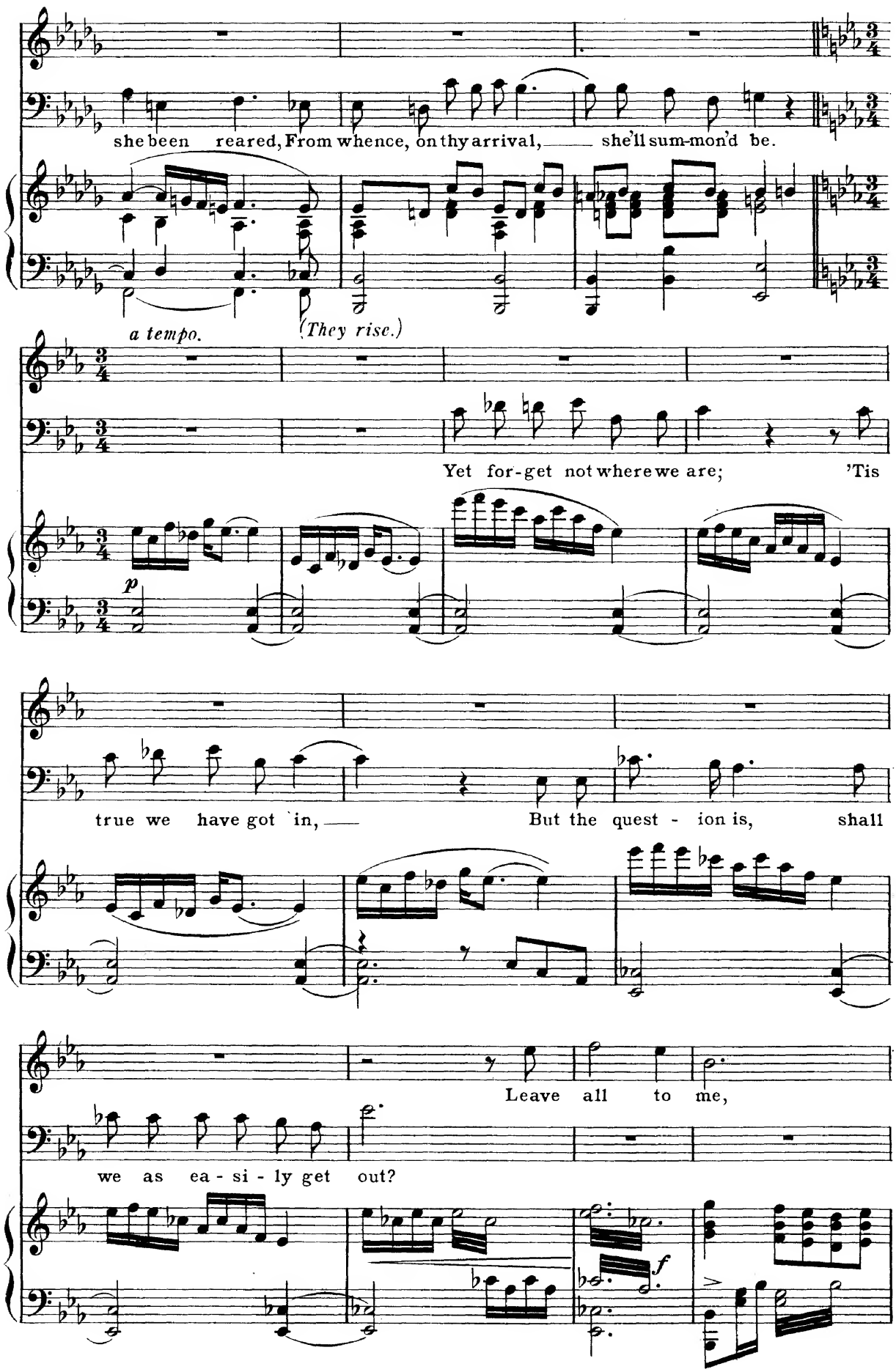

But where its peo - ple?
dreamed of such a spot,
ff
I can see no one, 'Tis all de - sert-ed,
p
Here have been mortals, See! Fresh footsteps may be traced,

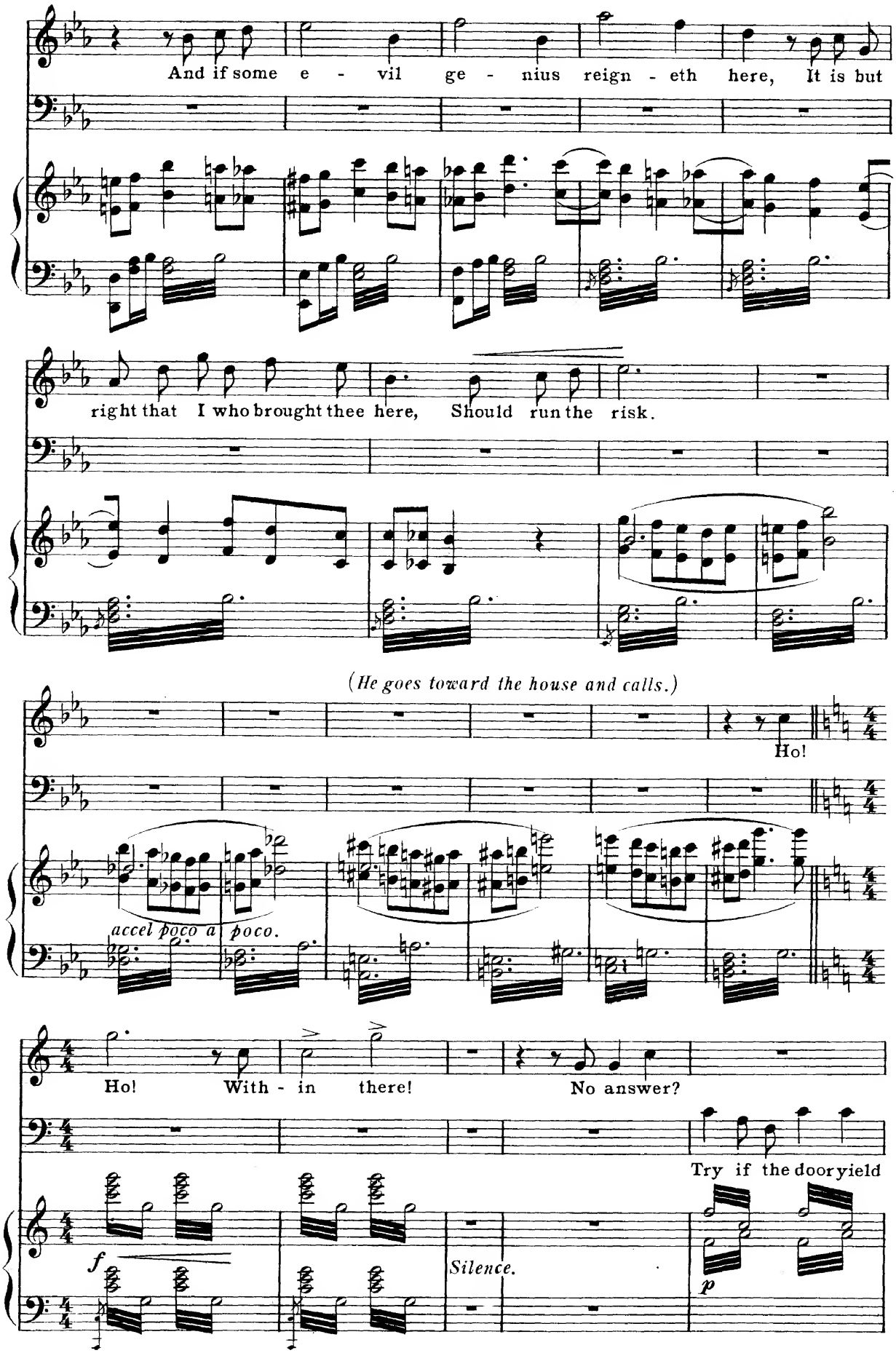

These then shall guide us on,
pp
pp
'Tis to the house,
Then will we
Nay, nay, 'tis ill enough thus far to have in-trud-ed.
fol-low them.

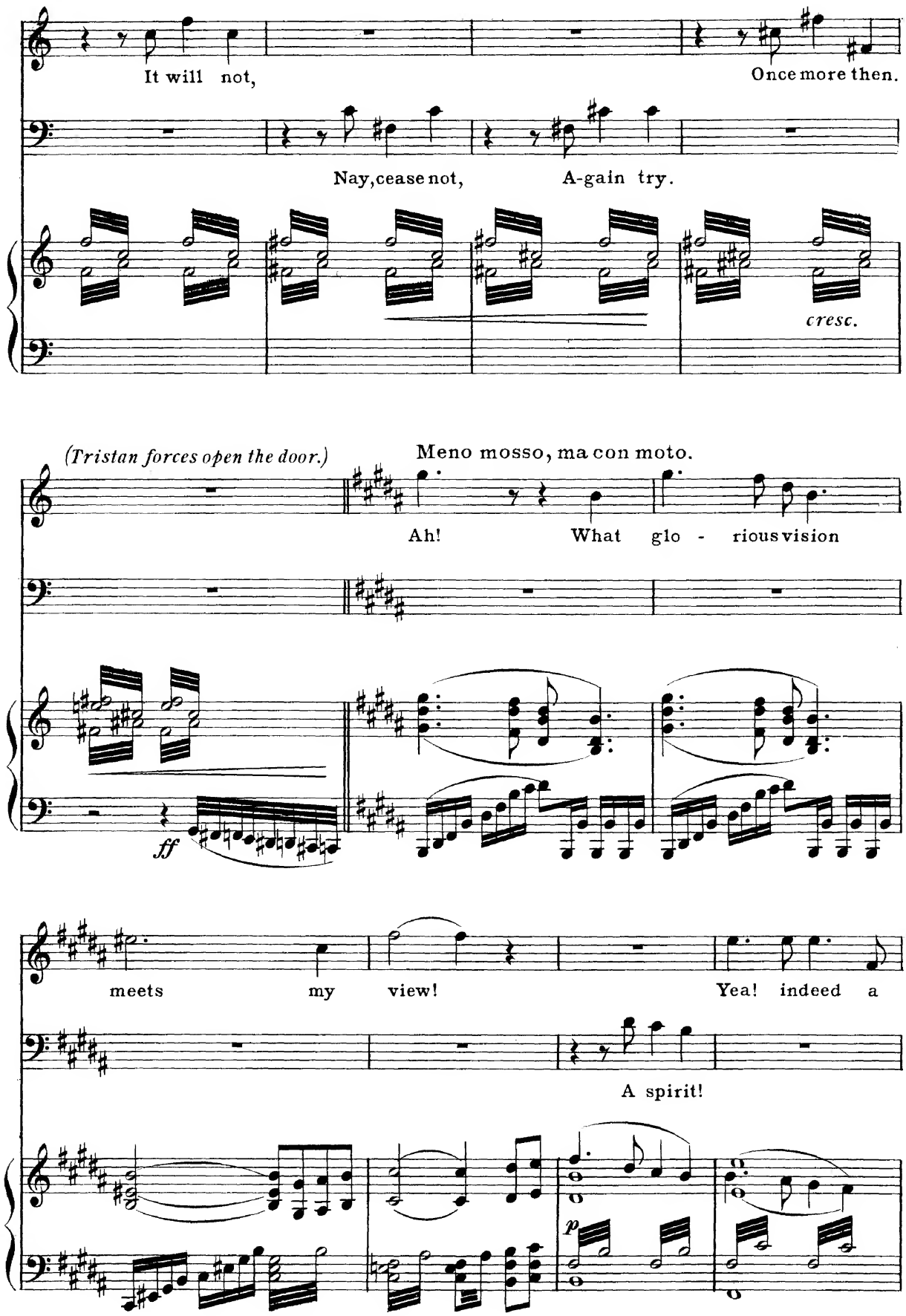

As thou wilt, What bet-ter couldst thou wish?
(They sit down on the bank).
Andante.
Per - - mit-ted first all undisturbed Be-
p
neath the ver - y cloister wall, To sing our melodies, Then do we
far be-low de - scry King Rene. Thou wouldst a - void the King,

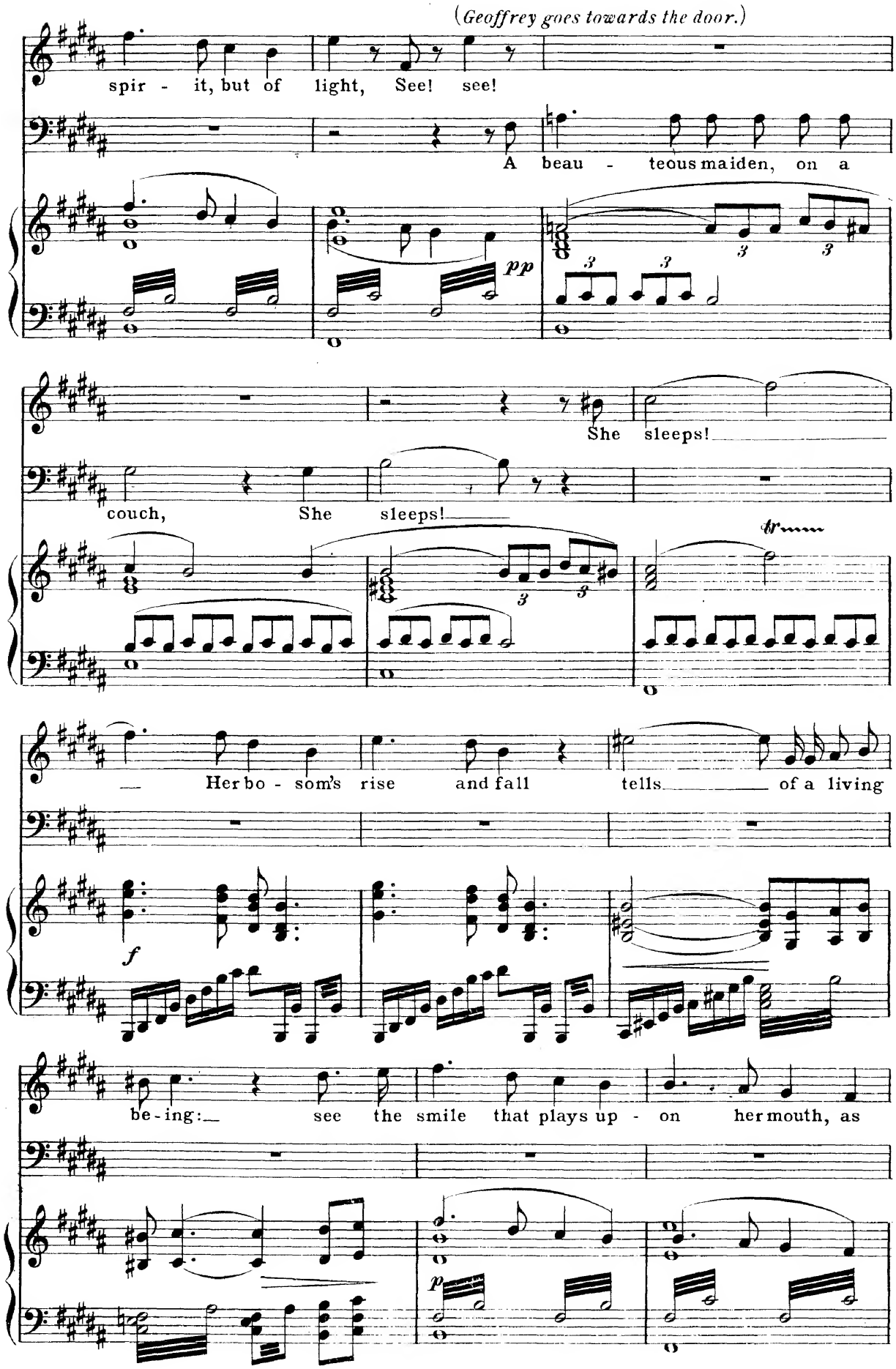

So drag me o - ver ridge and stone, un - til we reach this fair and
peace-ful ha - - ven.
f
One thing I own sur-pris - es me, Why
thou a - void - est him thou cam'st to seek.

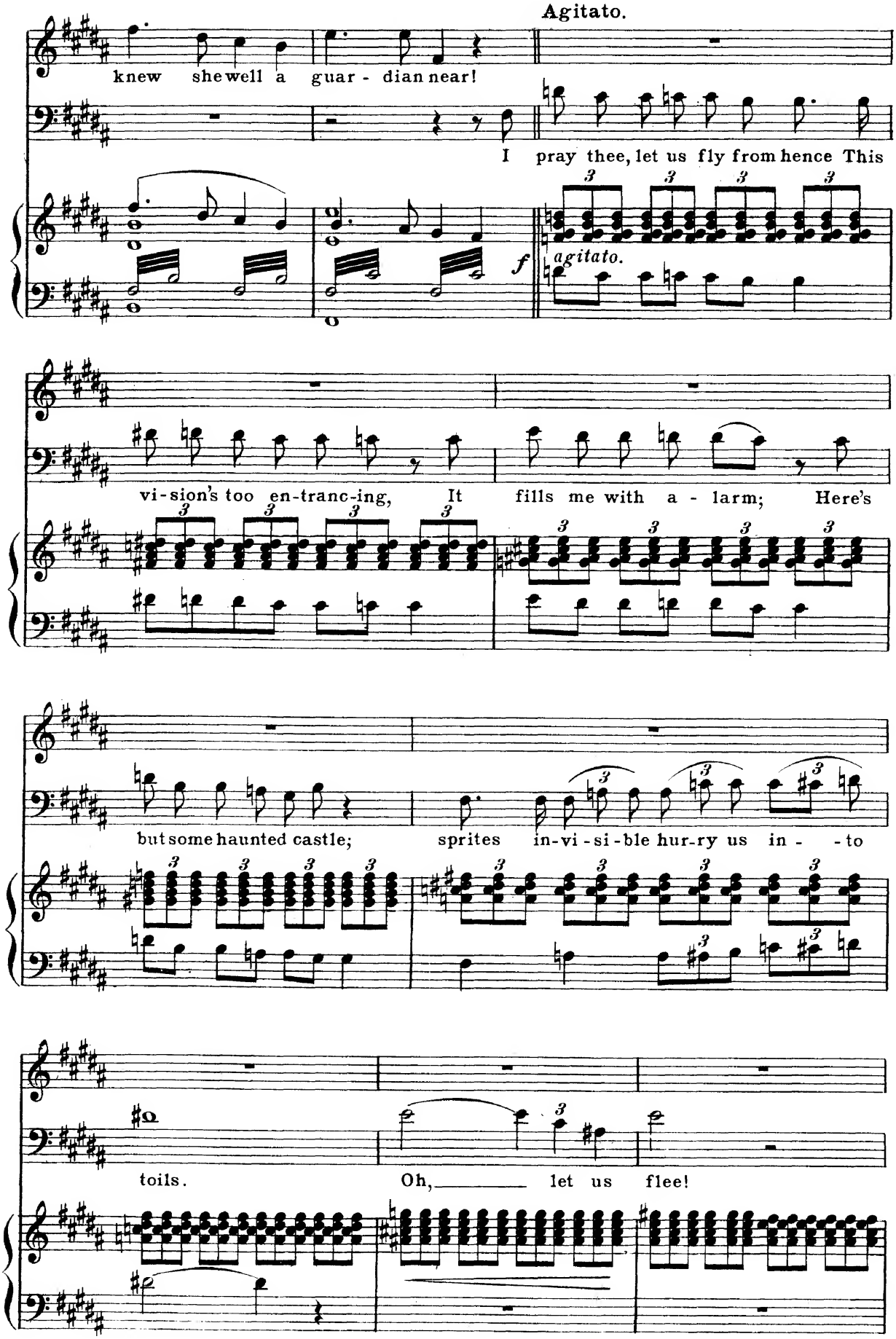

TRISTAN.
GEOFFREY.
'Tis known to all of us, thou art be-trothed to one of his fair
un poco Agitato.
Yea, be-trothed in-deed; all un-willing thus far I came, All un-
daughters.
f
willing would I advance. Know'st thou his
tranquillo.
ff
fp
p
daugh-ter?
I know her not. In Spain, with-in a Con-vent has
pp

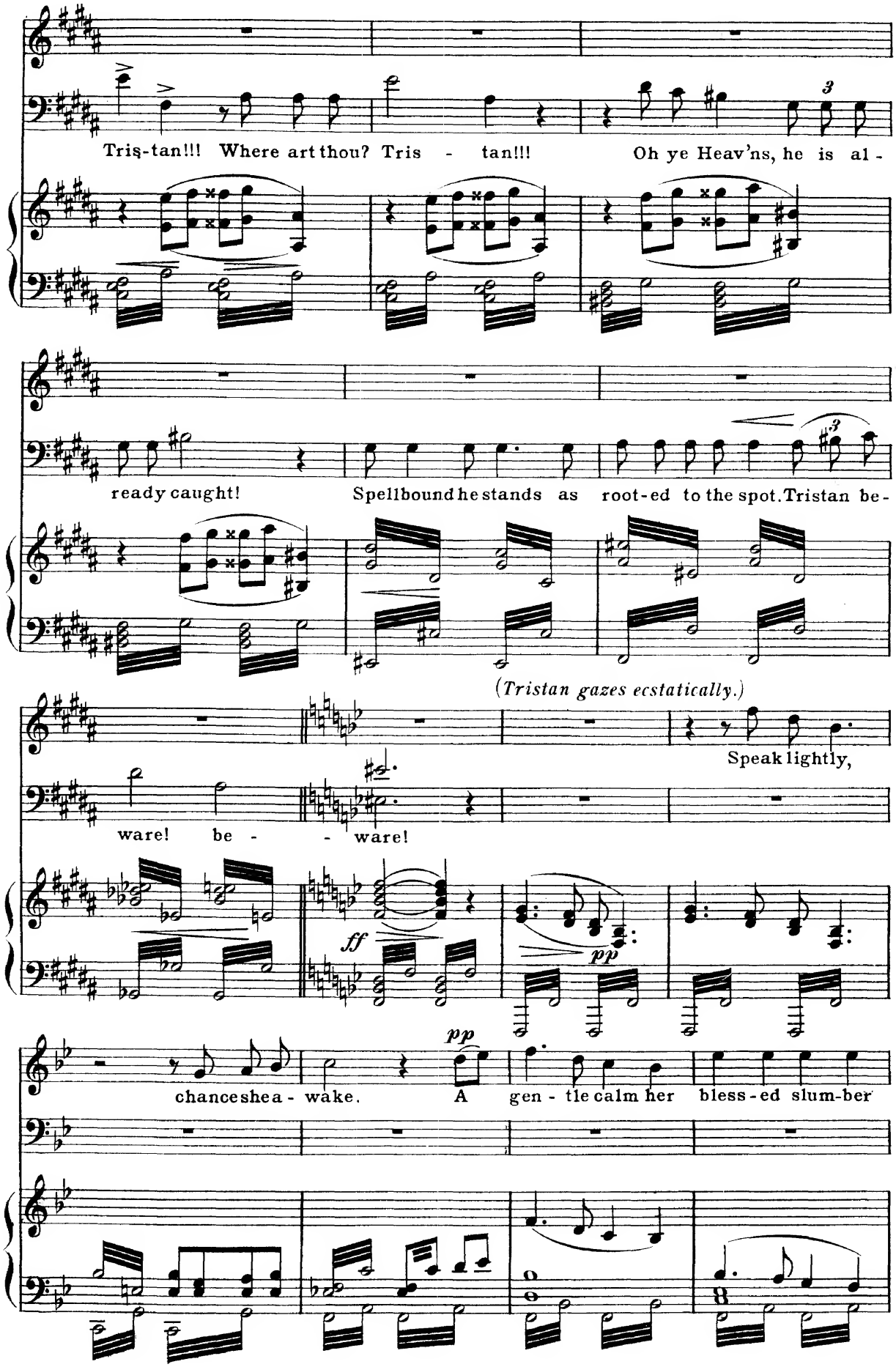

she been reared, From whence, on thy arrival, she'll sum-mon'd be.
a tempo.
(They rise.)
Yet for-get not where we are; 'Tis
p
true we have got in, But the quest - ion is, shall
Leave all to me,
we as ea - si - ly get out?
f

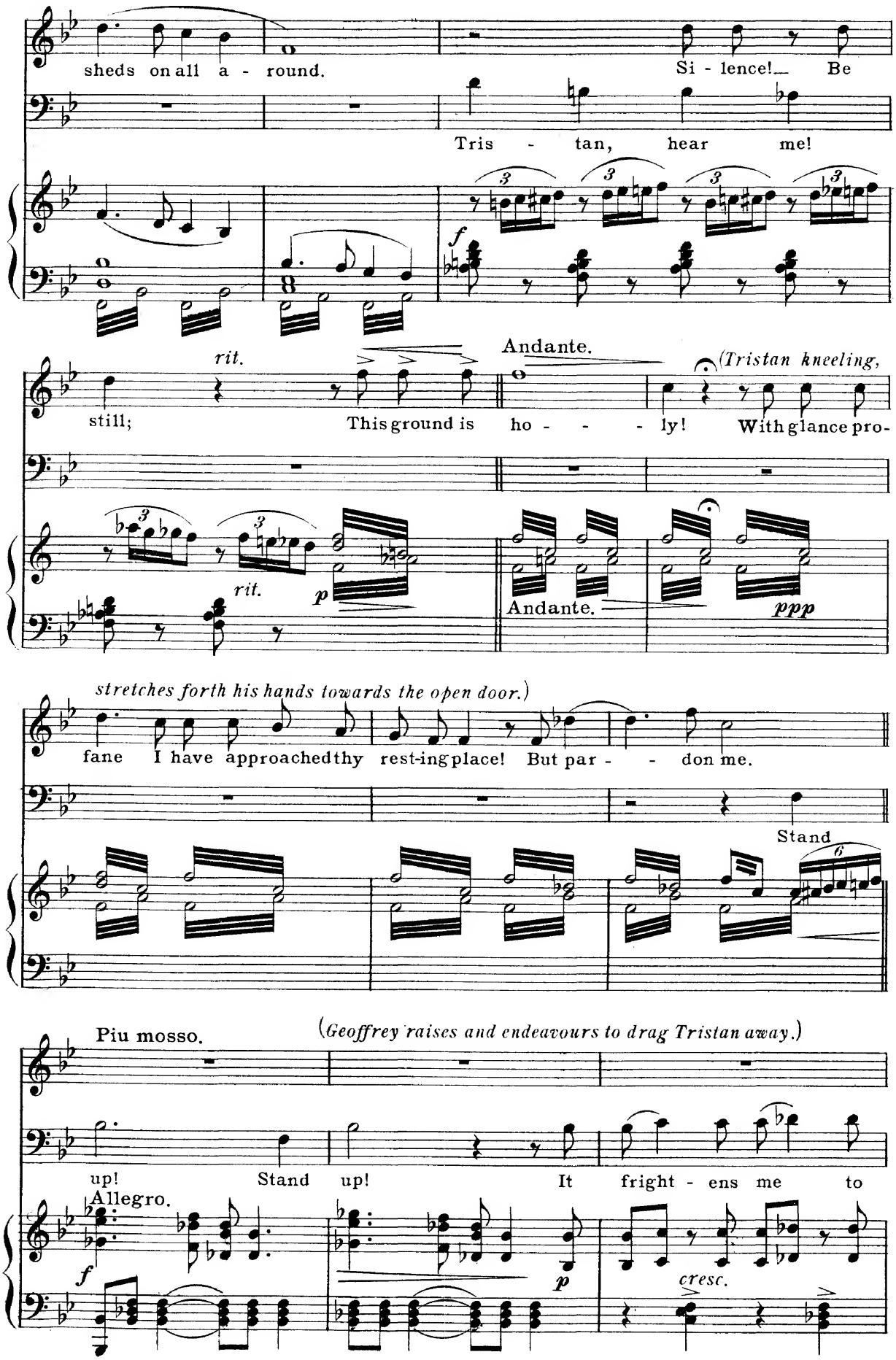

And if some e - vil ge - nius reign - eth here, It is but
right that I who brought thee here, Should run the risk.
(He goes toward the house and calls.)
Ho!
accel poco a poco.
Ho! With - in there! No answer?
Try if the door yield
f
Silence.
p

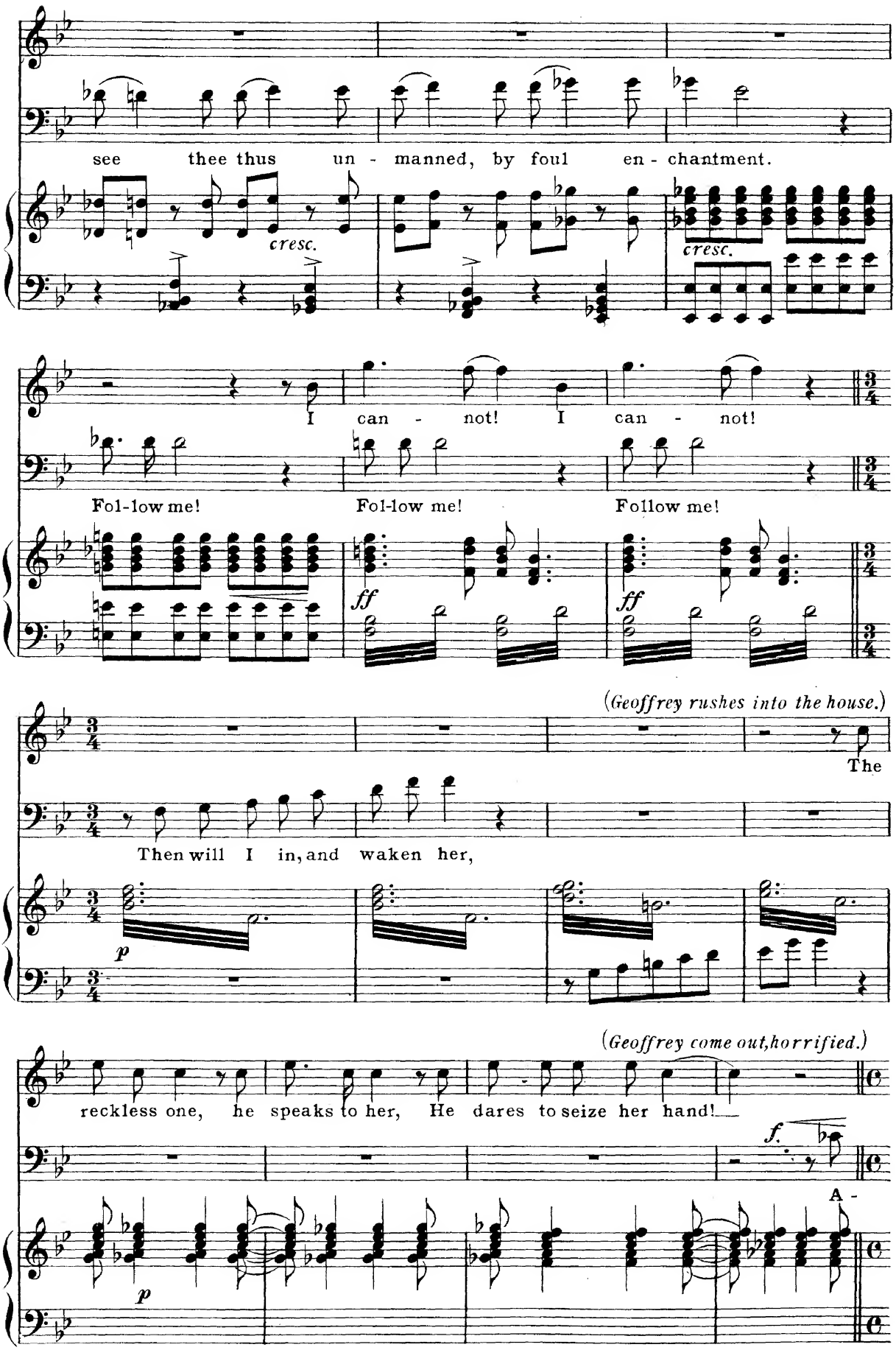

It will not,
Once more then.
Nay, cease not,
A-gain try.
cresc.
(Tristan forces open the door.)
Meno mosso, ma con moto.
Ah! What glo - rious vision
ff
meets my view!
Yea! indeed a
A spirit!
p

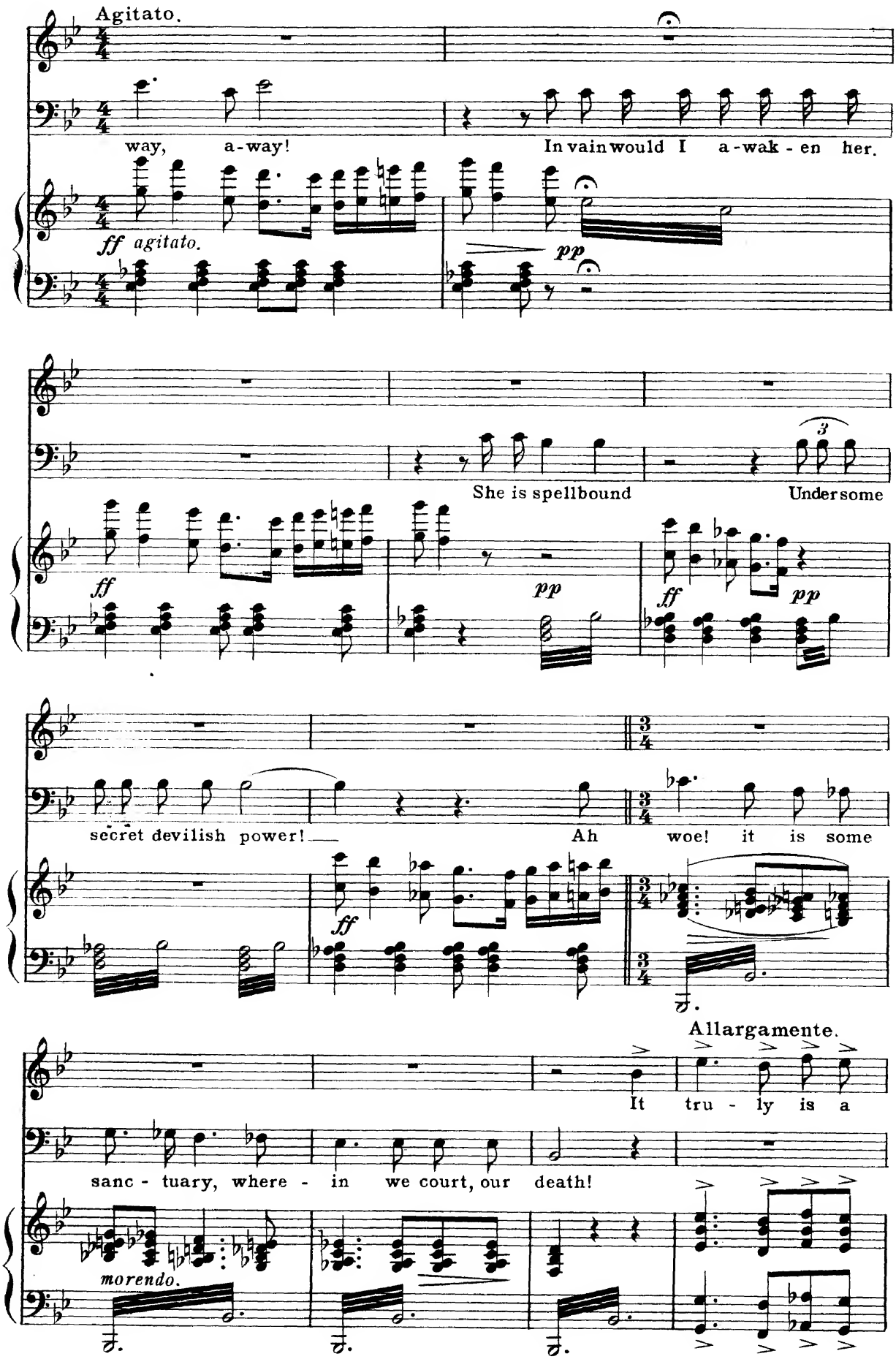

(Geoffrey goes towards the door.)
spir - it, but of light, See! see!
A beau - teous maiden, on a
pp
She sleeps!
couch, She sleeps!
tr
Her bo - som's rise and fall tells of a living
f
be - ing: see the smile that plays up - on her mouth, as
p

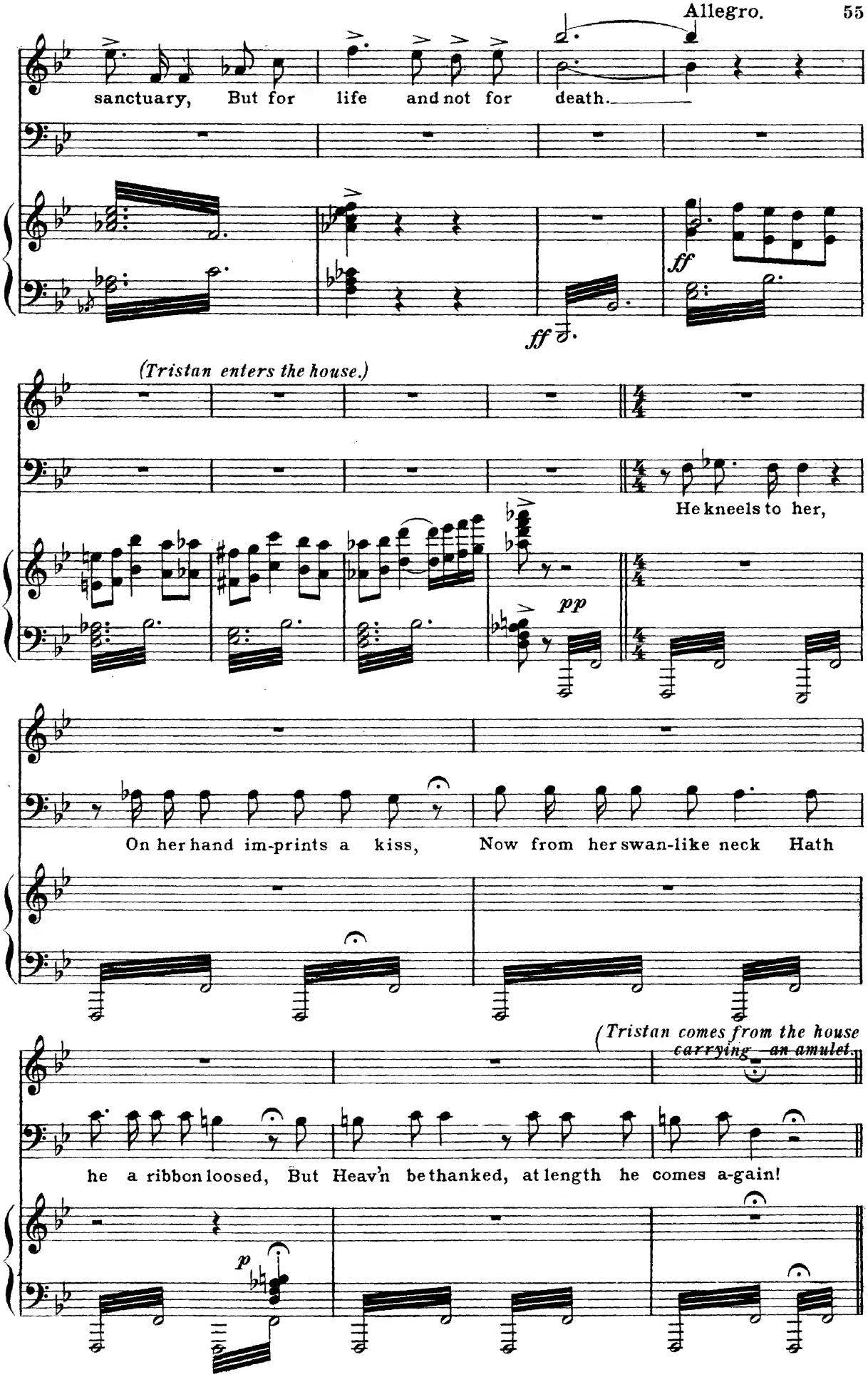

Agitato.
knew she well a guar - dian near!
I pray thee, let us fly from hence This
f
agitato.
vi-sion's too en-tranc-ing, It fills me with a - larm; Here's
but some haunted castle; sprites in-vi-si-ble hur-ry us in - - to
toils. Oh, let us flee!

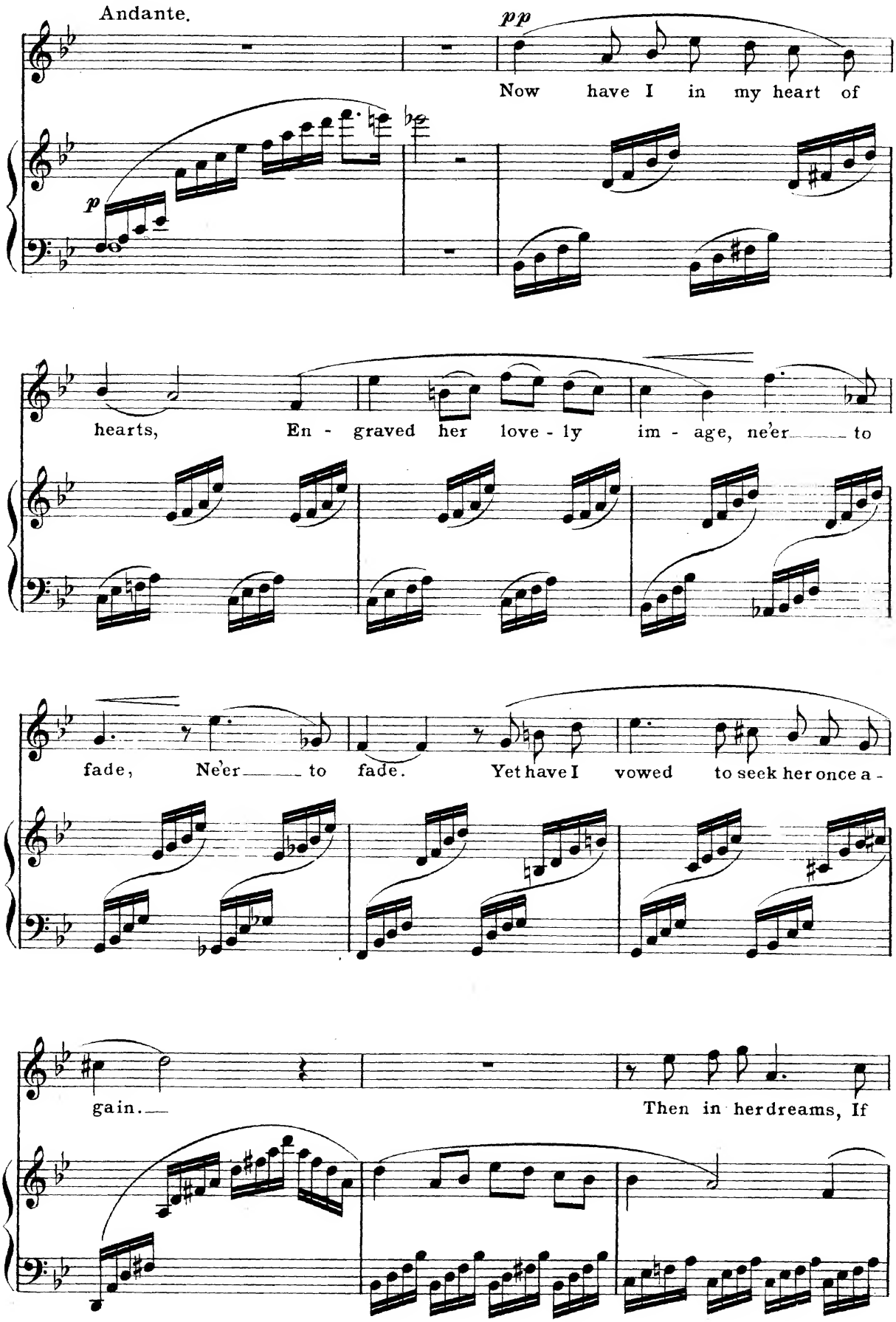

Tris-tan!!! Where art thou? Tris - tan!!! Oh ye Heav'ns, he is al -
ready caught! Spellbound he stands as root-ed to the spot. Tristan be-
(Tristan gazes ecstatically.)
Speak lightly,
ware! be - - ware!
ff
pp
pp
chance she a - wake. A gen - tle calm her bless-ed slum-ber

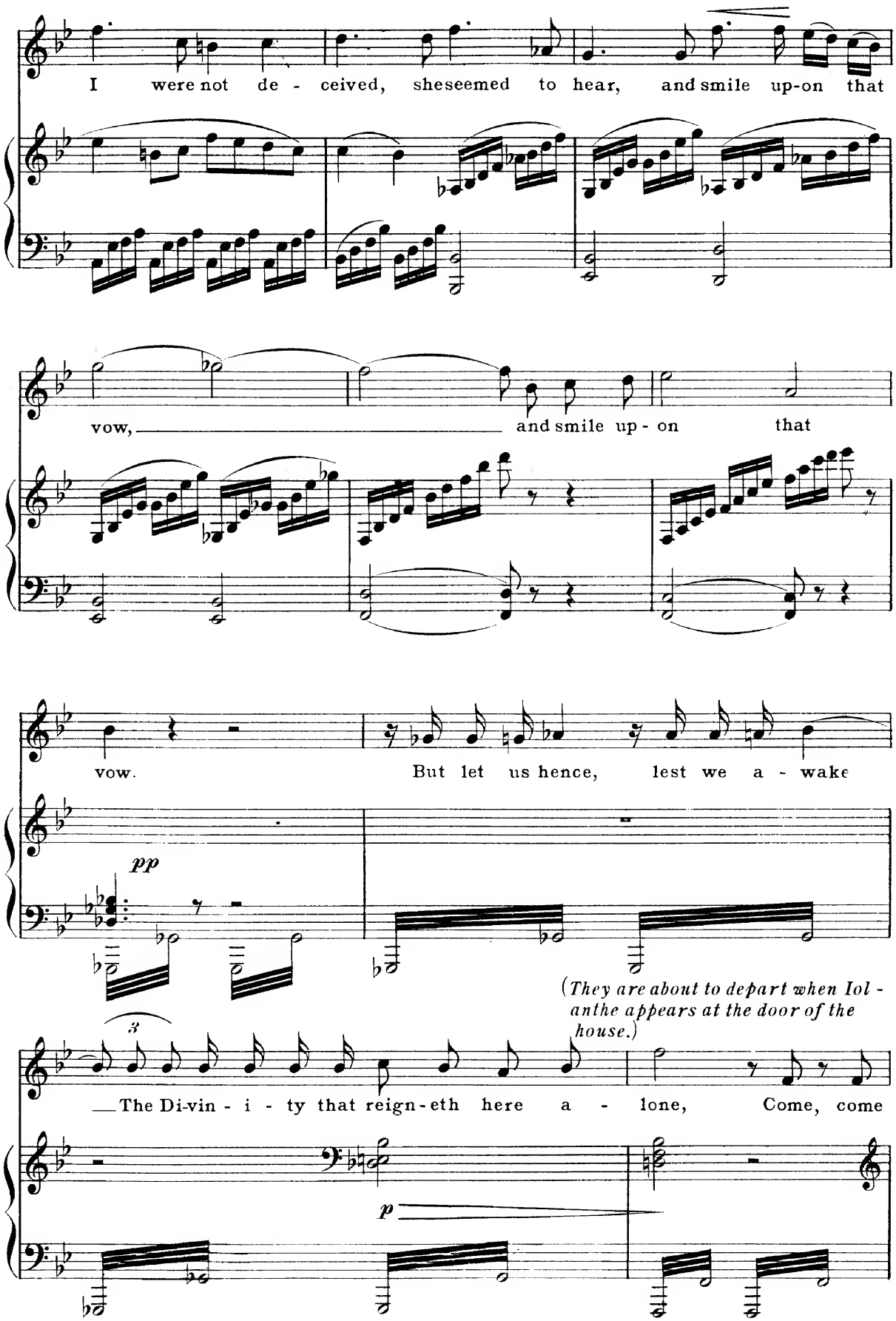

sheds on all a - round.
Si - lence! Be
Tris - tan, hear me!
rit.
Andante.
(Tristan kneeling,
still;
This ground is ho - - - ly!
With glance pro-
rit.
Andante.
stretches forth his hands towards the open door.)
fane I have approached thy rest-ing place!
But par - - don me.
Stand
Piu mosso.
(Geoffrey raises and endeavours to drag Tristan away.)
up!
Stand up!
It fright - ens me to
Allegro.
cresc.


see thee thus un - manned, by foul en - chantment.
cresc.
cresc.
I can - not! I can - not!
Fol-low me! Fol-low me! Follow me!
ff
ff
(Geoffrey rushes into the house.)
The
Then will I in, and waken her,
p
(Geoffrey come out, horrified.)
reckless one, he speaks to her, He dares to seize her hand!
f.
A -
p


Agitato.
way, a-way!
In vain would I a-wak-en her.
ff agitato.
pp
She is spellbound
Under some
ff
pp
ff
pp
secret devilish power!
Ah woe! it is some
ff
Allargamente.
It tru-ly is a
sanc-tuary, where-in we court, our death!
morendo.


sanctuary, But for life and not for death.
ff
ff
(Tristan enters the house.)
He kneels to her,
pp
On her hand im-prints a kiss, Now from her swan-like neck Hath
(Tristan comes from the house carrying an amulet.
he a ribbon loosed, But Heav'n be thanked, at length he comes a-gain!
p


Andante.
pp
Now have I in my heart of
p
hearts, En - graved her love - ly im - age, ne'er to
fade, Ne'er to fade. Yet have I vowed to seek her once a -
gain. Then in her dreams, If


I were not de - ceived, sheseemed to hear, and smile up-on that
vow, and smile up - on that
vow. But let us hence, lest we a - wake
pp
(They are about to depart when Iol - anthe appears at the door of the house.)
3
The Di-vin - i - ty that reign-eth here a - lone, Come, come
p

(She advances slowly, occasionally stopping to listen, sometimes putting her hand out gently, as if to feel her way. Her eyes are open, often cast down and move only slightly.)

IOLANTHE.

TRISTAN.

Andante.

Mar - tha!

pp

p

Ber-trand!

(She comes

There

Behold she comes.

8

forward following the sound.)

(Coming towards her.)

spoke some one. Who's there?

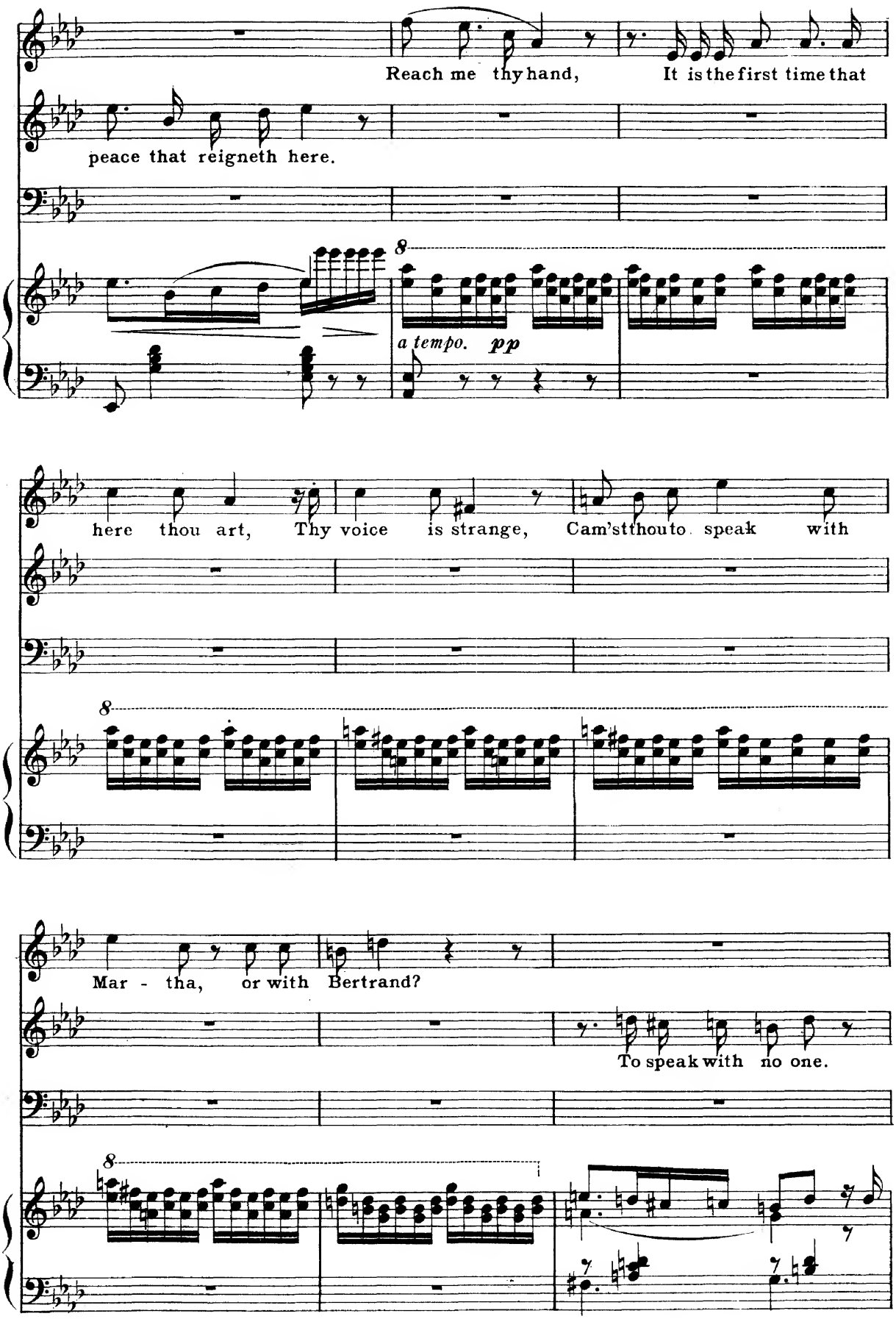
A strang-er, gracious lady, who

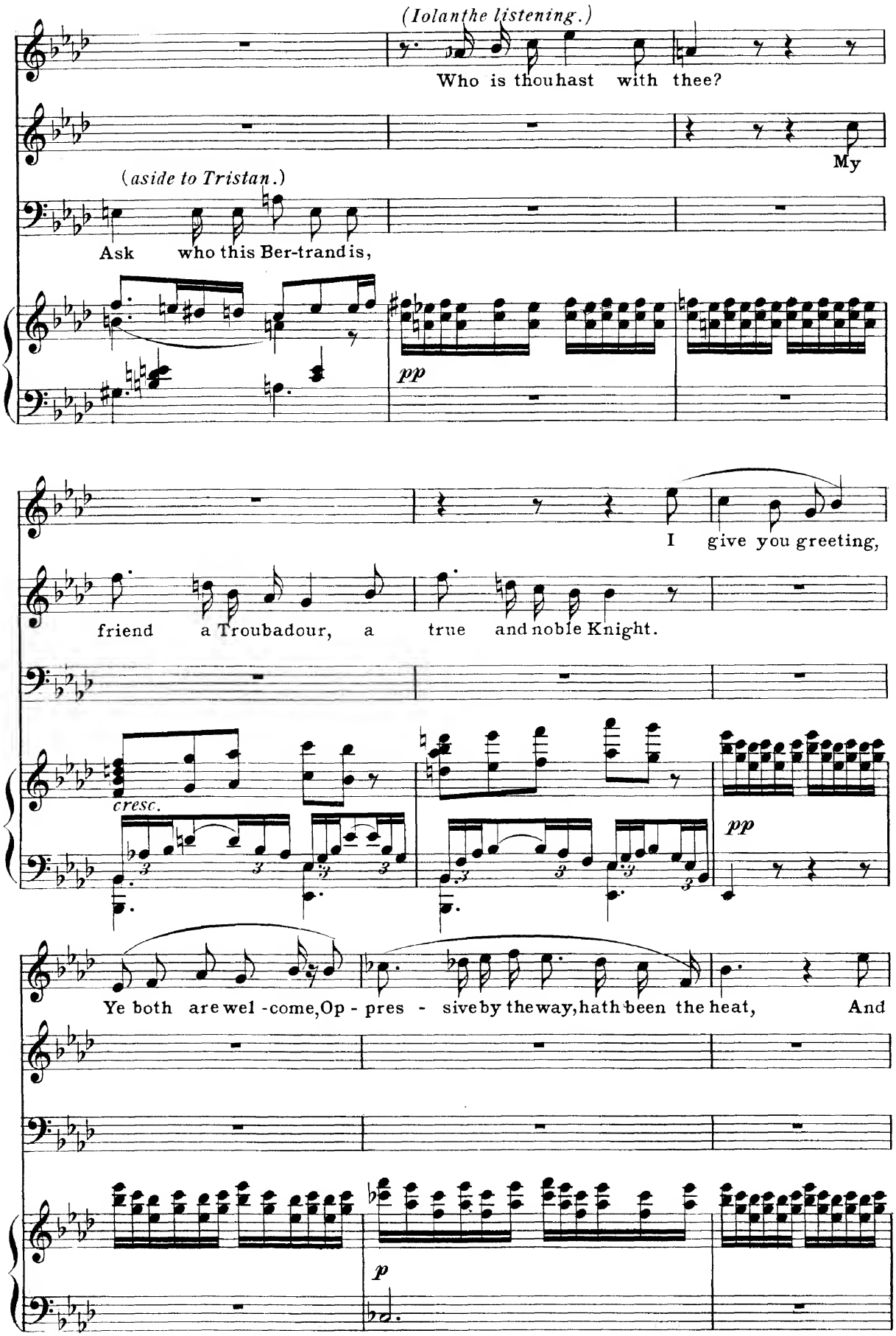
8

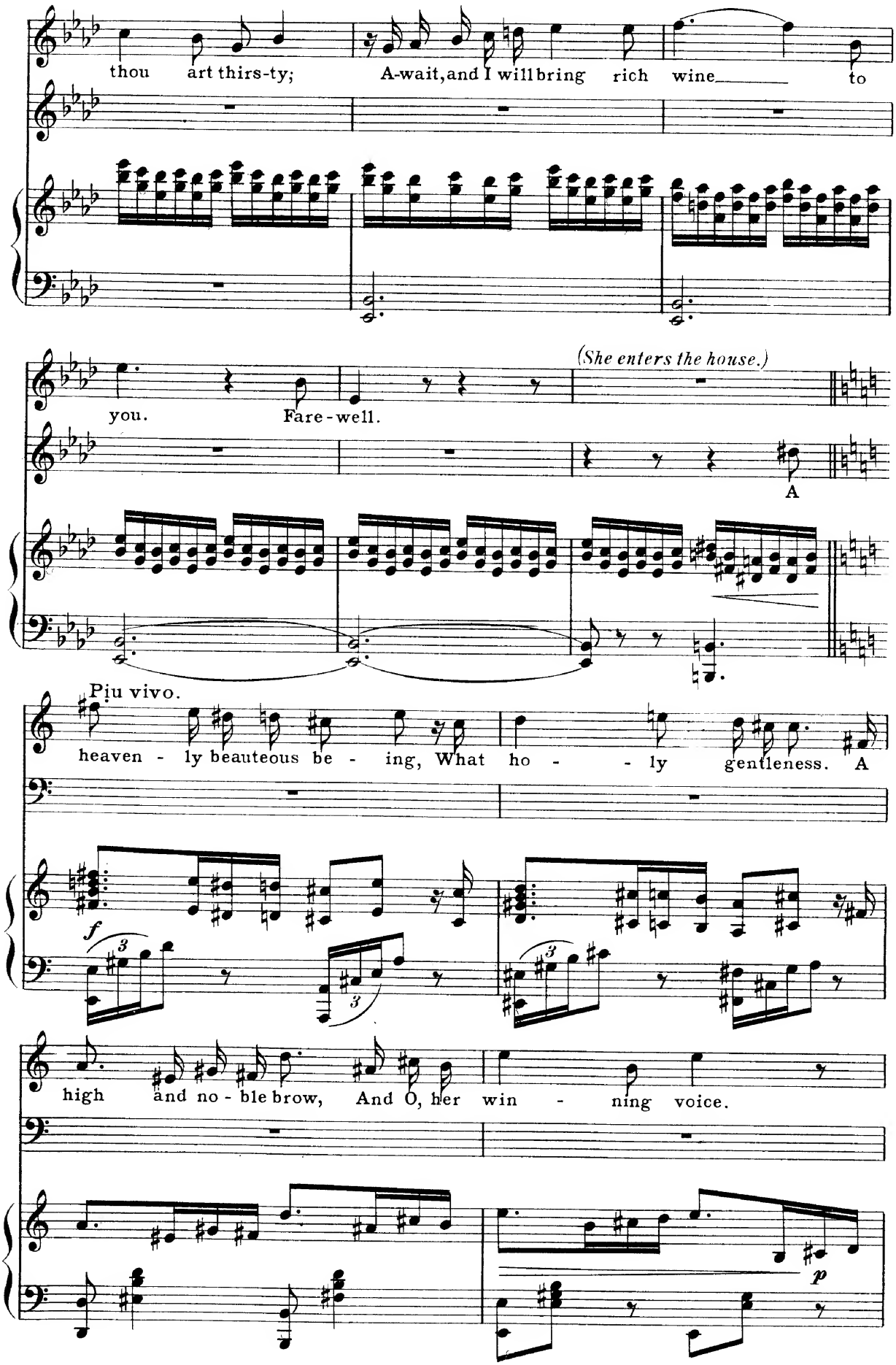
mp

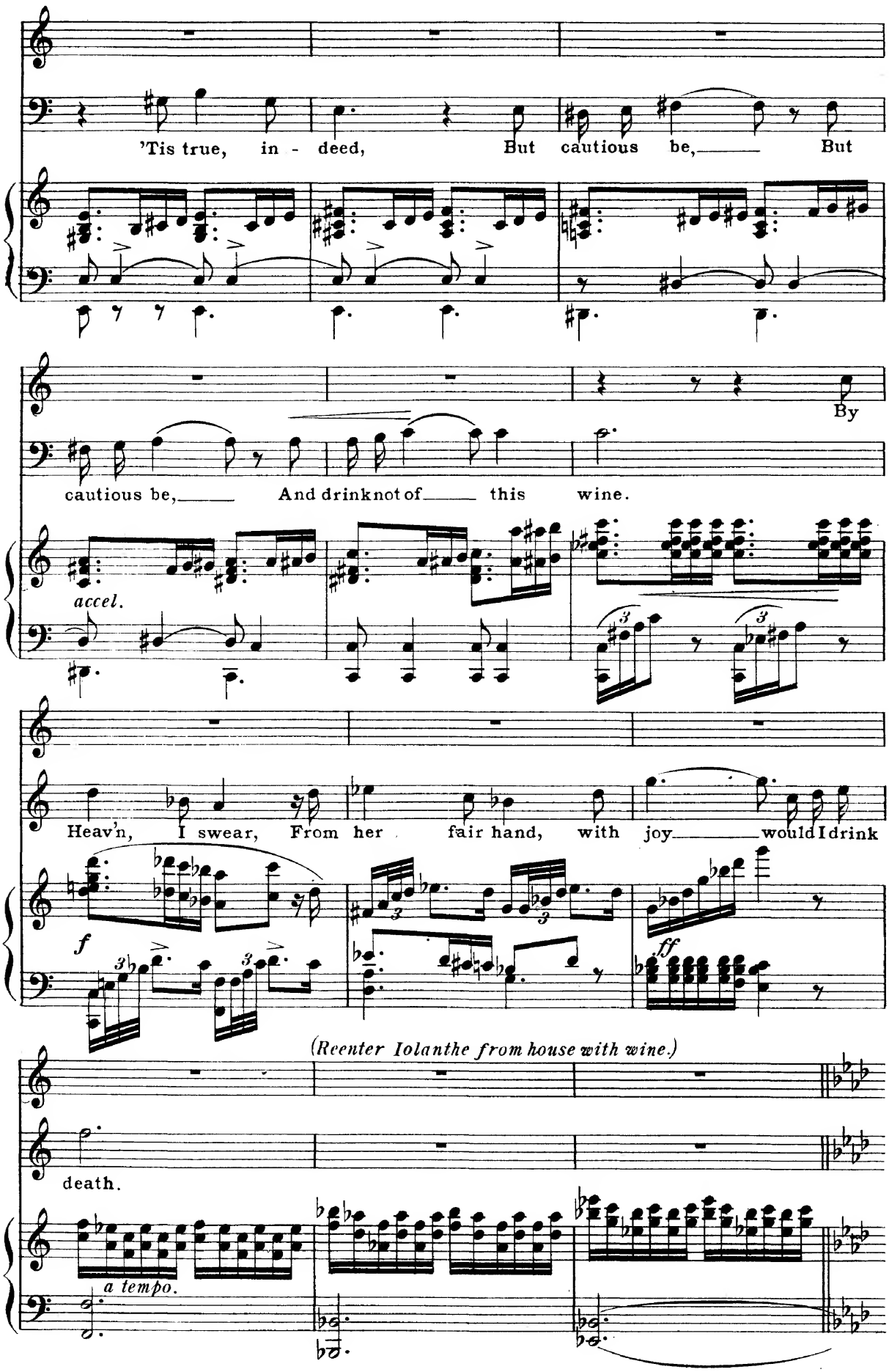
hum - bly craves for-give-ness, For bold - ly hav-ing dared Dis-turb the

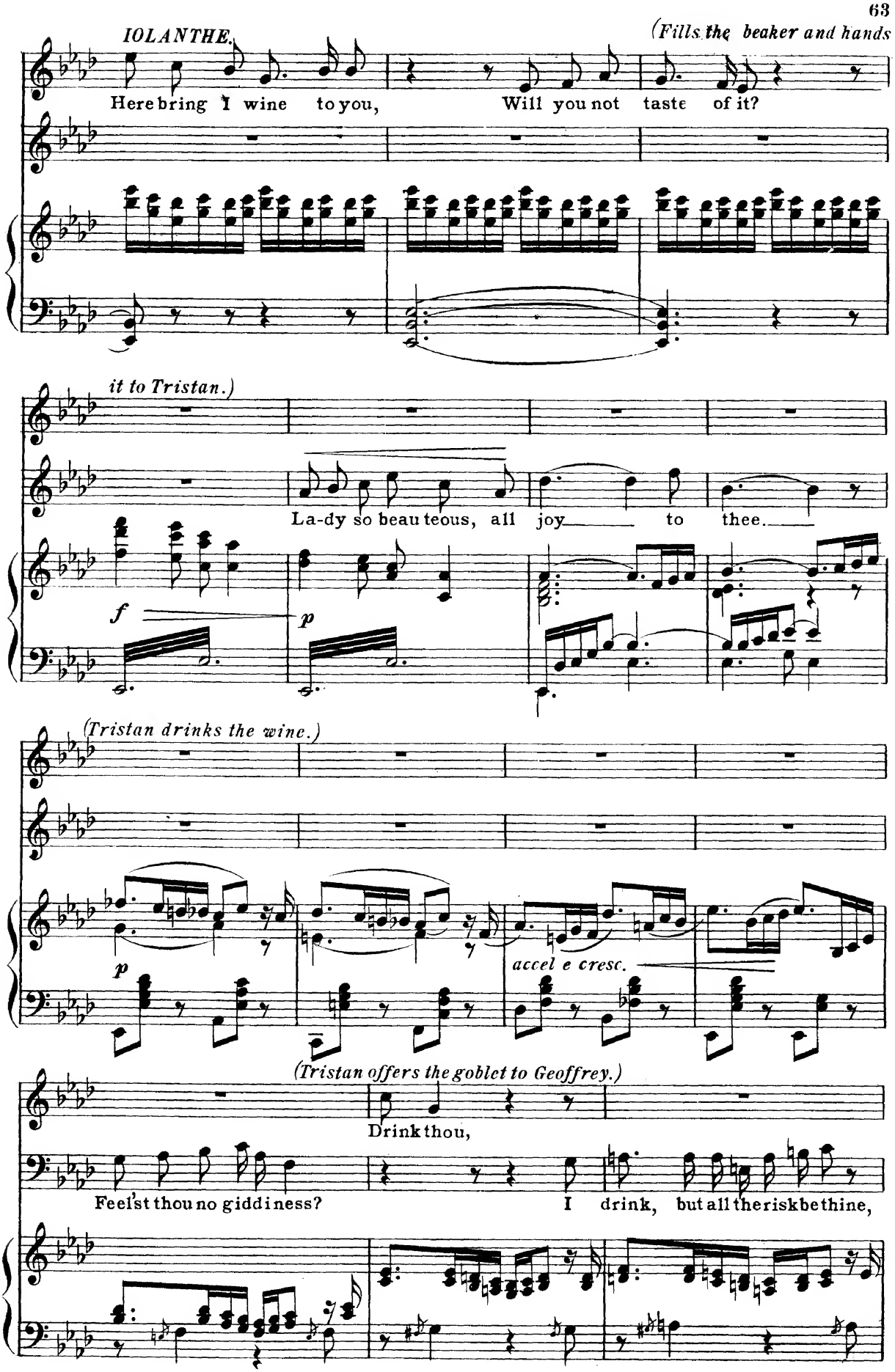
cresc ed accel.

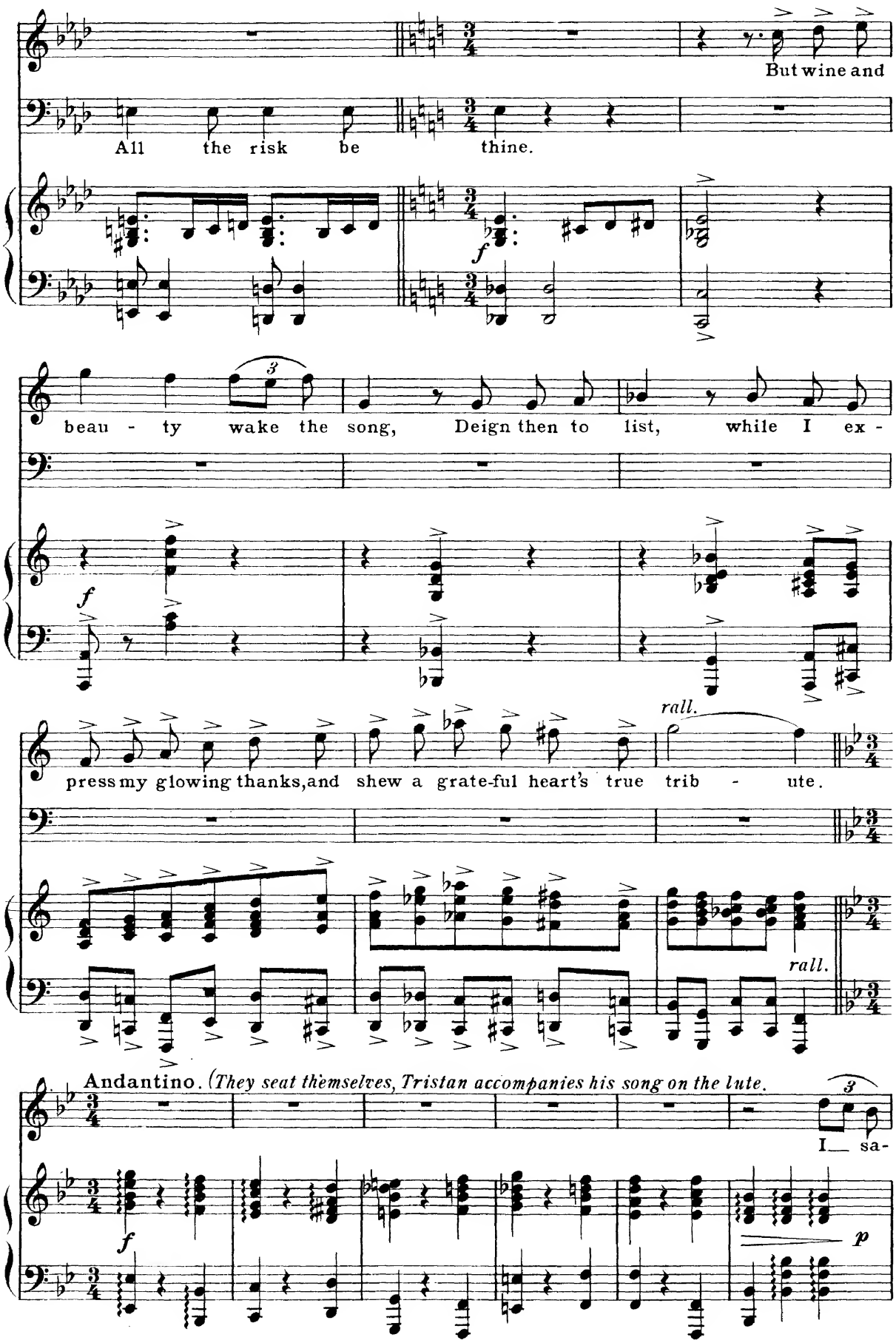

Reach me thy hand, It is the first time that
peace that reigneth here.
8
a tempo. pp
here thou art, Thy voice is strange, Cam'st thou to speak with
8
Mar - tha, or with Bertrand?
To speak with no one.
8

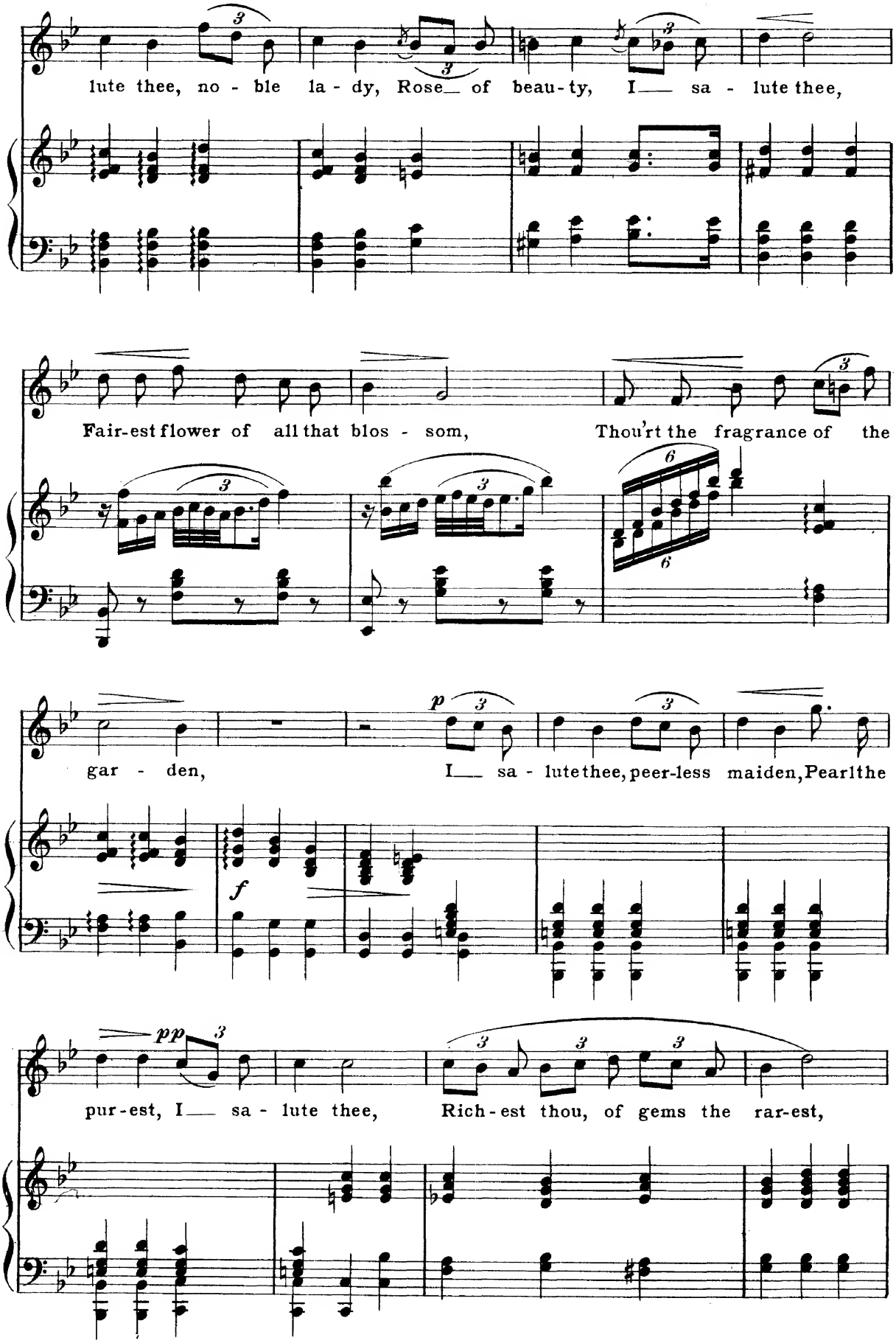

(Iolanthe listening.)
Who is thou has with thee?
My
(aside to Tristan.)
Ask who this Ber-tran is,
pp
I give you greeting,
friend a Troubadour, a true and noble Knight.
cresc.
pp
Ye both are wel-come, Op-pres-sive by the way, hath been the heat, And
p

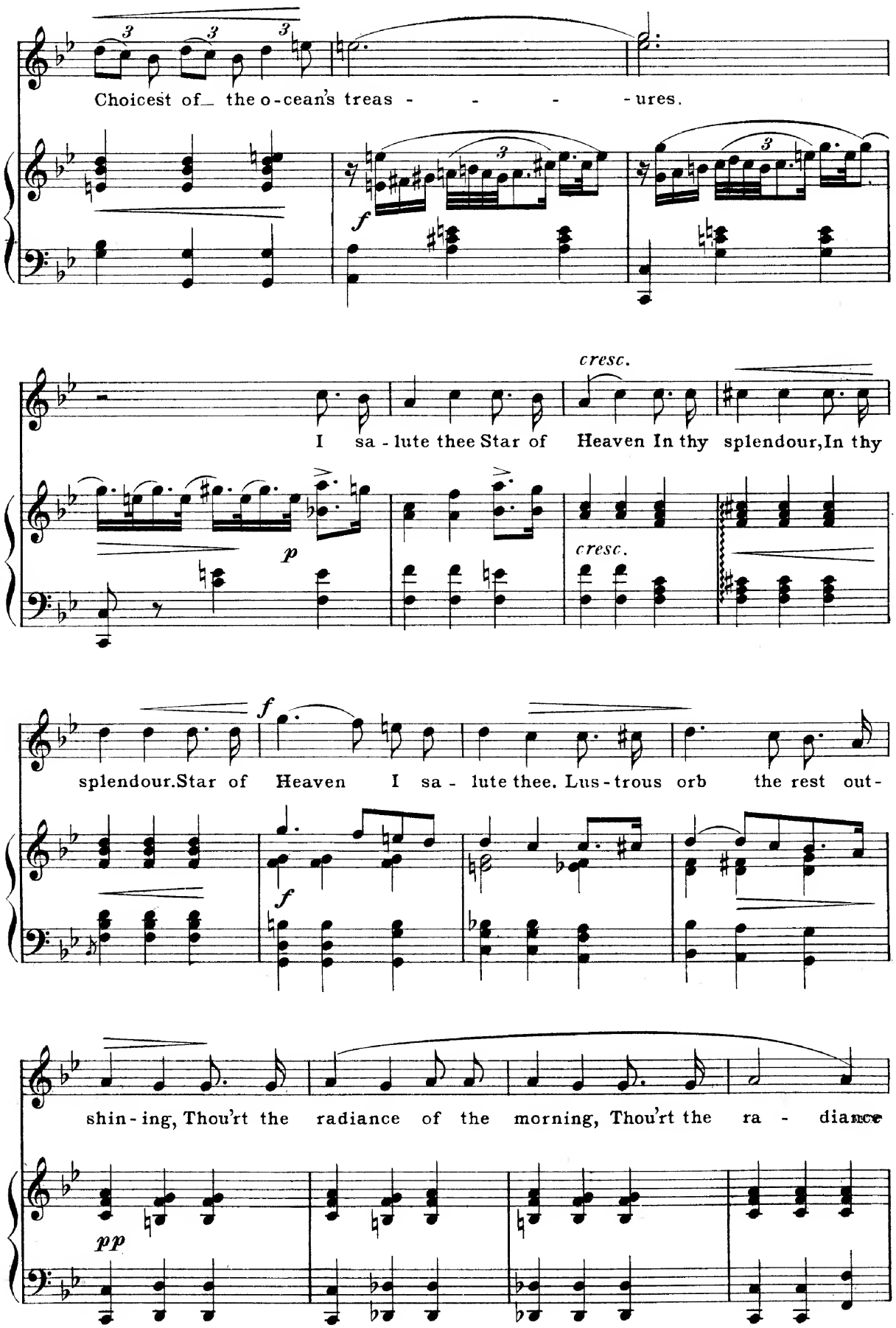

thou art thirs-ty; A-wait, and I will bring rich wine to
you. Fare-well.
(She enters the house.)
A
Piu vivo.
heaven - ly beauteous be - ing, What ho - ly gentleness. A
high and no - ble brow, And O, her win - ning voice.
f
p

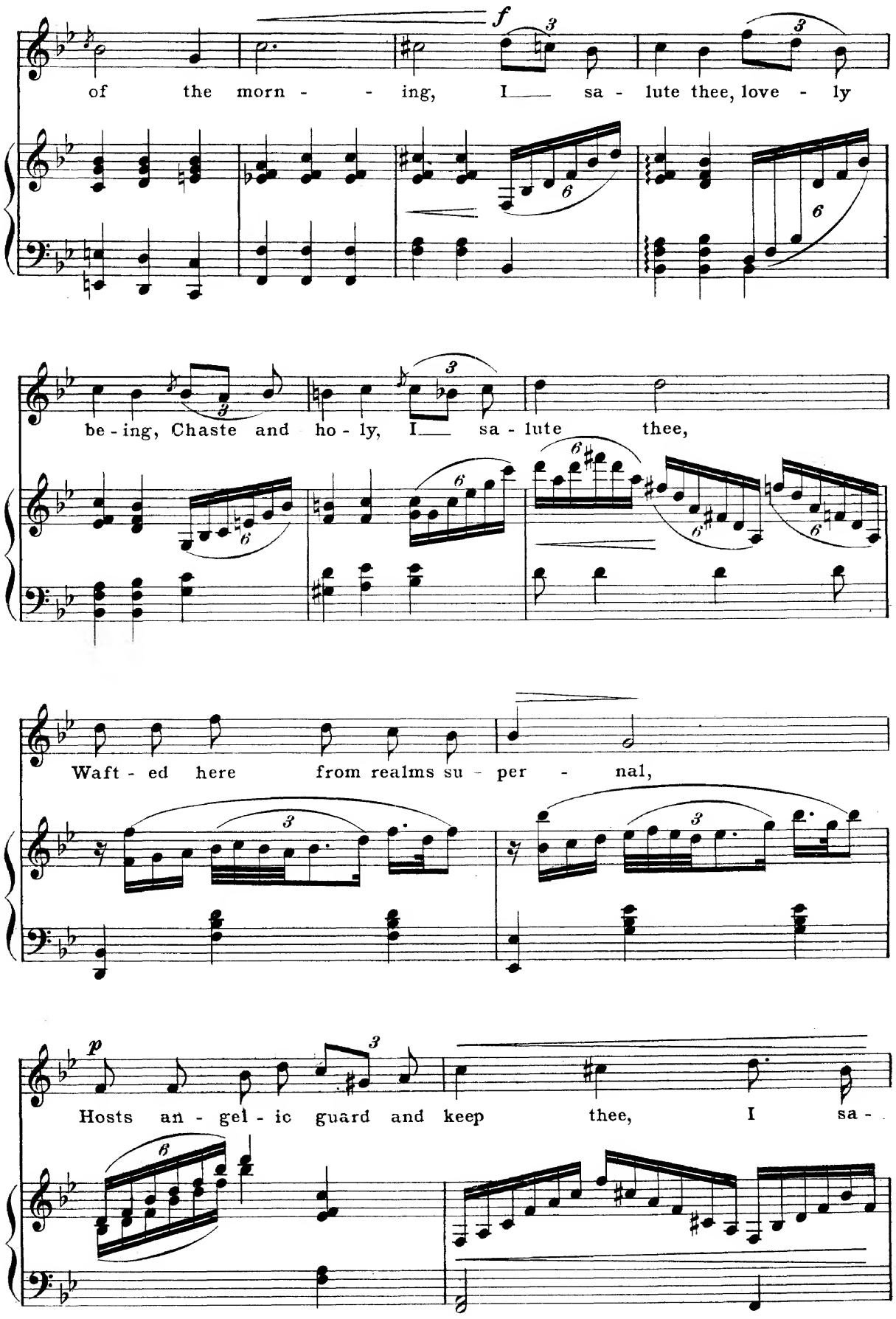

'Tis true, in - deed, But cautious be, But
By
cautious be, And drink not of this wine.
accel.
Heav'n, I swear, From her fair hand, with joy would I drink
f
ff
(Reenter Iolanthe from house with wine.)
death.
a tempo.

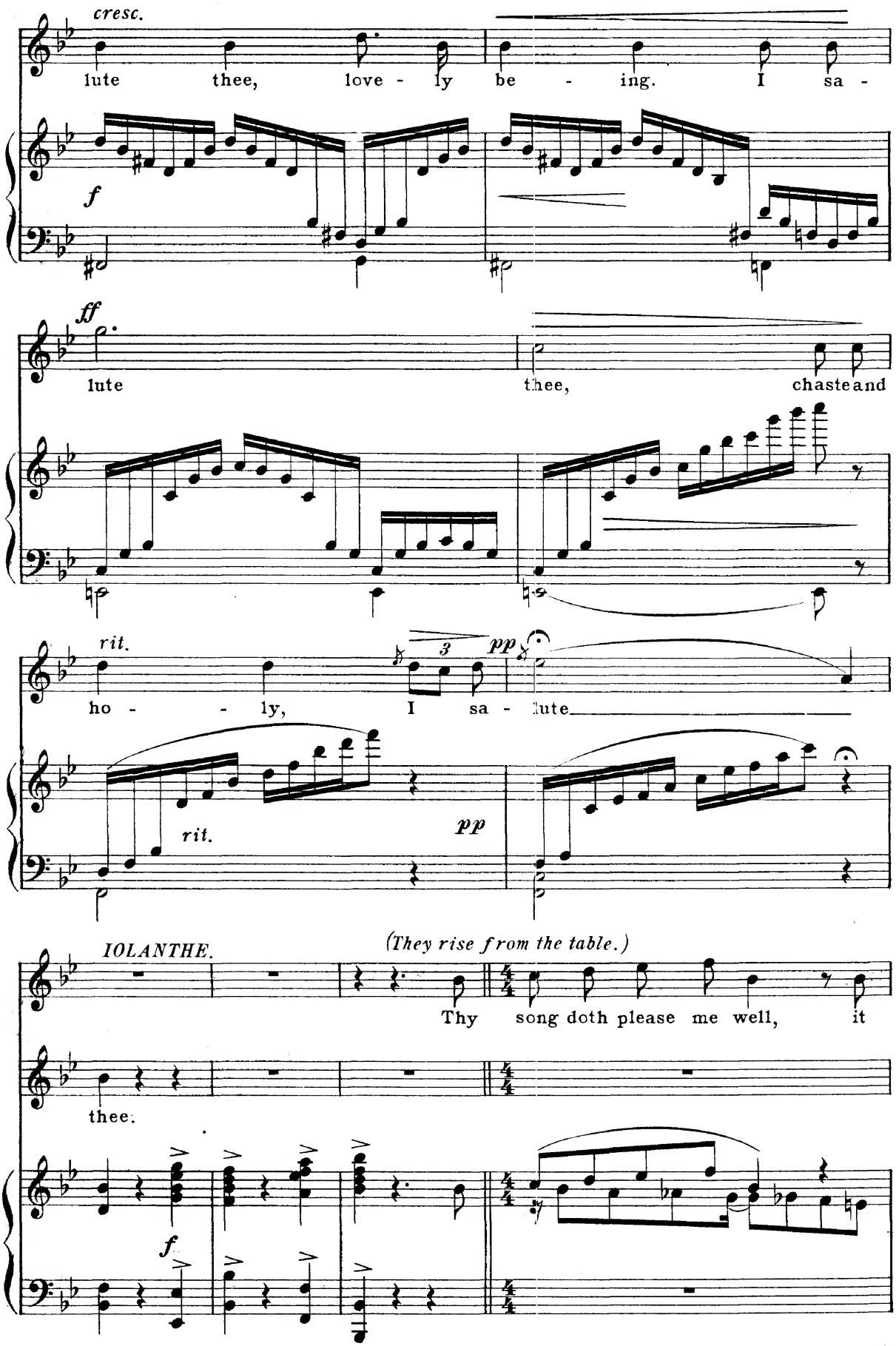

IOLANTHE.
(Fills the beaker and hands
Here bring I wine to you,
Will you not taste of it?
it to Tristan.)
La-dy so beau teous, all joy to thee.
f
p
(Tristan drinks the wine.)
p
accel e cresc.
(Tristan offers the goblet to Geoffrey.)
Drink thou,
Feel'st thou no giddiness?
I drink, but all the risk be thine,

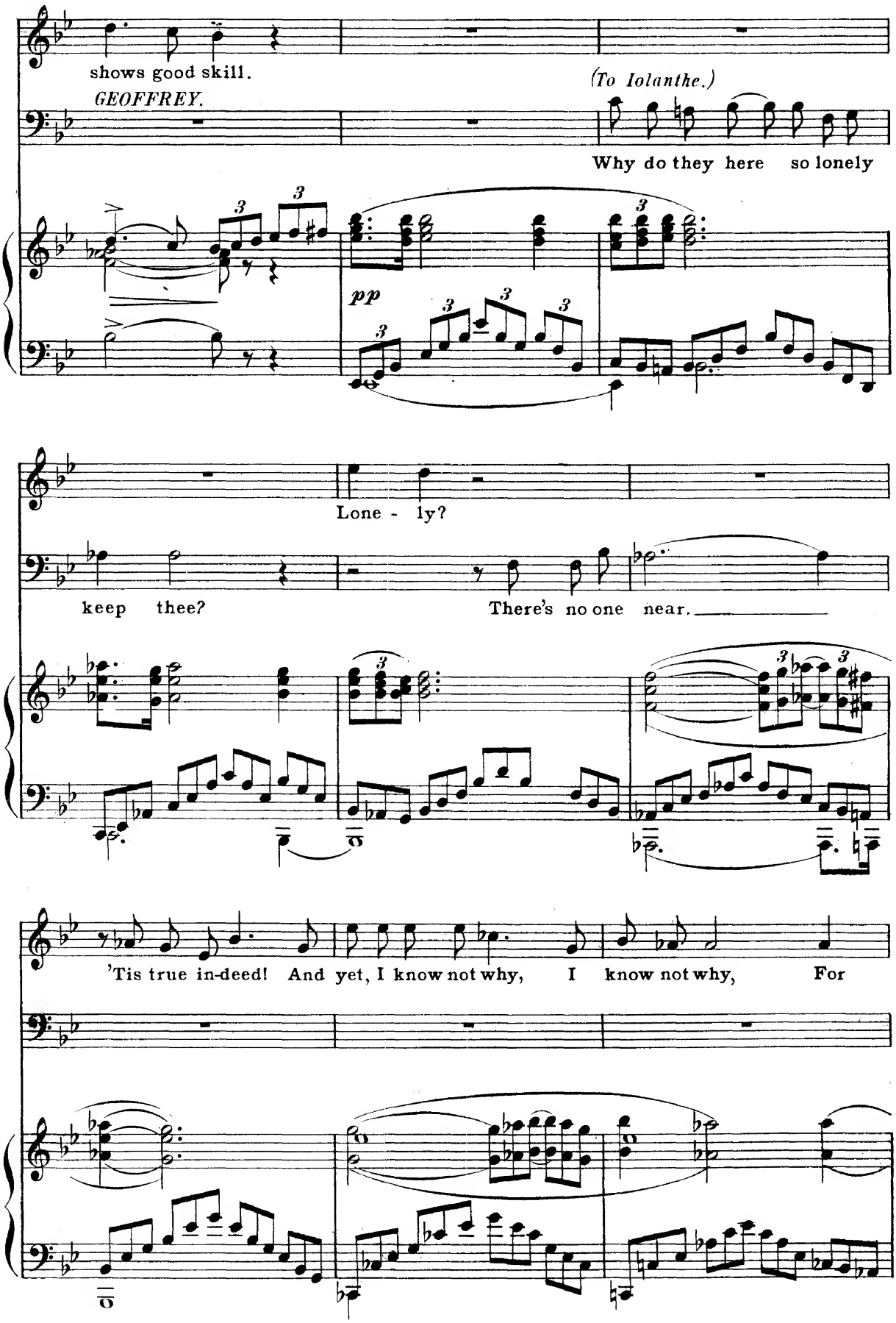

But wine and
All the risk be thine.
beau - ty wake the song, Deign then to list, while I ex -
press my glowing thanks, and shew a grate-ful heart's true trib - ute.
rall.
rall.
Andantino. (They seat themselves, Tristan accompanies his song on the lute.
I sa-

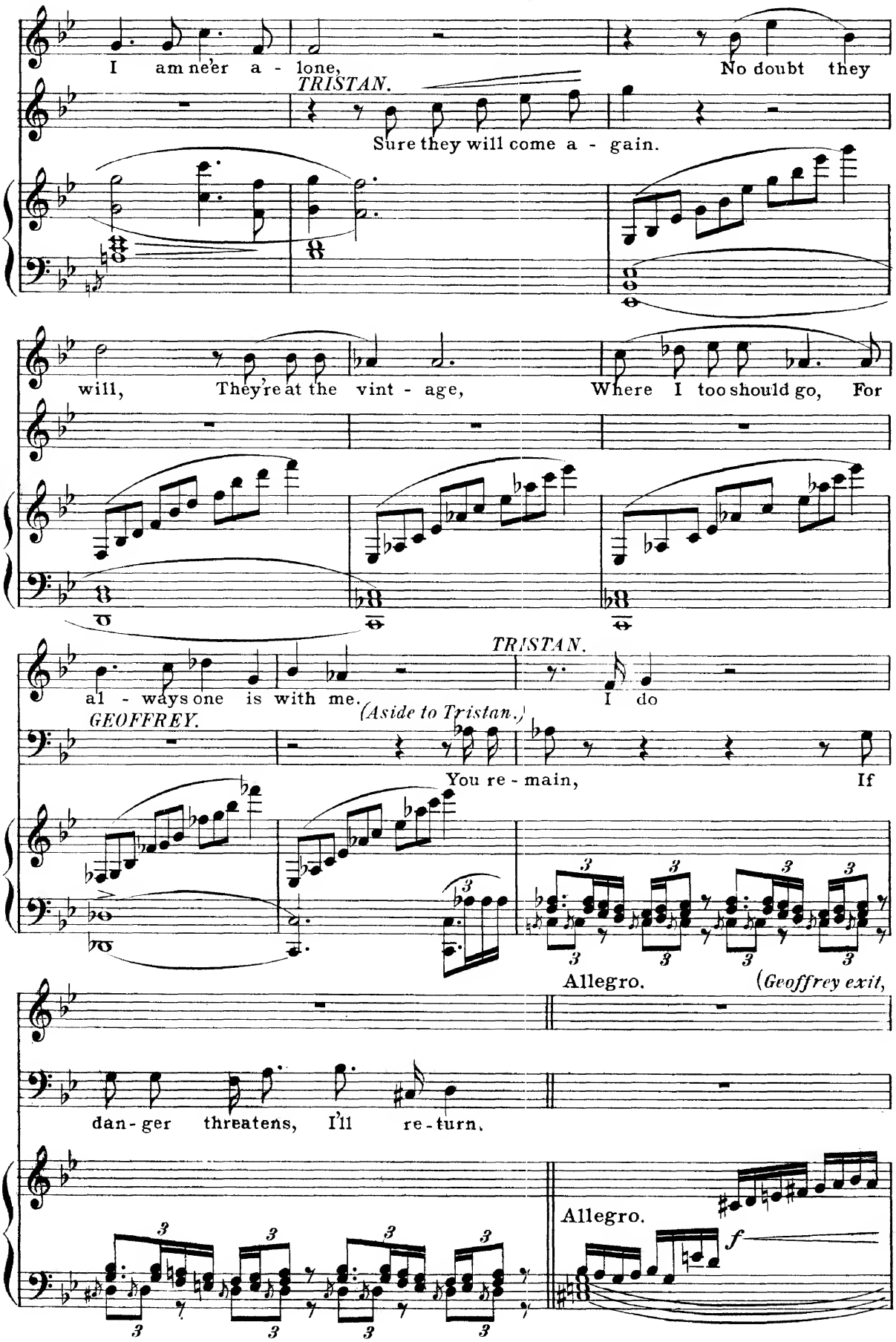

lute thee, no - ble la - dy, Rose_ of beau-ty, I__ sa - lute thee,
Fair-est flower of all that blos - som, Thou'rt the fragrance of the
gar - den, I__ sa - lute thee, peer-less maiden, Pearl the
pur-est, I__ sa - lute thee, Rich-est thou, of gems the rar-est,


Choicest of the o-cean's treas - - - - ures.
f
cresc.
I sa - lute thee Star of Heaven In thy splendour, In thy
p
cresc.
f
splendour. Star of Heaven I sa - lute thee. Lus-trous orb the rest out-
f
shin-ing, Thou'rt the radiance of the morning, Thou'rt the ra - diance
pp


f
of the morn - - ing, I sa - lute thee, love - ly
be - ing, Chaste and ho - ly, I sa - lute thee,
Waft - ed here from realms su - per - nal,
p
Hosts an - gel - ic guard and keep thee, I sa -


cresc.
lute thee, love - ly be - ing. I sa -
f
ff
lute thee, chaste and
rit.
ho - - ly, I sa - lute
pp
rit.
pp
IOLANTHE.
(They rise from the table.)
Thy song doth please me well, it
thee.
f


shows good skill.
GEOFFREY.
(To Iolanthe.)
Why do they here so lonely
pp
Lone - ly?
keep thee?
There's no one near.
'Tis true in-deed! And yet, I know not why, I know not why, For


I am ne'er a - lone,
No doubt they
TRISTAN.
Sure they will come a - gain.
will, They're at the vint - age,
Where I too should go, For
TRISTAN.
al - ways one is with me.
I do
GEOFFREY.
(Aside to Tristan.)
You re - main,
If
Allegro.
(Geoffrey exit,
dan - ger threatens, I'll re - turn.
Allegro.
f

first making an inclination to Iolanthe which she does not notice.

Allegretto, non troppo.

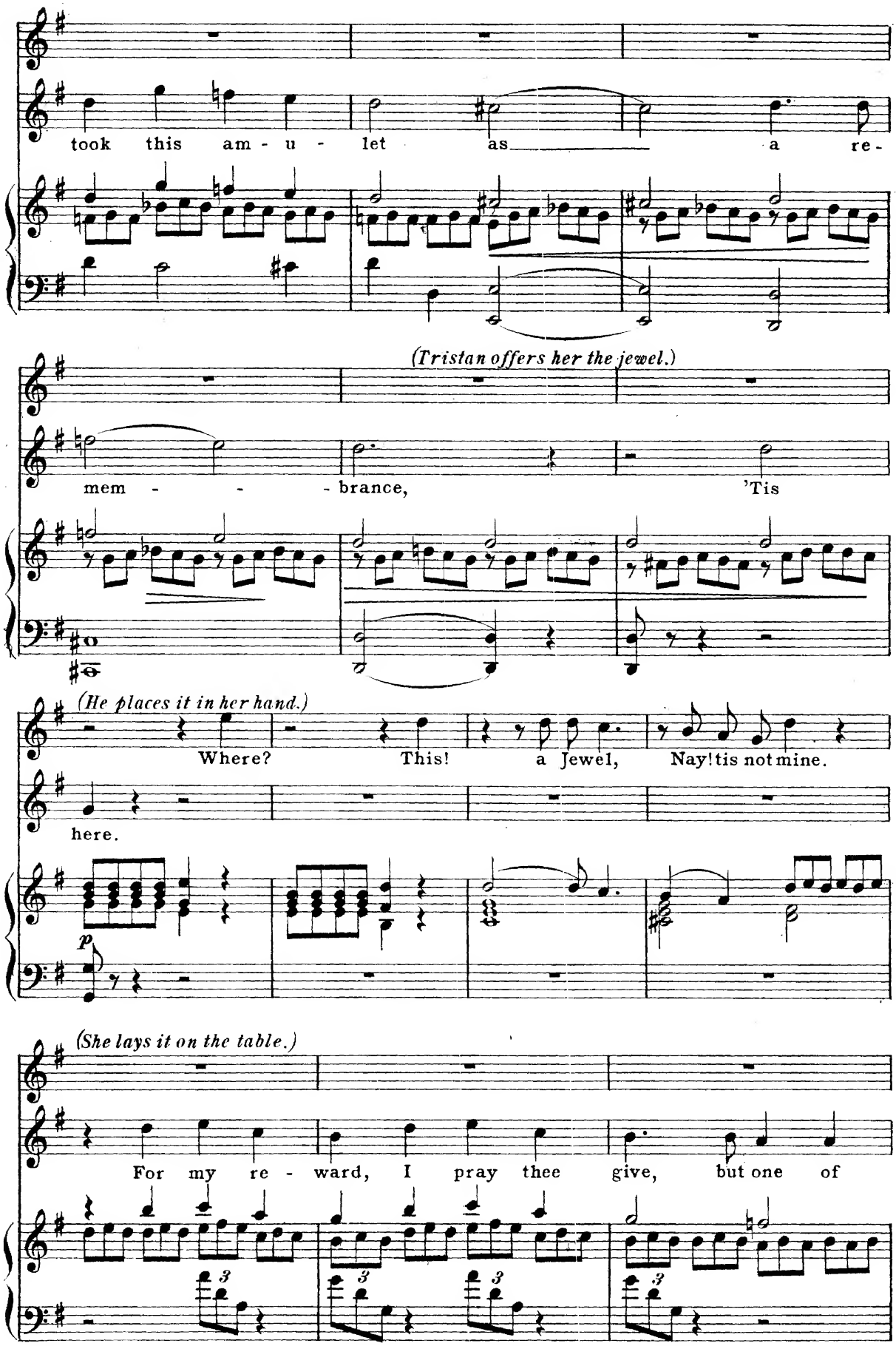
IOLANTHE. (Listening.)

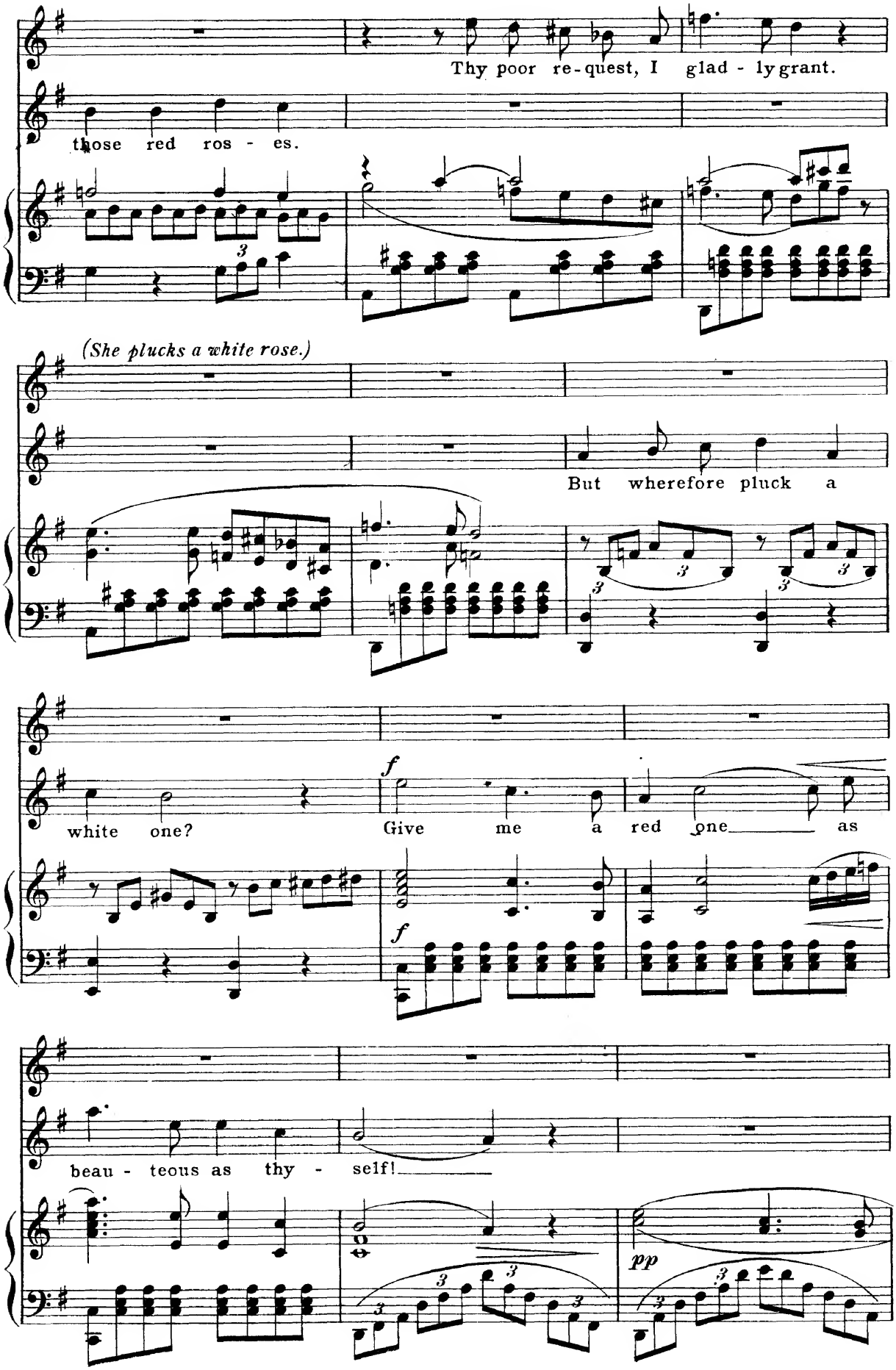
Your friend has gone away?

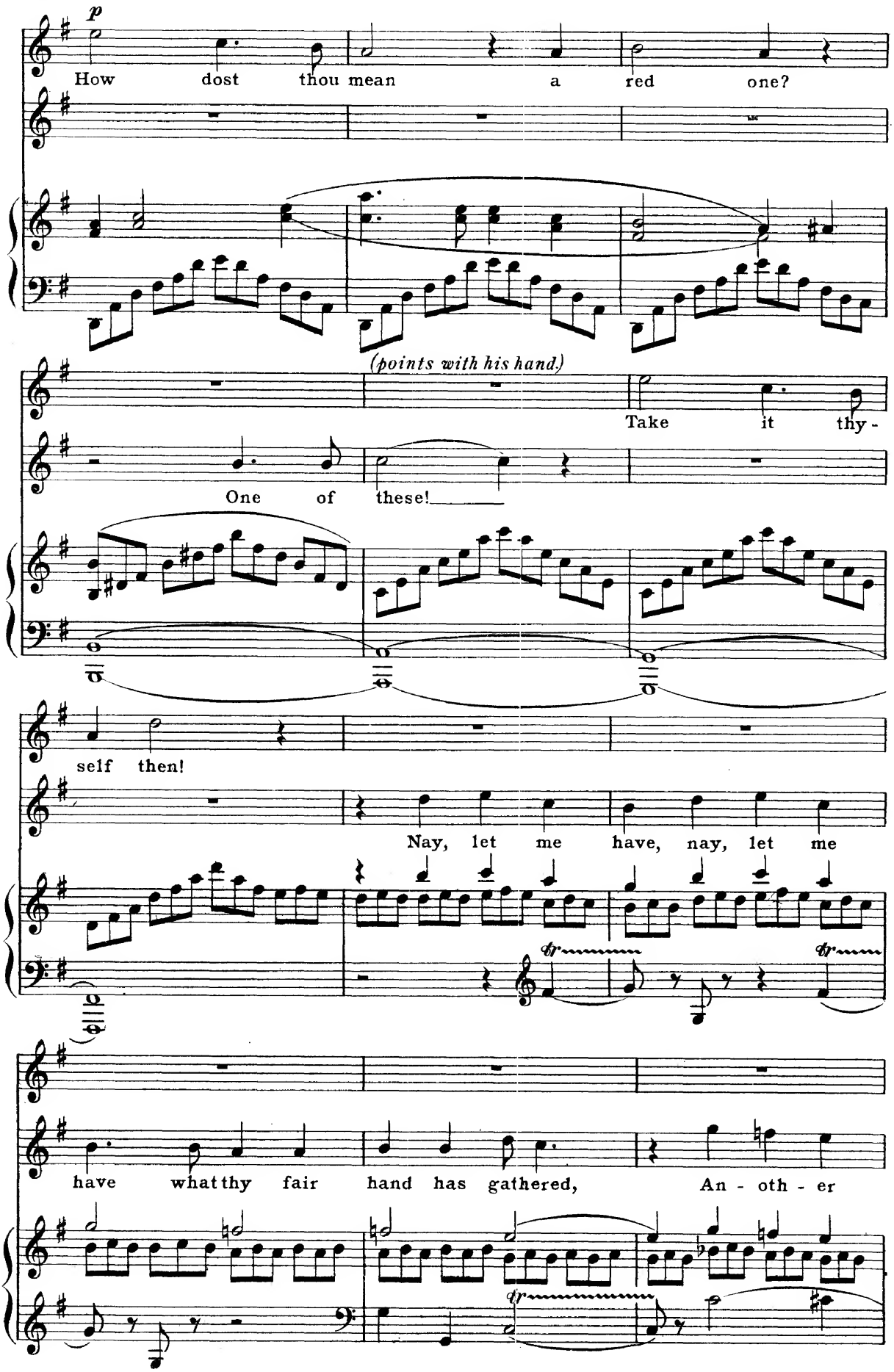
TRISTAN.

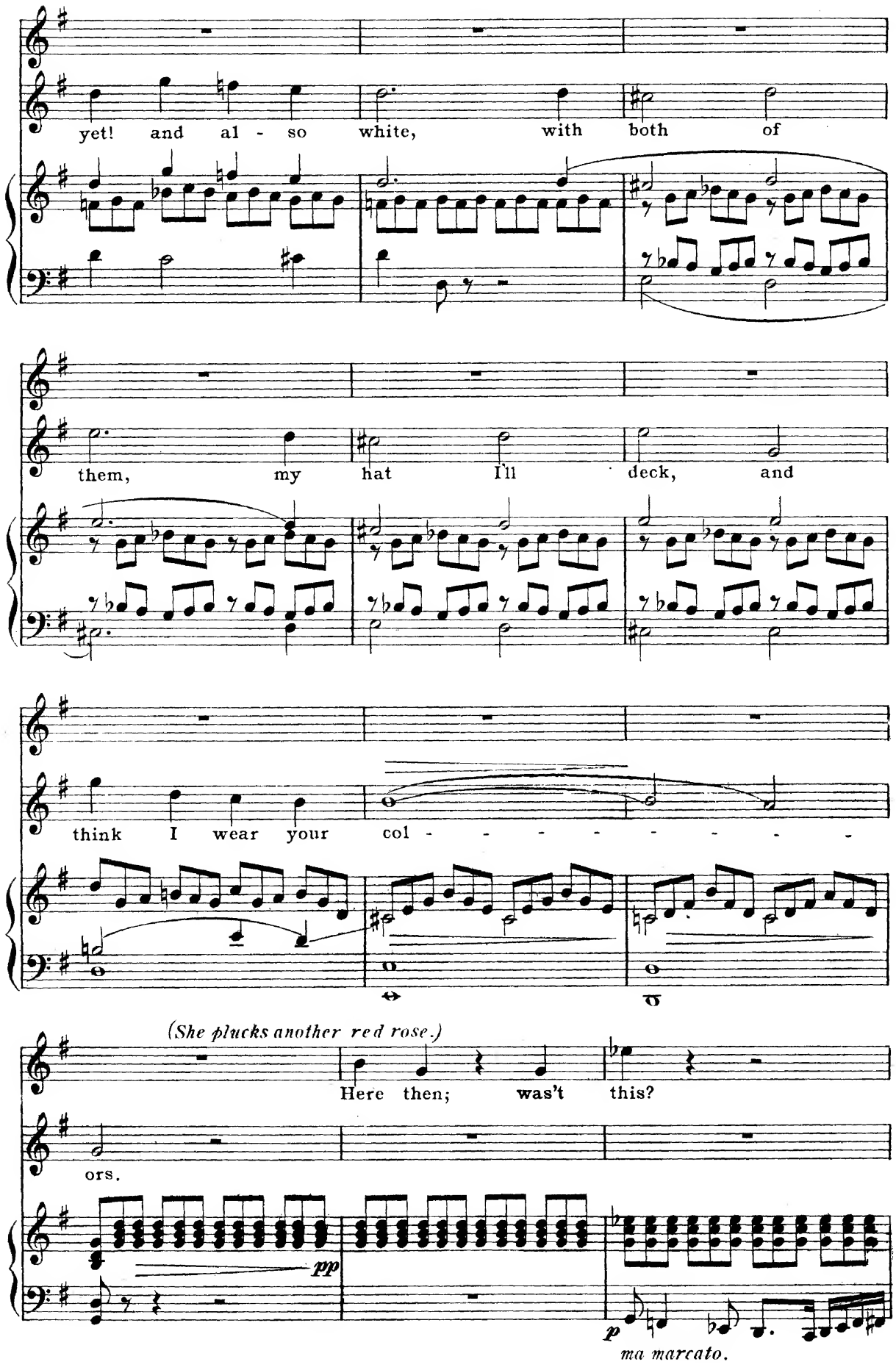
He will return.

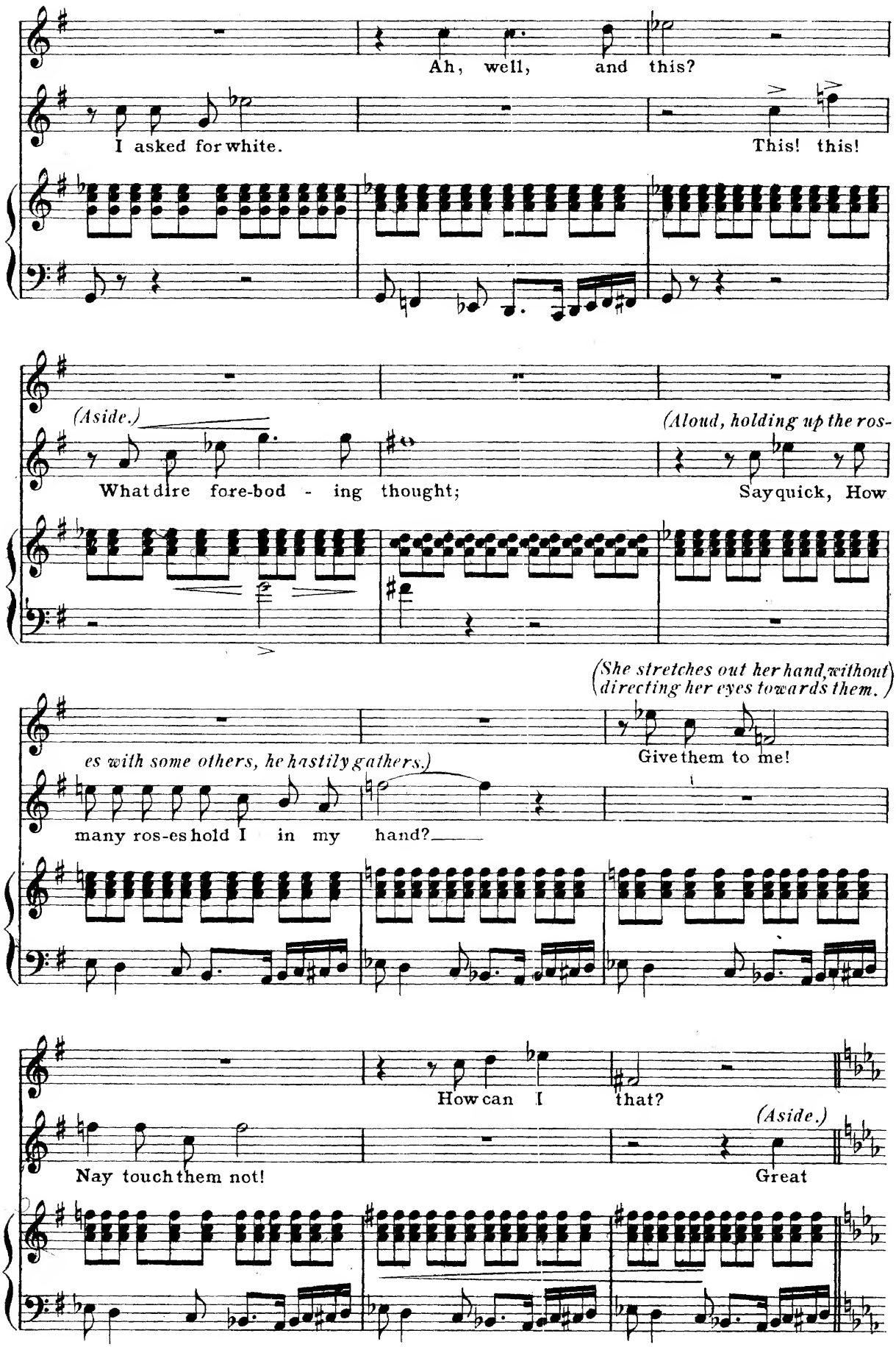
I will con - fess a wrong I did, whilst thou wert sleeping. From thee I

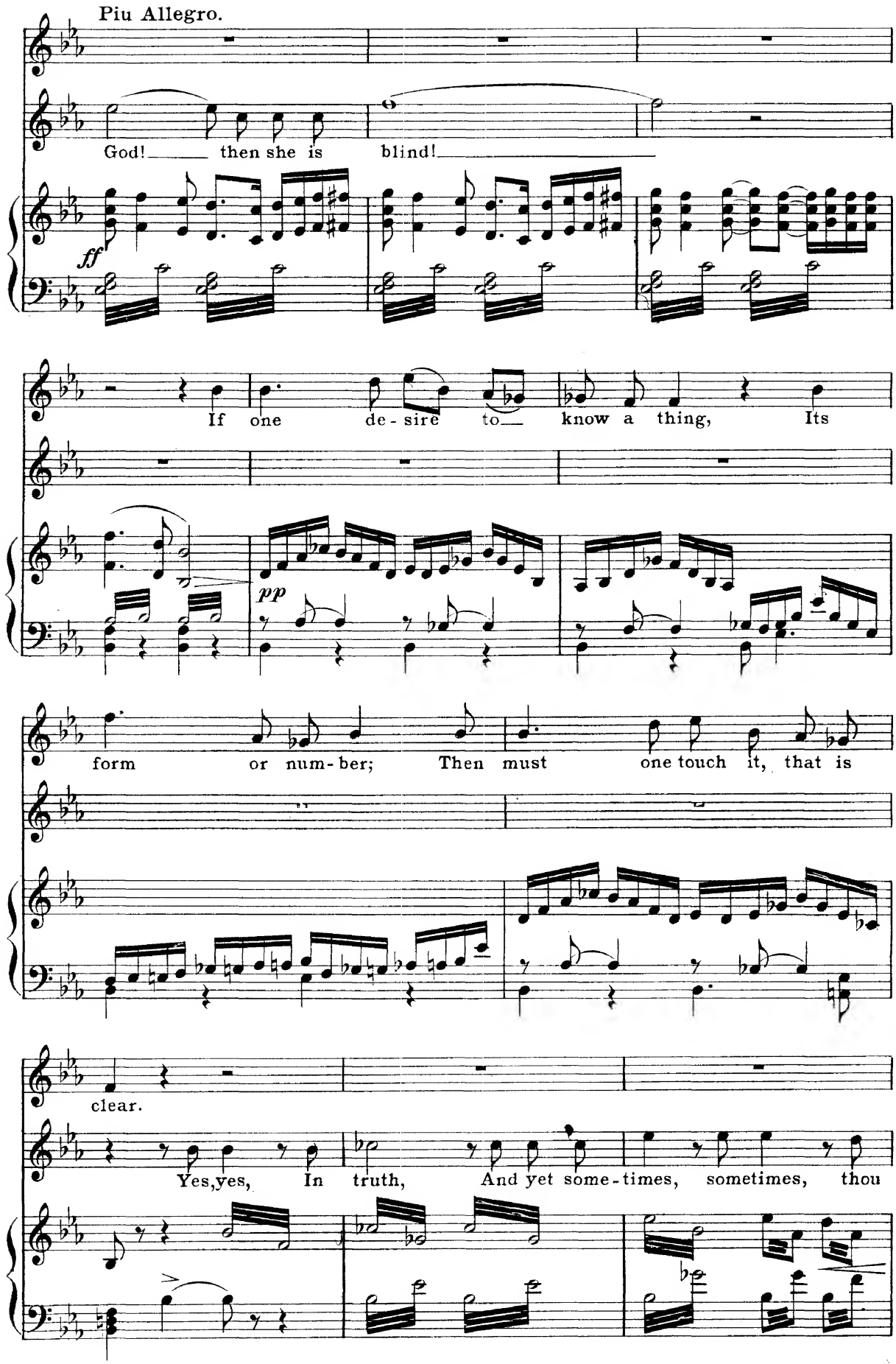

took this am - u - let as a re-
(Tristan offers her the jewel.)
mem - - - brance, 'Tis
(He places it in her hand.)
Where? This! a Jewel, Nay! tis not mine.
here.
p
(She lays it on the table.)
For my re - ward, I pray thee give, but one of

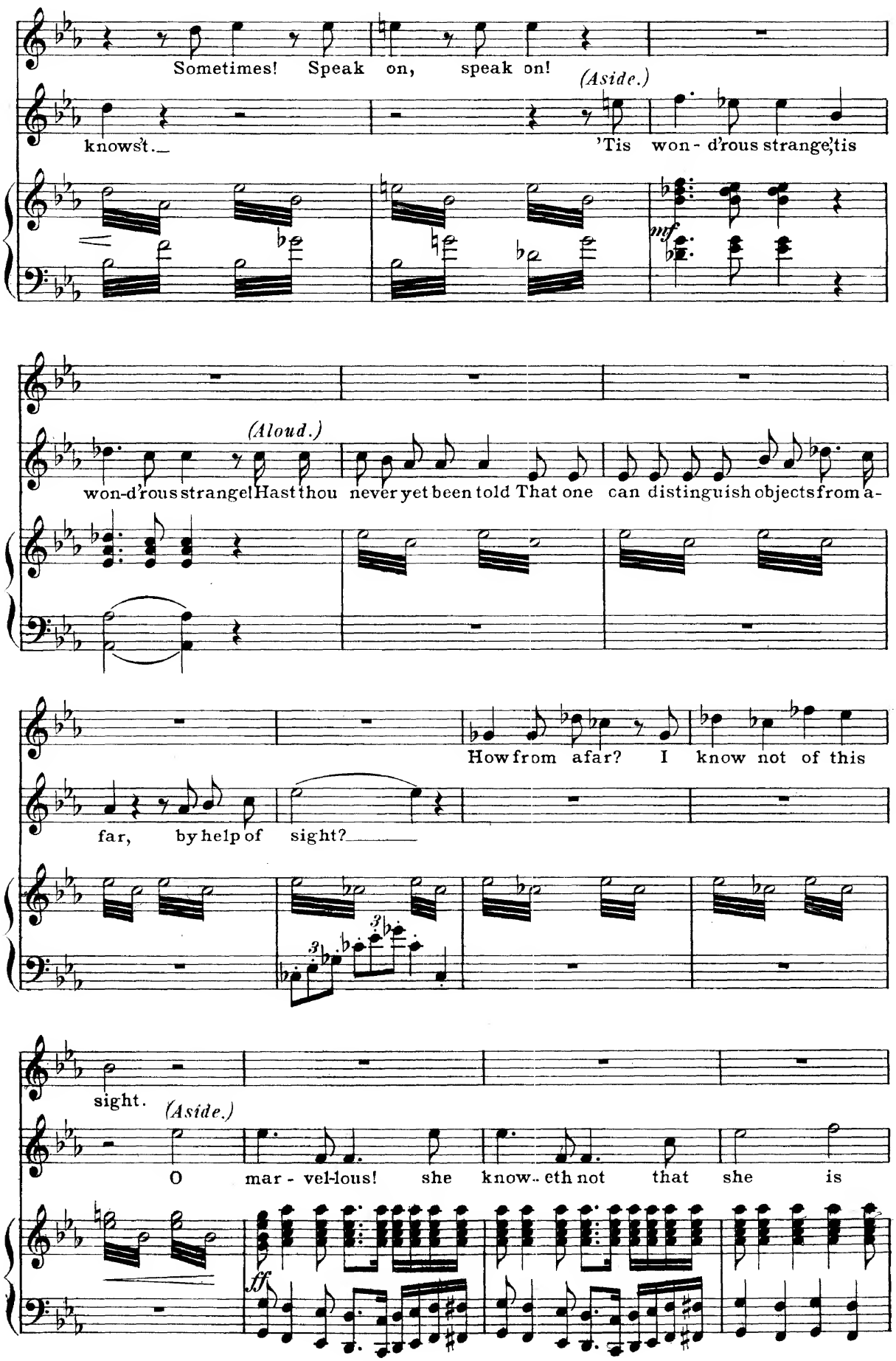

Thy poor re-quest, I glad - ly grant.
those red ros - es.
(She plucks a white rose.)
But wherefore pluck a
white one?
Give me a red one as
beau - teous as thy - self!

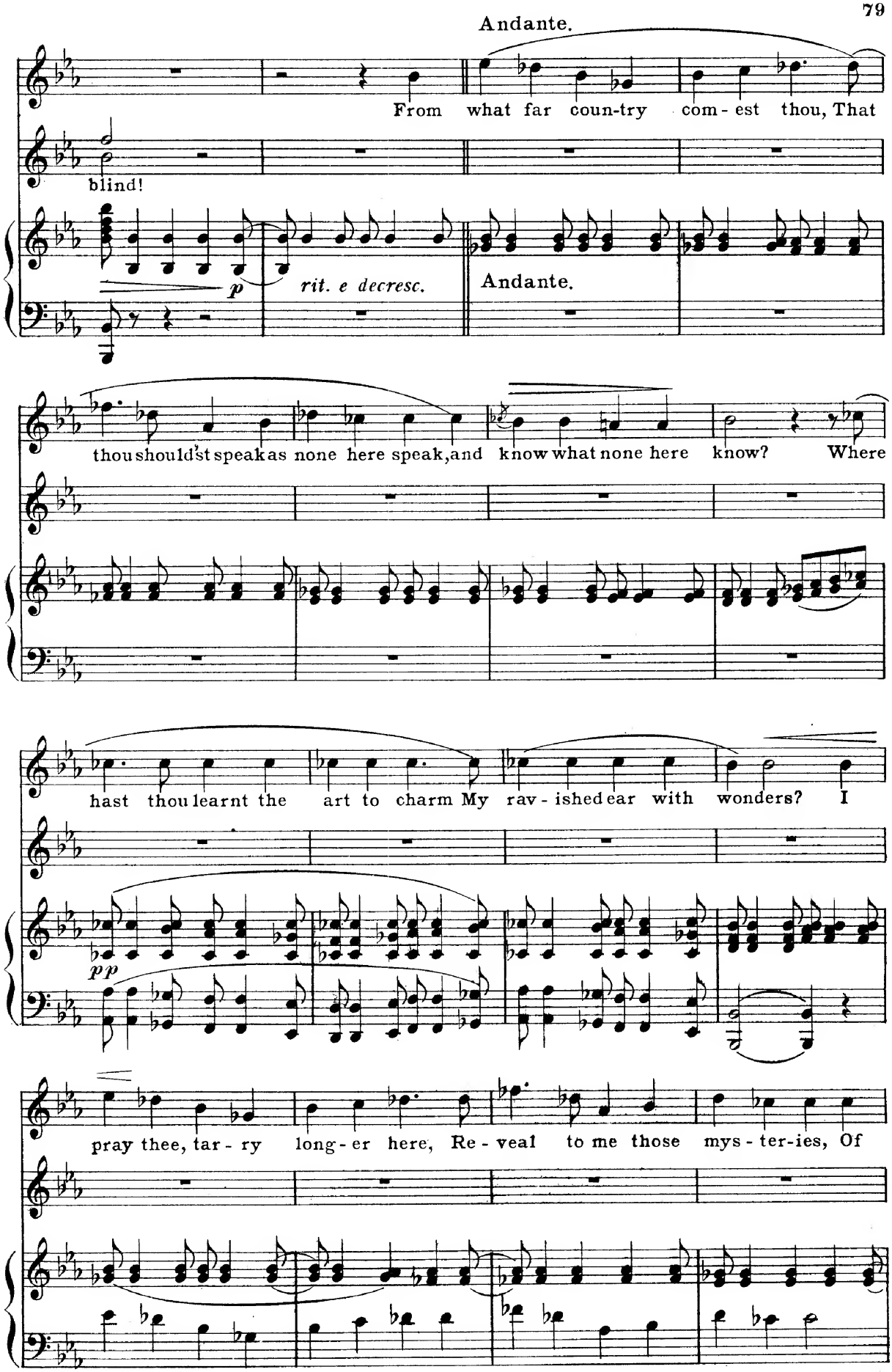

p
How dost thou mean a red one?
(points with his hand.)
Take it thy-
One of these!
self then!
Nay, let me have, nay, let me
have what thy fair hand has gathered, An - oth - er

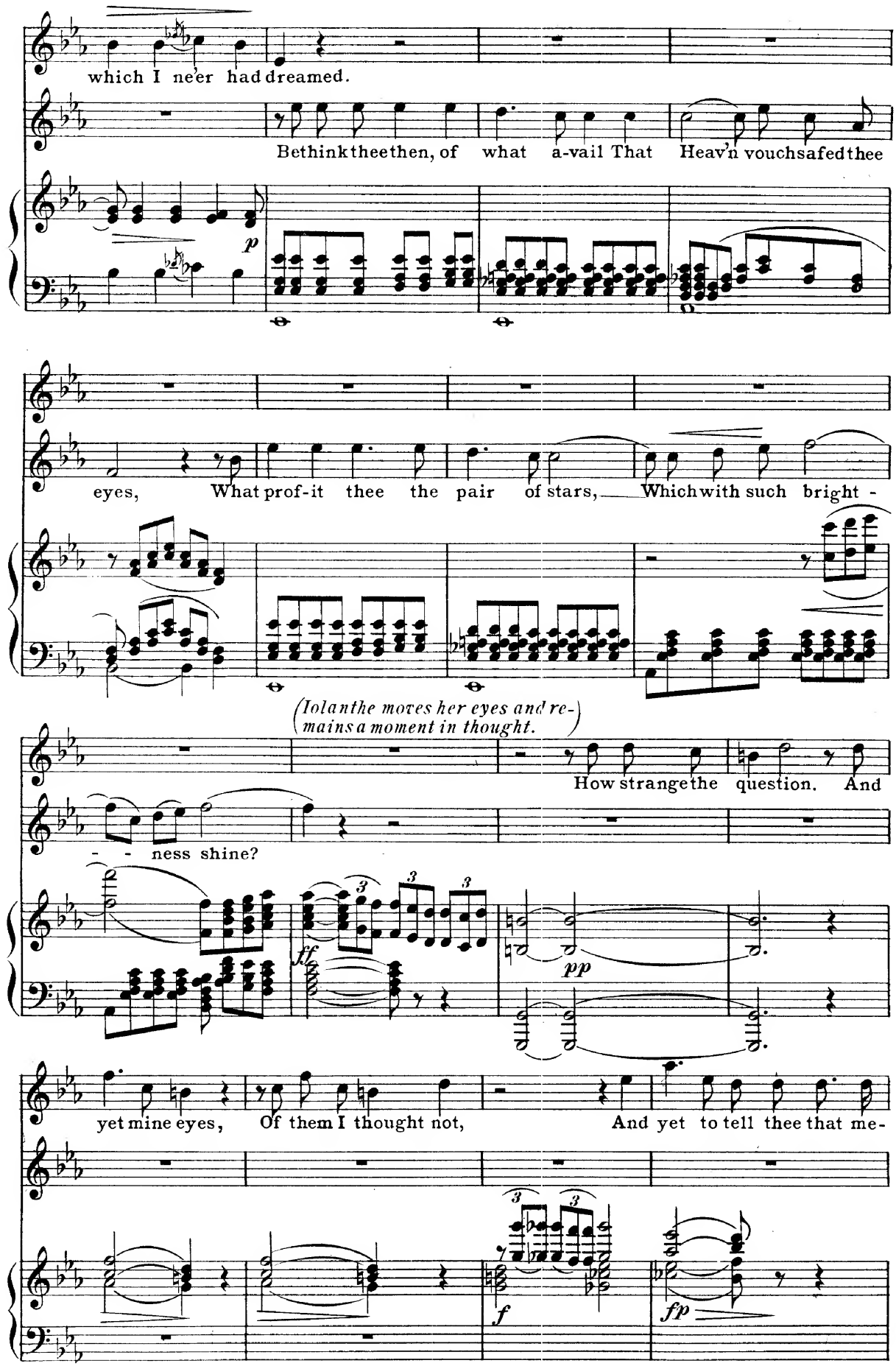

yet! and al - so white, with both of
them, my hat I'll deck, and
think I wear your col - - - - - - - - -
(She plucks another red rose.)
Here then; was't this?
ors.
pp
p
ma marcato.

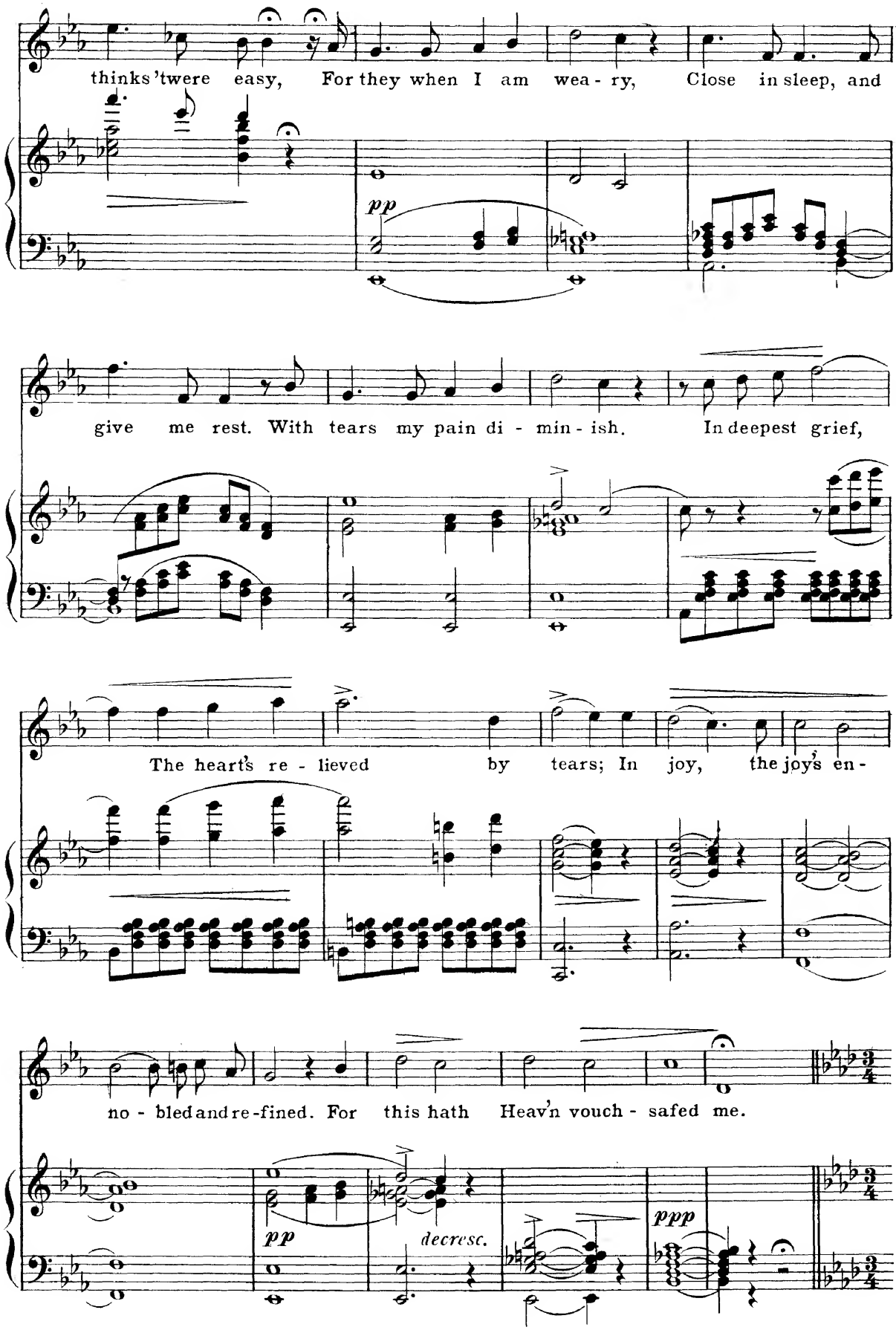

Ah, well, and this?
I asked for white.
This! this!
(Aside.)
(Aloud, holding up the ros-
What dire fore-bod - ing thought;
Say quick, How
(She stretches out her hand without directing her eyes towards them.)
es with some others, he hastily gathers.)
Give them to me!
many ros-es hold I in my hand?
How can I that?
(Aside.)
Nay touch them not!
Great

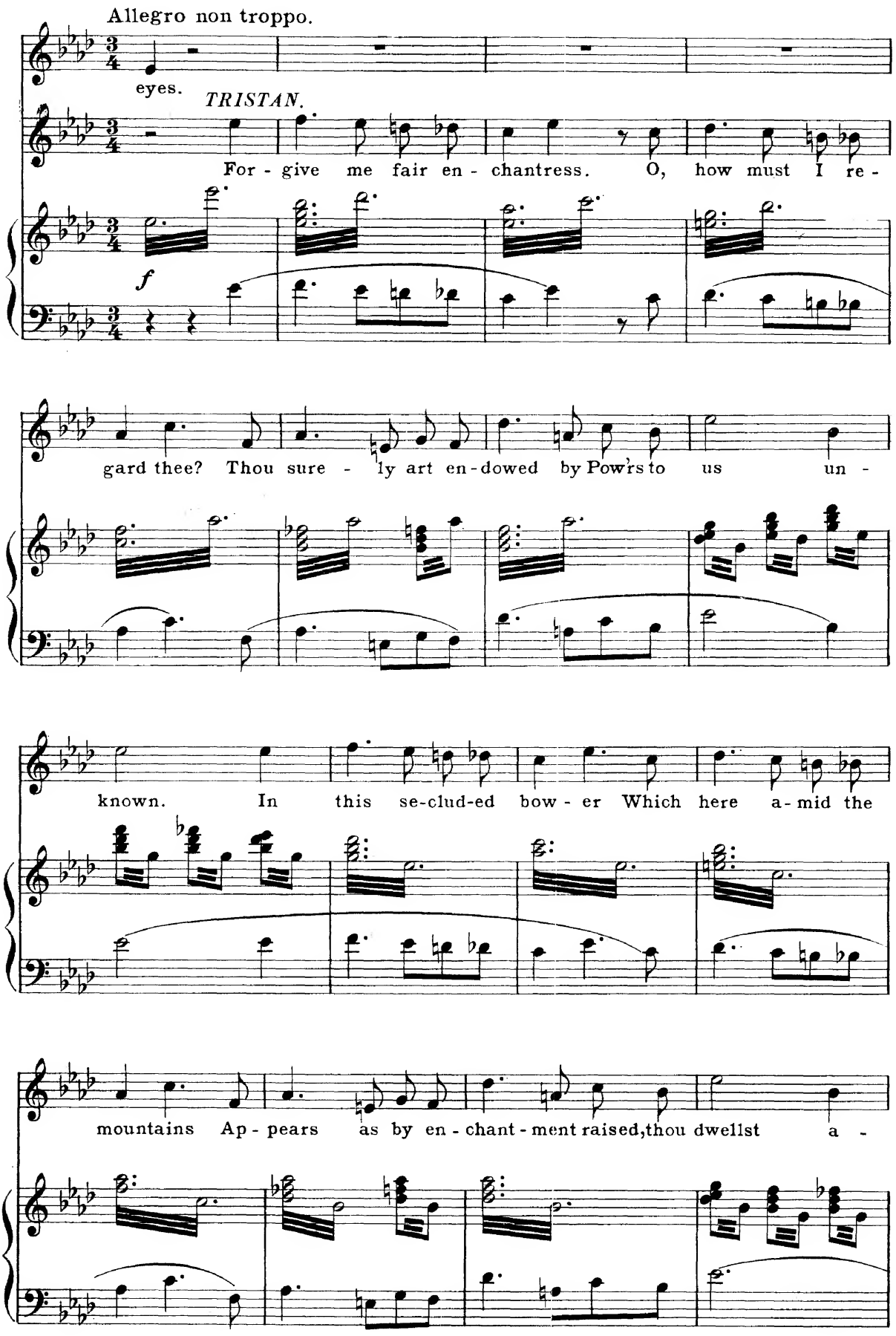

Piu Allegro.
God! then she is blind!
ff
If one de - sire to know a thing, Its
pp
form or num - ber; Then must one touch it, that is
clear.
Yes, yes, In truth, And yet some - times, sometimes, thou

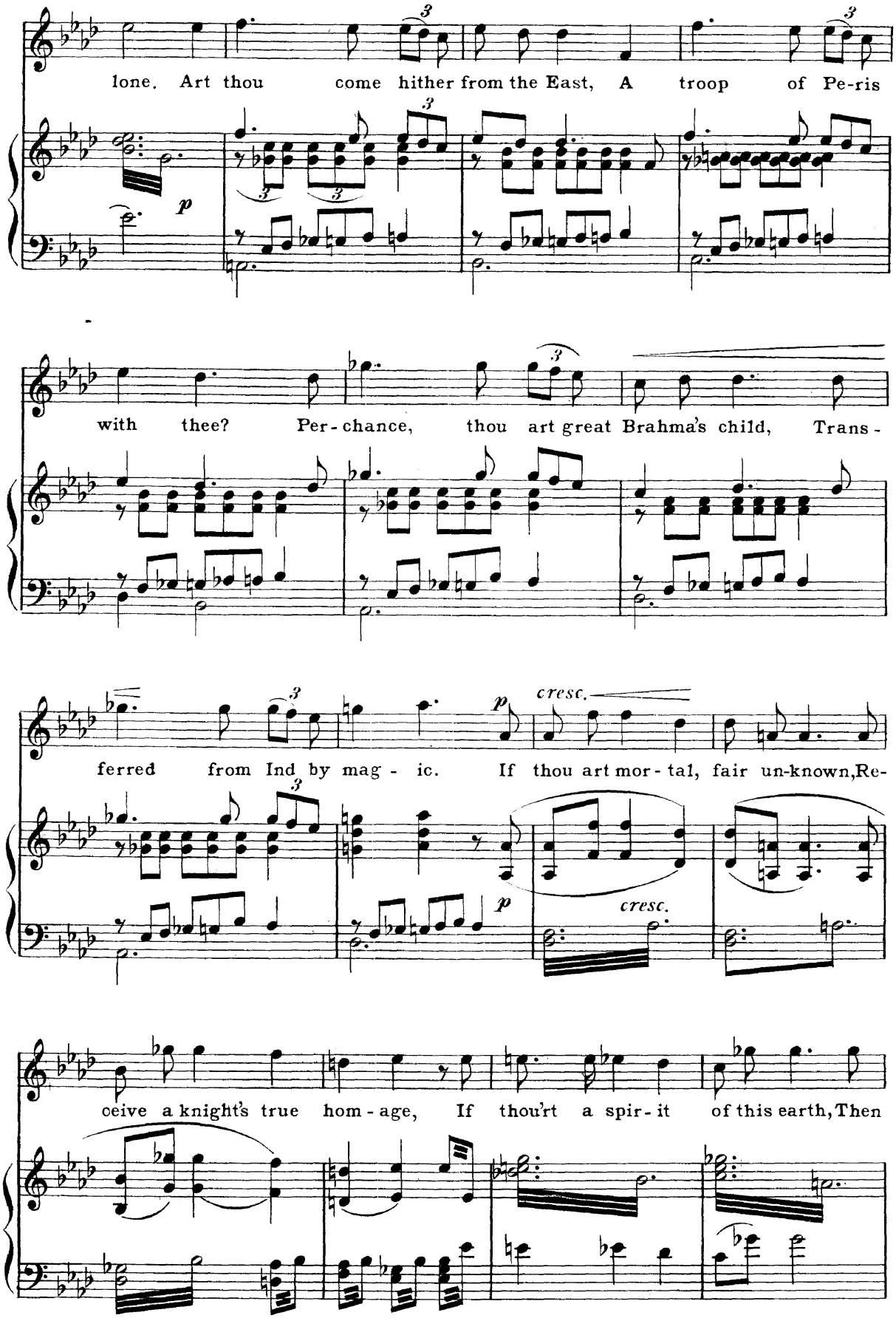

Sometimes! Speak on, speak on!
(Aside.)
knowst.
'Tis won - d'rous strange, 'tis
mf
(Aloud.)
won-d'rous strange! Hast thou never yet been told That one can distinguish objects from a-
How from afar? I know not of this
far, by help of sight?
sight.
(Aside.)
O mar - vel-lous! she know-eth not that she is
ff

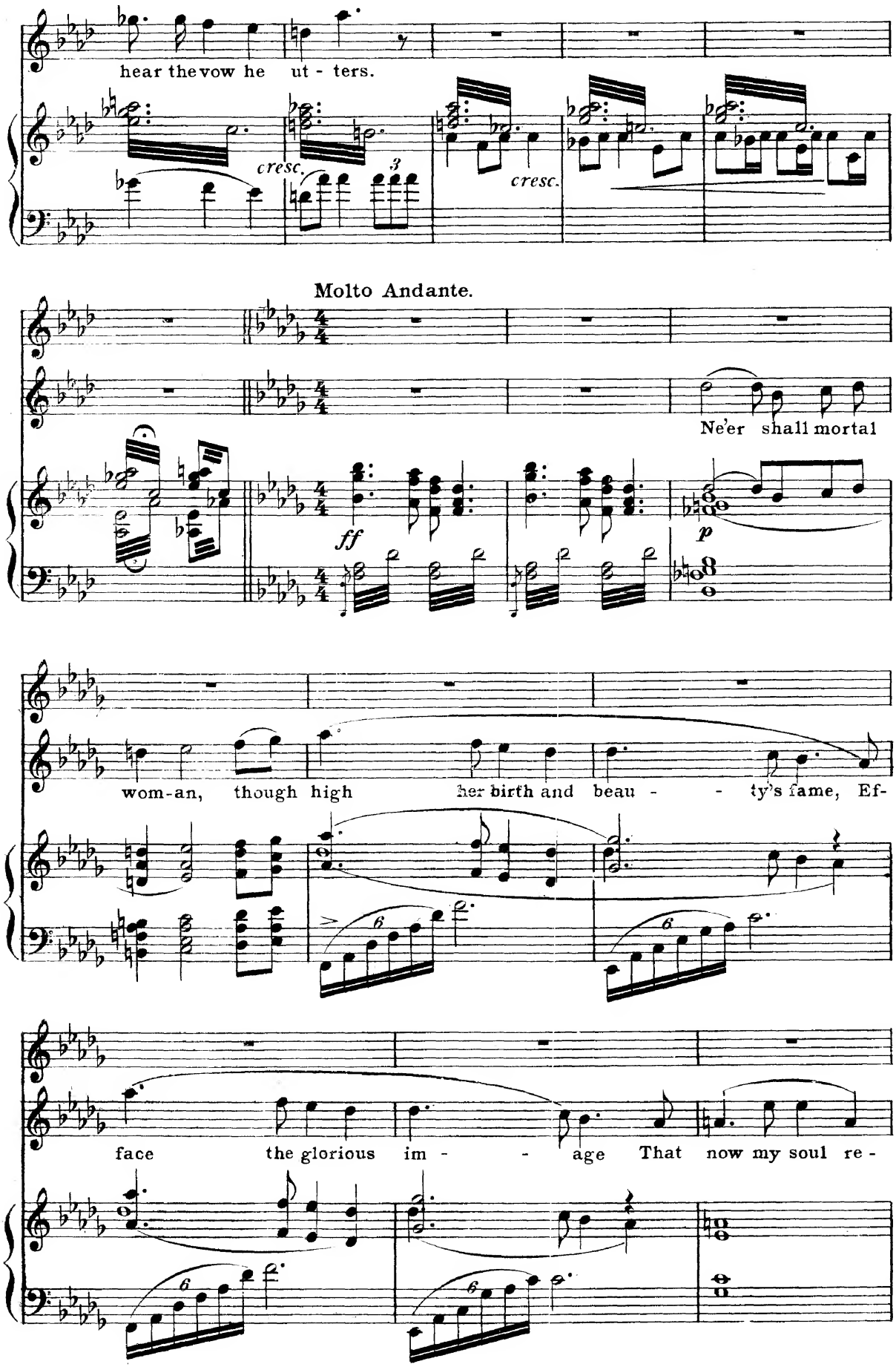

Andante.
From what far coun-try com-est thou, That
blind!
p
rit. e decresc.
Andante.
thou shouldst speak as none here speak, and know what none here know? Where
hast thou learnt the art to charm My rav-ished ear with wonders? I
pp
pray thee, tar-ry long-er here, Re-veal to me those mys-ter-ies, Of

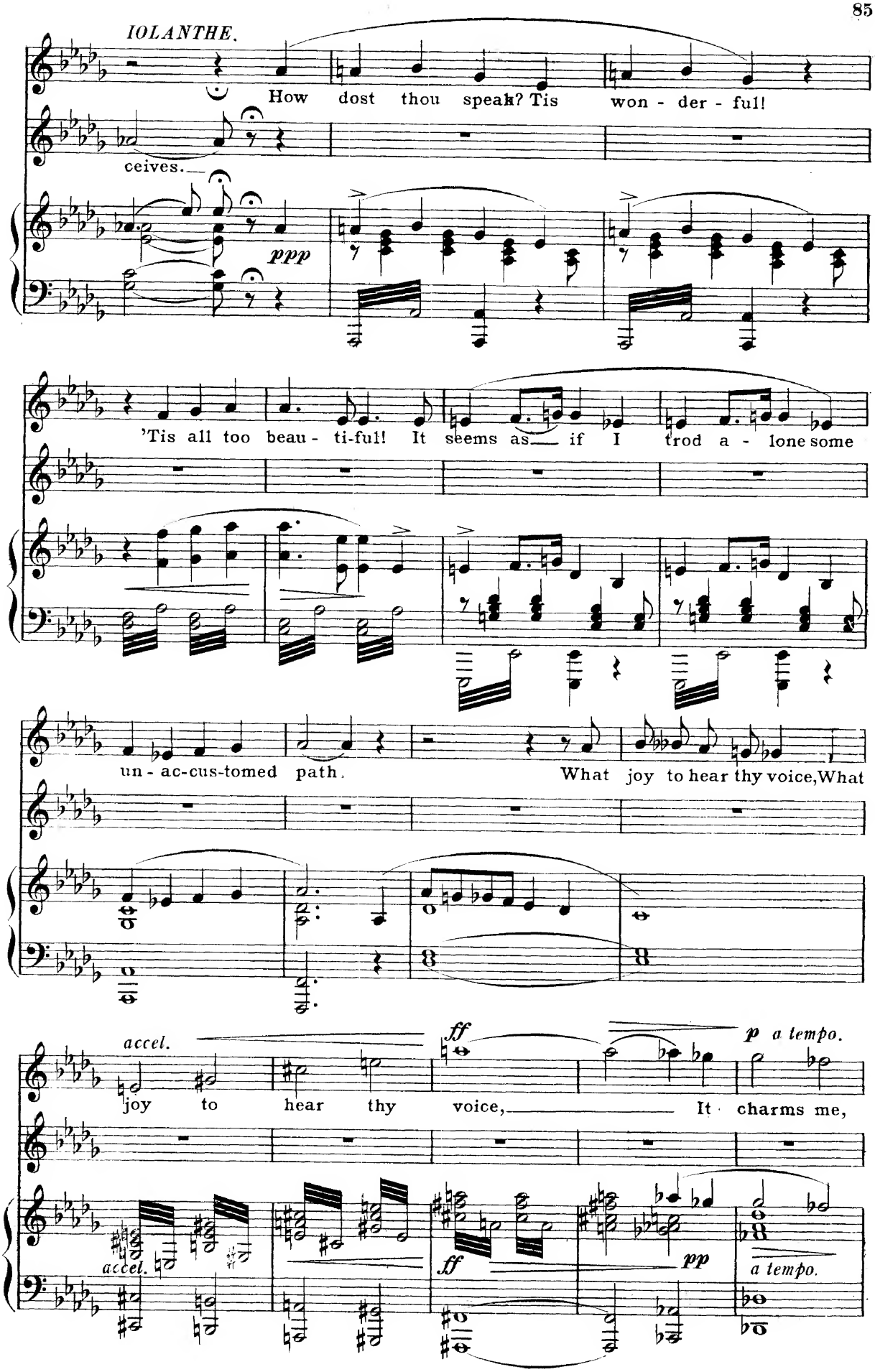

which I ne'er had dreamed.
Bethink thee then, of what a-vail That Heav'n vouchsafed thee
p
eyes, What prof-it thee the pair of stars, Which with such bright -
(Iolanthe moves her eyes and remains a moment in thought.
How strange the question. And
- - ness shine?
ff
pp
yet mine eyes, Of them I thought not, And yet to tell thee that me-
f
fp

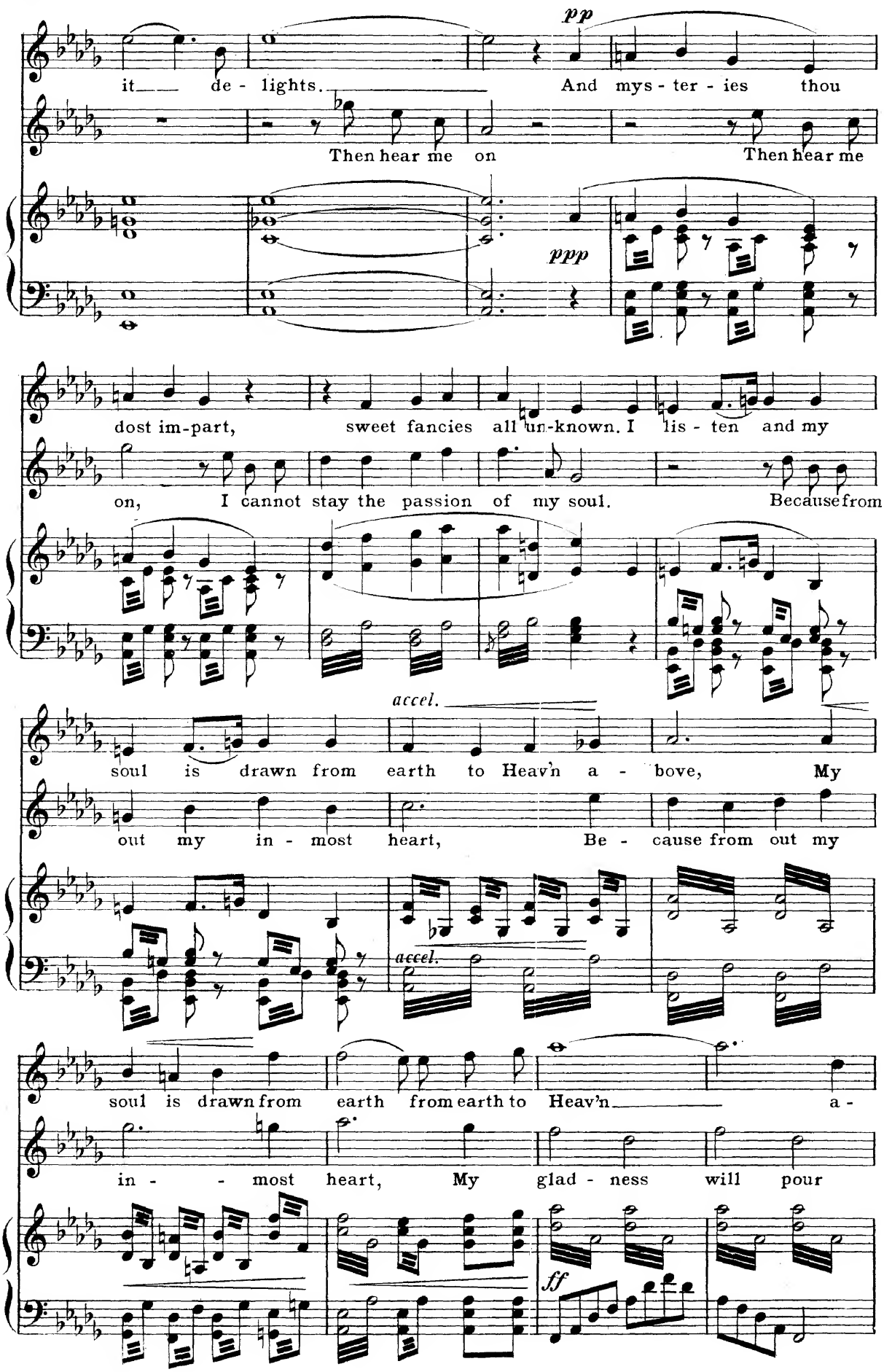

thinks 'twere easy, For they when I am wea - ry, Close in sleep, and
pp
give me rest. With tears my pain di - min - ish. In deepest grief,
The heart's re - lieved by tears; In joy, the joy's en -
no - bled and re-fined. For this hath Heav'n vouch - safed me.
pp
decresc.
ppp

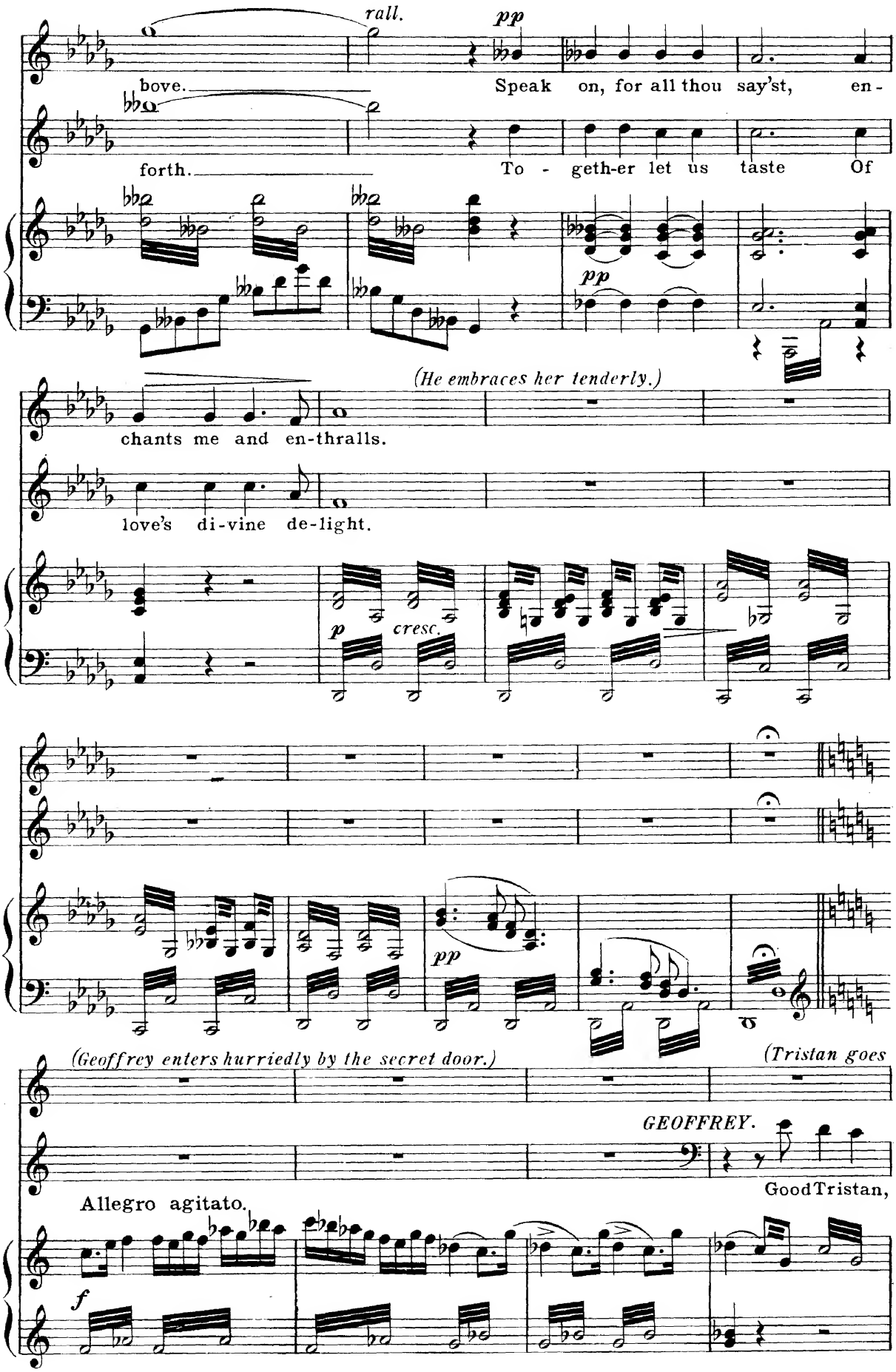

Allegro non troppo.
eyes.
TRISTAN.
For - give me fair en - chantress. O, how must I re -
f
gard thee? Thou sure - ly art en-dowed by Pow'rs to us un -
known. In this se-clud-ed bow - er Which here a-mid the
mountains Ap - pears as by en - chant - ment raised, thou dwellst a -


lone. Art thou come hither from the East, A troop of Pe-ris
p
with thee? Per-chance, thou art great Brahma's child, Trans-
ferred from Ind by mag-ic. If thou art mor-tal, fair un-known, Re-
p
cresc.
cresc.
ceive a knight's true hom-age, If thou'rt a spir-it of this earth, Then


hear the vow he ut - ters.
cresc.
cresc.
Molto Andante.
Ne'er shall mortal
ff
p
wom-an, though high her birth and beau - - ty's fame, Ef-
face the glorious im - - age That now my soul re -


IOLANTHE.
How dost thou speak? Tis won - der - ful!
ceives.
ppp
'Tis all too beau - ti-ful! It seems as if I trod a - lone some
un - ac-cus-tomed path. What joy to hear thy voice, What
accel.
ff
p a tempo.
joy to hear thy voice, It charms me,
accel.
ff
pp
a tempo.


pp
it de - lights. And mys - ter - ies thou
Then hear me on Then hear me
ppp
dost im-part, sweet fancies all un-known. I lis - ten and my
on, I cannot stay the passion of my soul. Because from
accel.
soul is drawn from earth to Heav'n a - bove, My
out my in - most heart, Be - cause from out my
accel.
soul is drawn from earth from earth to Heav'n a -
in - most heart, My glad - ness will pour
ff


rall.
pp
bove.
Speak on, for all thou say'st, en-
forth.
To - geth-er let us taste Of
pp
(He embraces her tenderly.)
chants me and en-thralls.
love's di-vine de-light.
p
cresc.
pp
(Geoffrey enters hurriedly by the secret door.)
(Tristan goes
GEOFFREY.
Good Tristan,
Allegro agitato.
f

up toward Geoffrey.)

Far in the distance I have seen ap-proaching a troop of armed men. Remember,

(Tristan returns to Iolanthe.)

here we are a - lone.

f

(Geoffrey waits by the secret door.)

Ah!

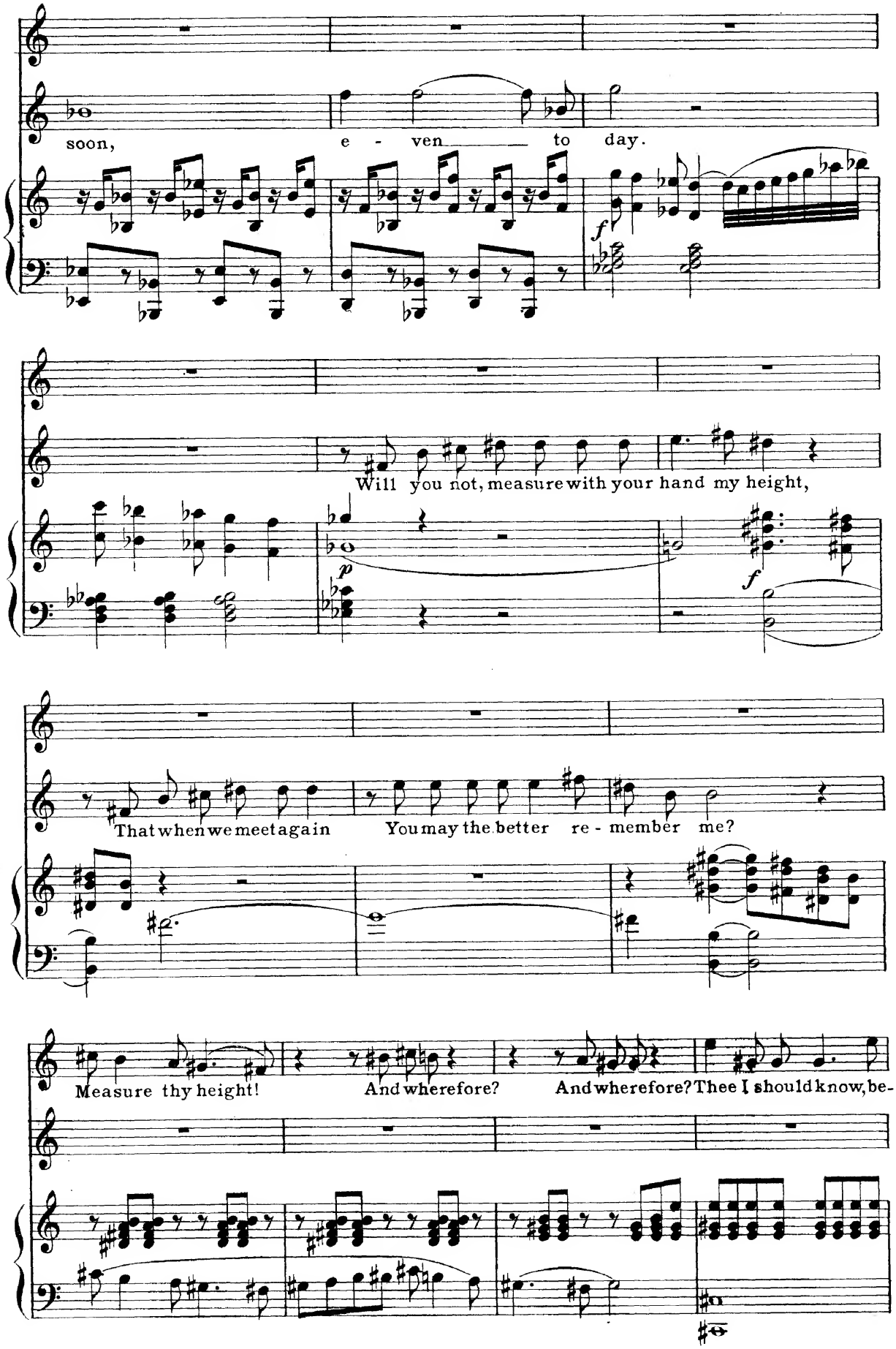
TRISTAN.

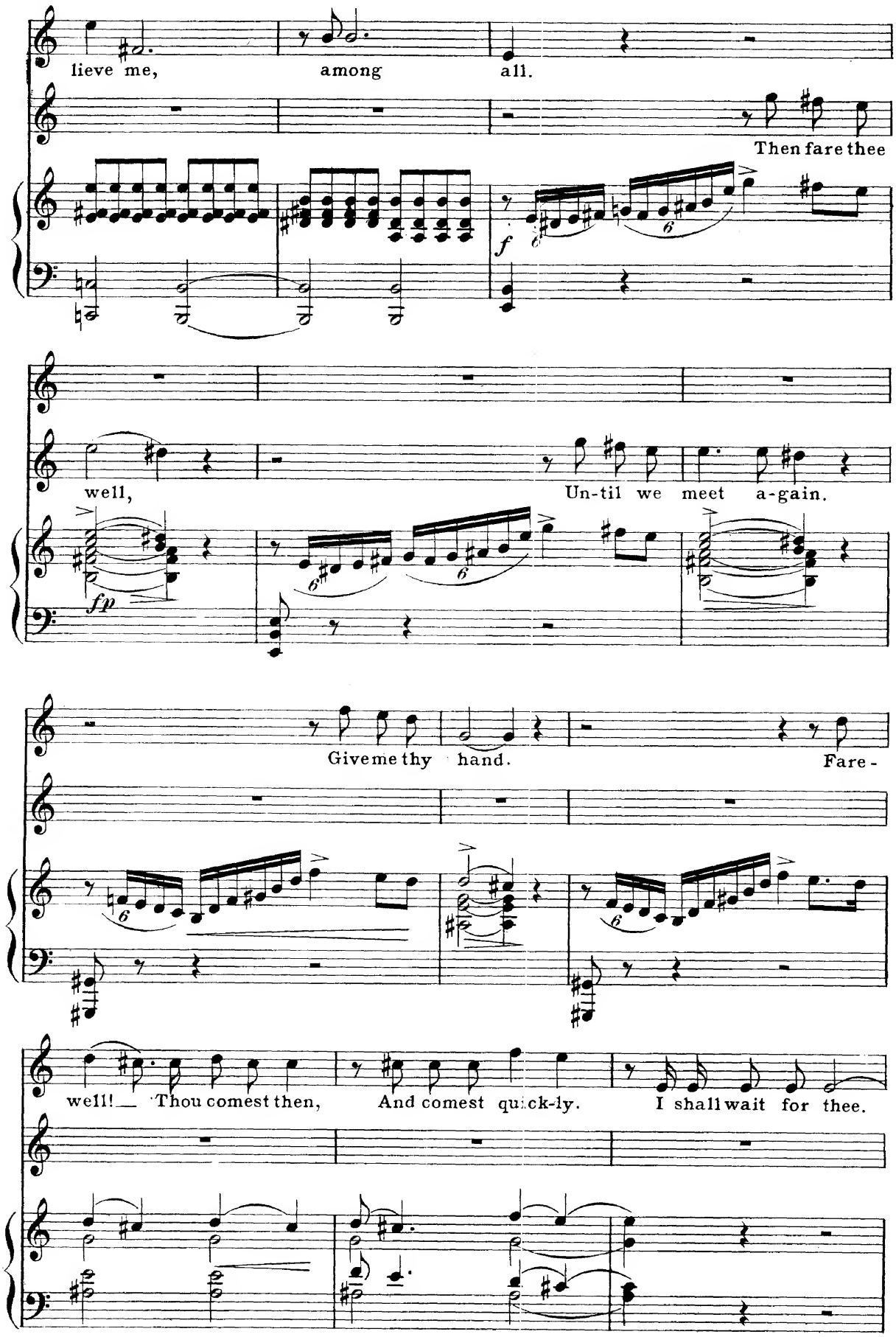
O fair and noble maid, I must a - way.

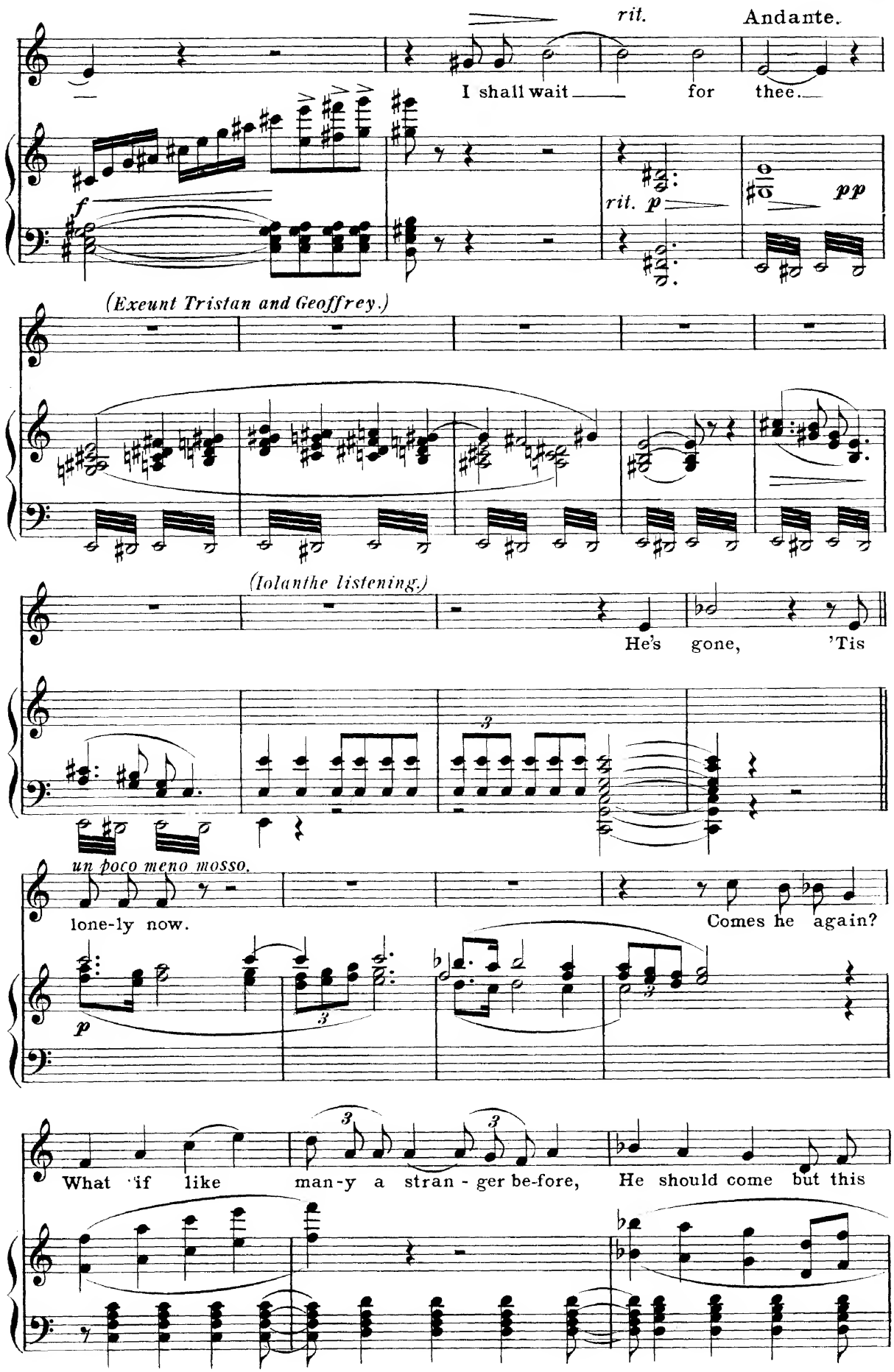
pp

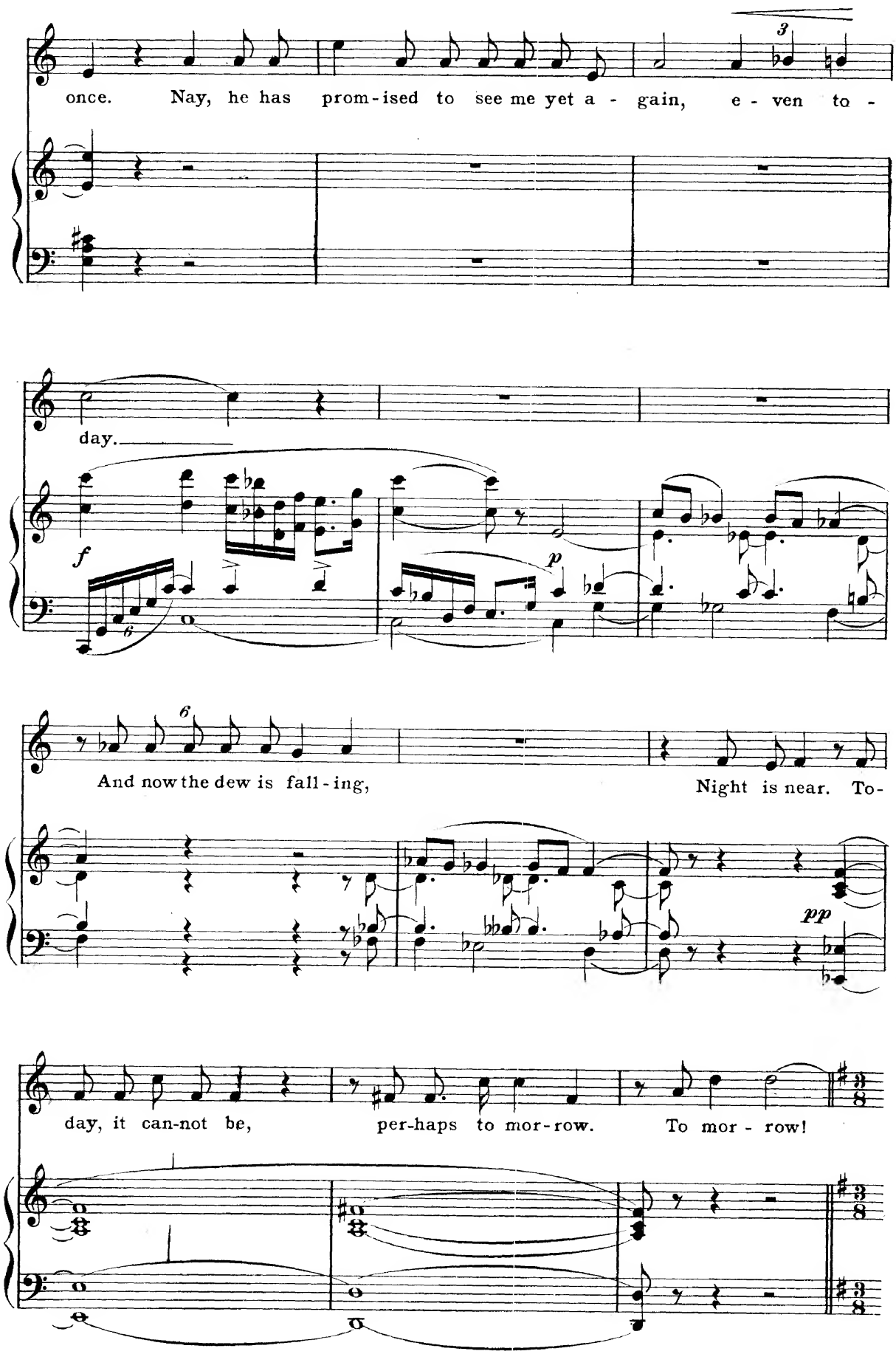
where - fore would'st thou go?

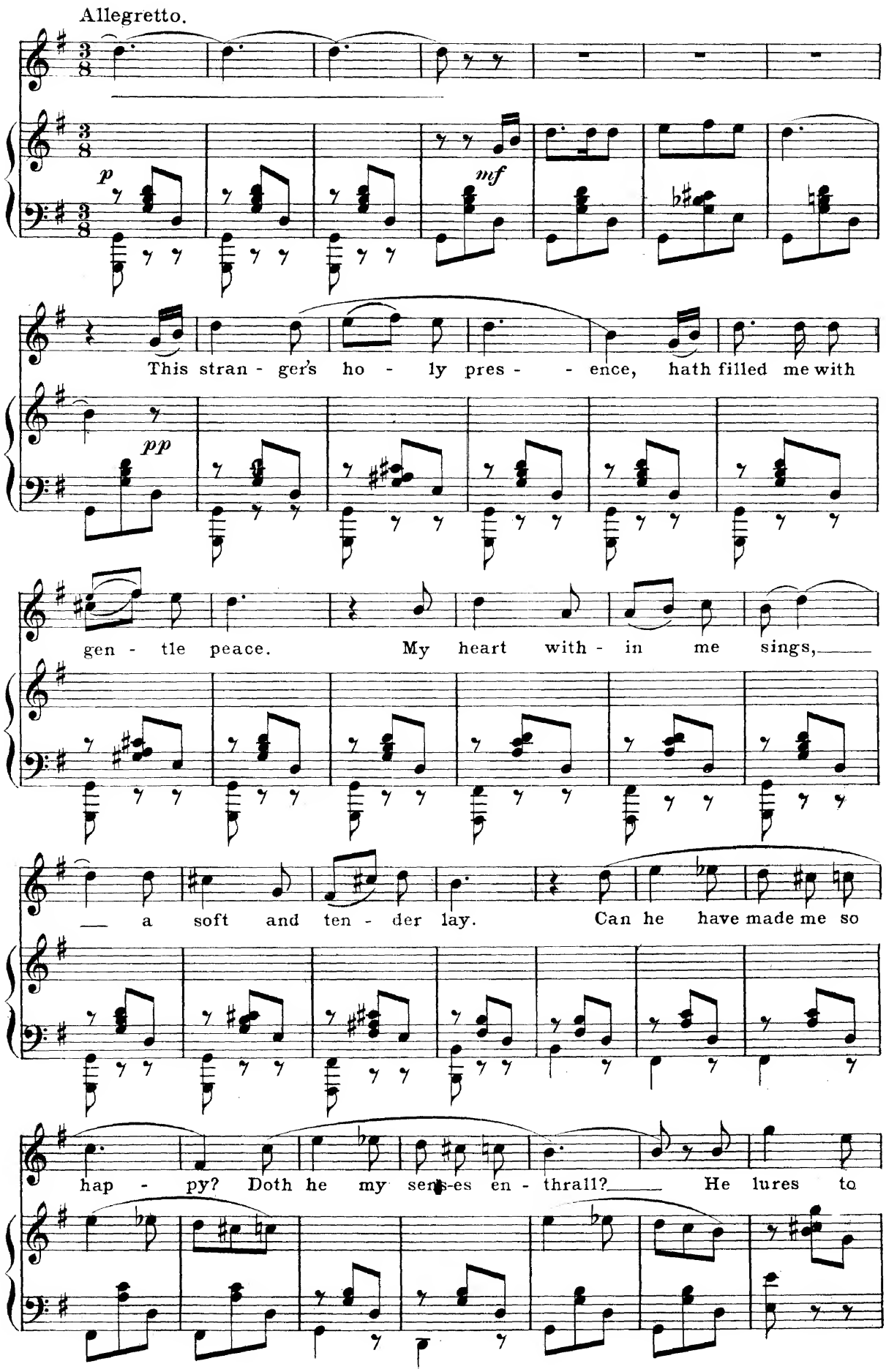
I come a - gain, and

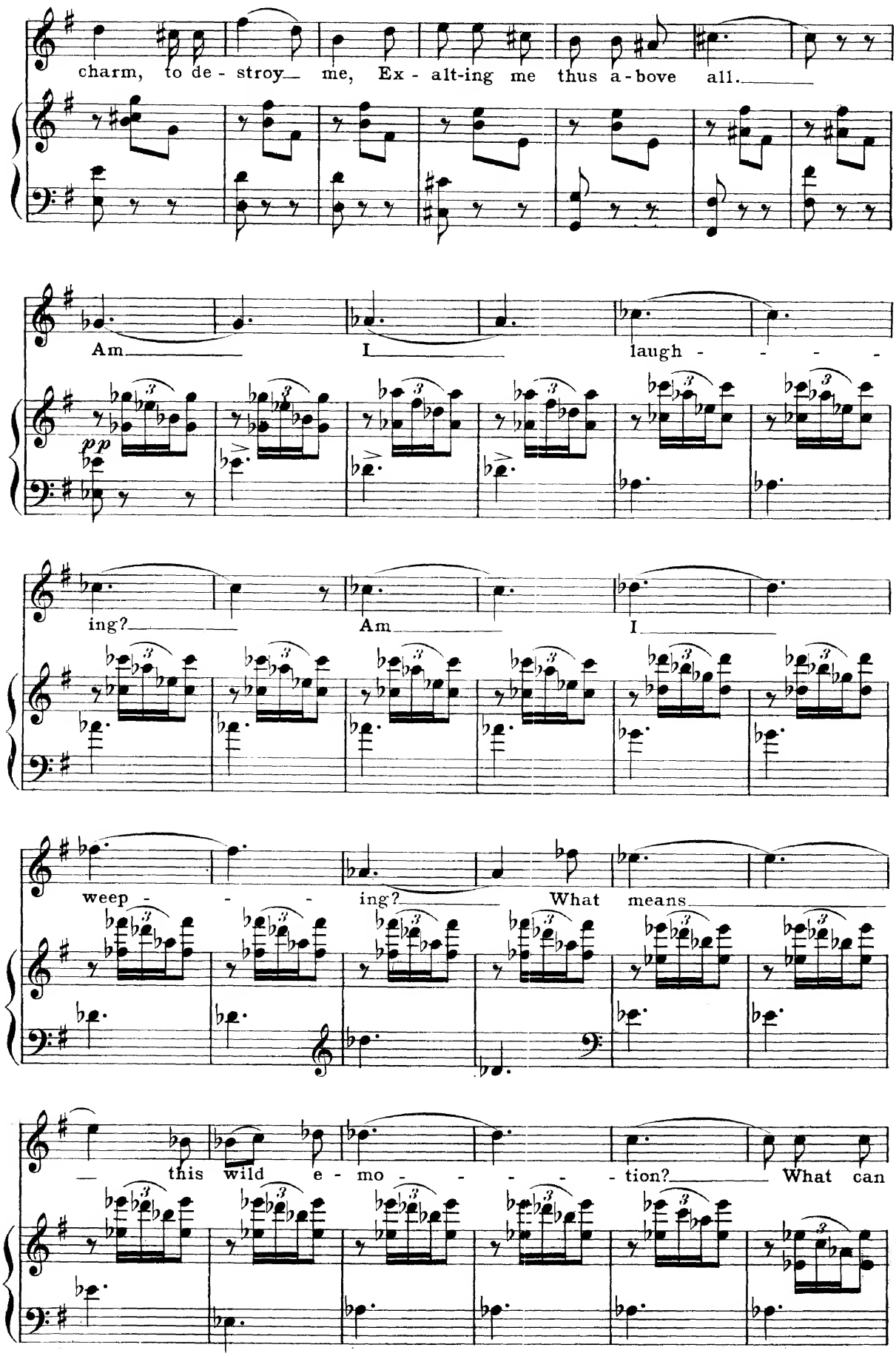

soon, e - ven to day.
Will you not, measure with your hand my height,
That when we meet again You may the better re - member me?
Measure thy height! And wherefore? And wherefore? Thee I should know, be-

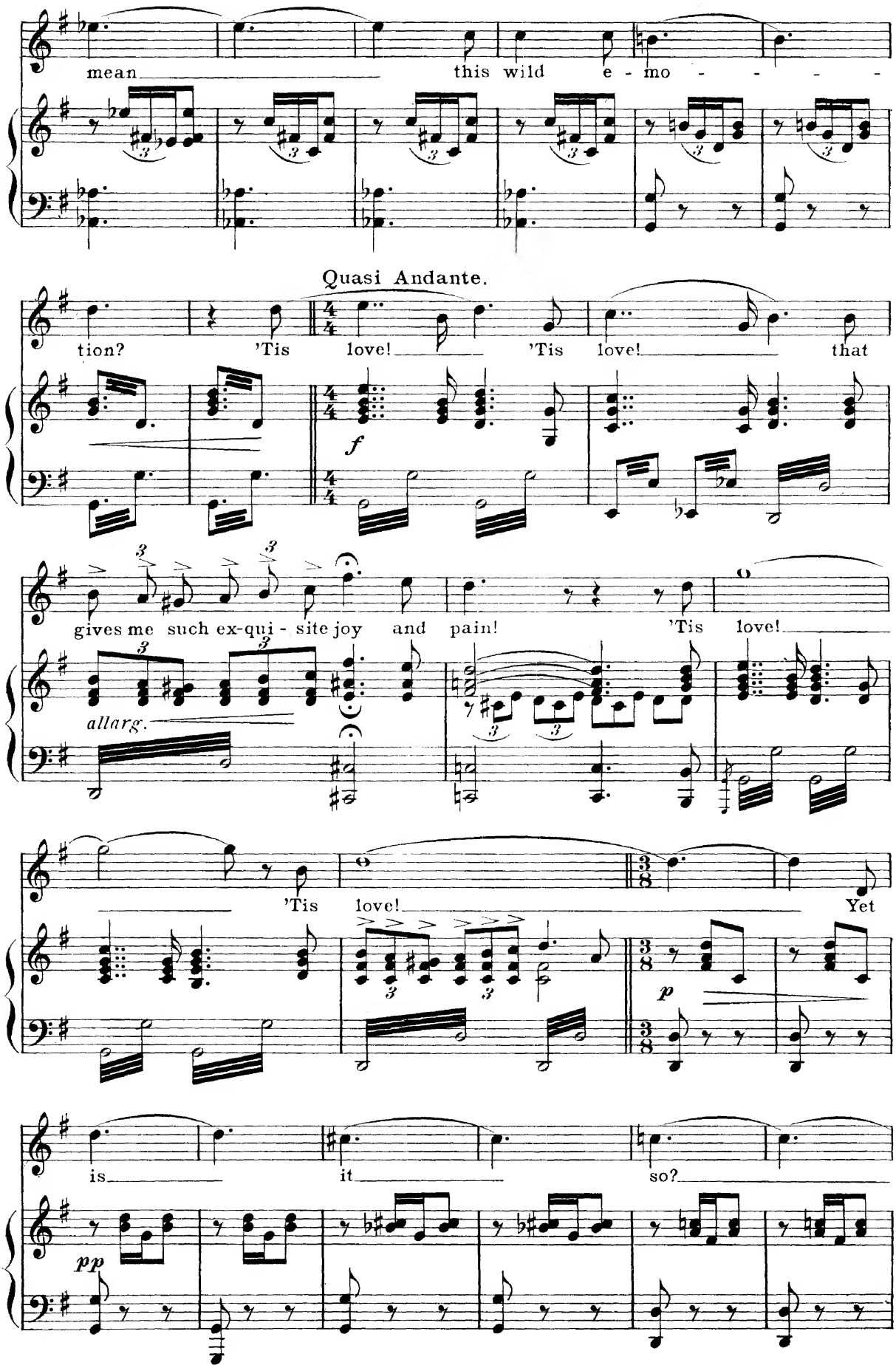

lieve me, among all.
Then fare thee
f
well, Un-til we meet a-gain.
fp
Give me thy hand. Fare-
well! Thou comest then, And comest quick-ly. I shall wait for thee.


rit.
Andante.
I shall wait for thee.
f
rit. p
pp
(Exeunt Tristan and Geoffrey.)
(Iolanthe listening.)
He's gone, 'Tis
un poco meno mosso.
lone-ly now.
Comes he again?
p
What if like man-y a stran-ger be-fore, He should come but this


once. Nay, he has prom-ised to see me yet a - gain, e - ven to -
day.
f
p
And now the dew is fall-ing, Night is near. To-
pp
day, it can-not be, per-haps to mor-row. To mor - row!


Allegretto.
p
mf
pp
This stran - ger's ho - ly pres - - ence, hath filled me with
gen - tle peace. My heart with - in me sings,
— a soft and ten - der lay. Can he have made me so
hap - py? Doth he my sens-es en - thrall? He lures to


charm, to de - stroy me, Ex - alt-ing me thus a - bove all.
Am I laugh - - - -
pp
ing? Am I
weep - - - ing? What means
this wild e - mo - - - - tion? What can


mean this wild e - mo - - - -
Quasi Andante.
tion? 'Tis love! 'Tis love! that
f
gives me such ex-qui - site joy and pain! 'Tis love!
allarg.
'Tis love! Yet
p
is it so?
pp

un poco meno mosso.

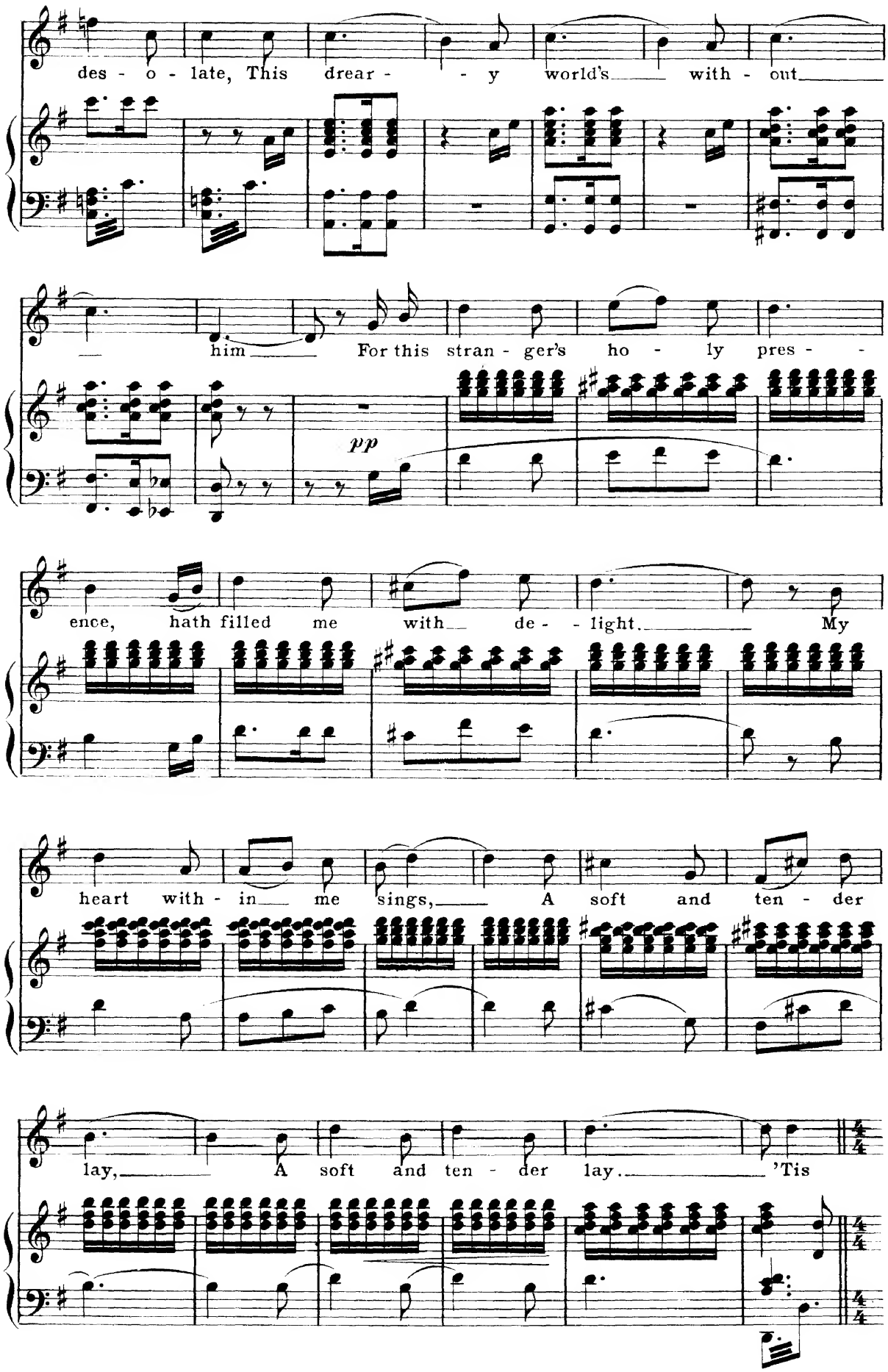
— For joy seems dead — Since he

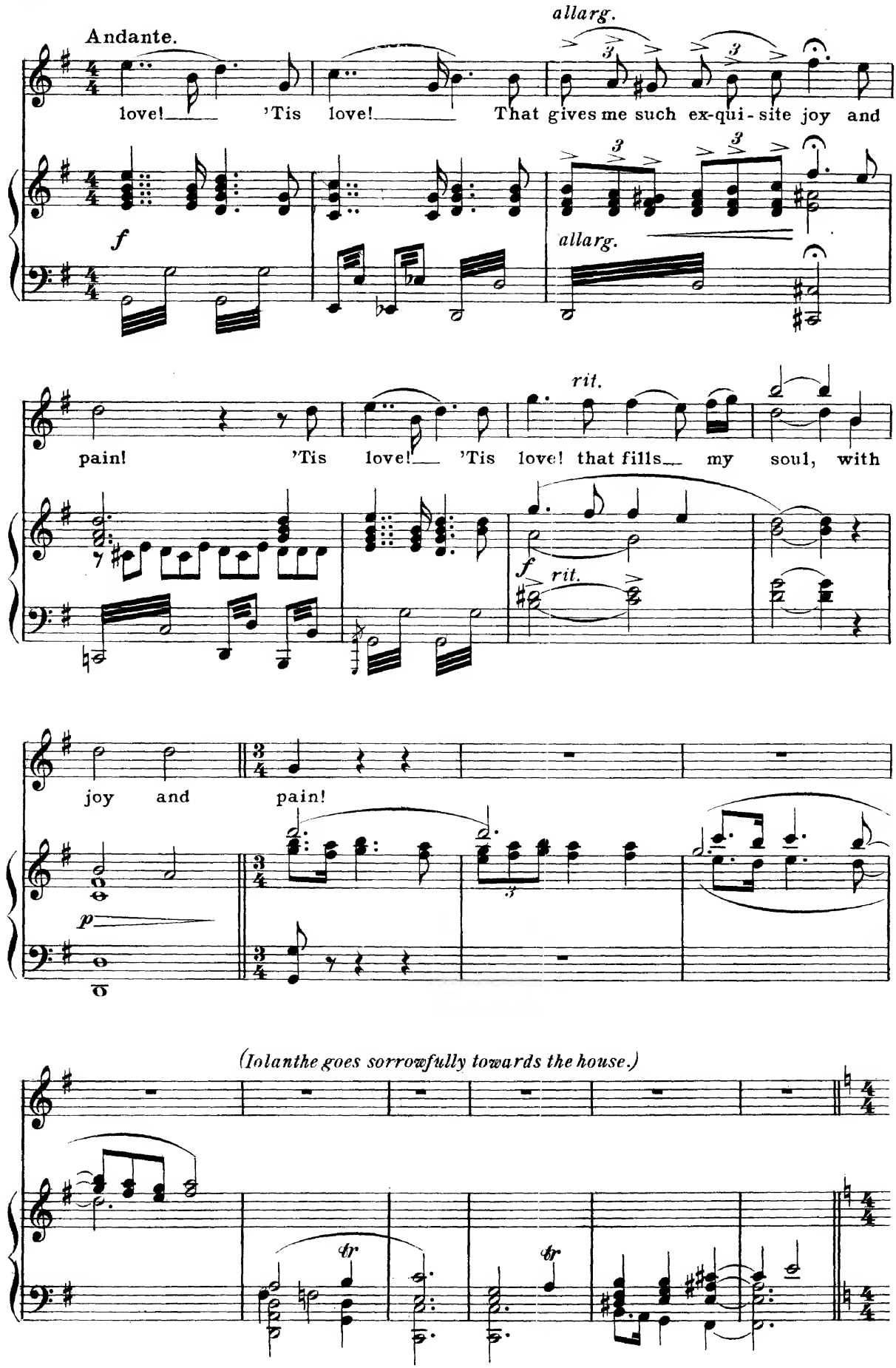
p

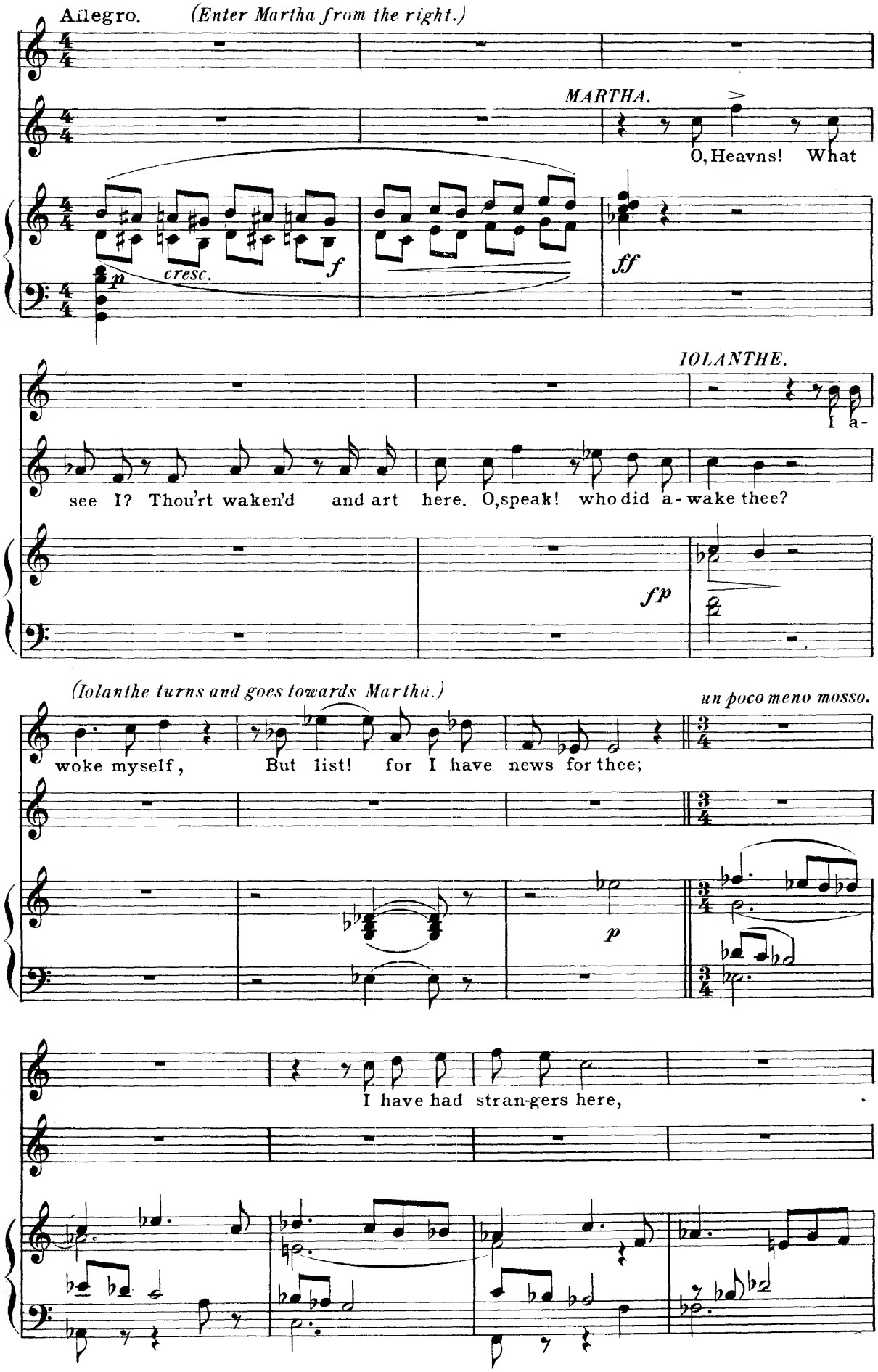
came — here, — I scarce — can say — if

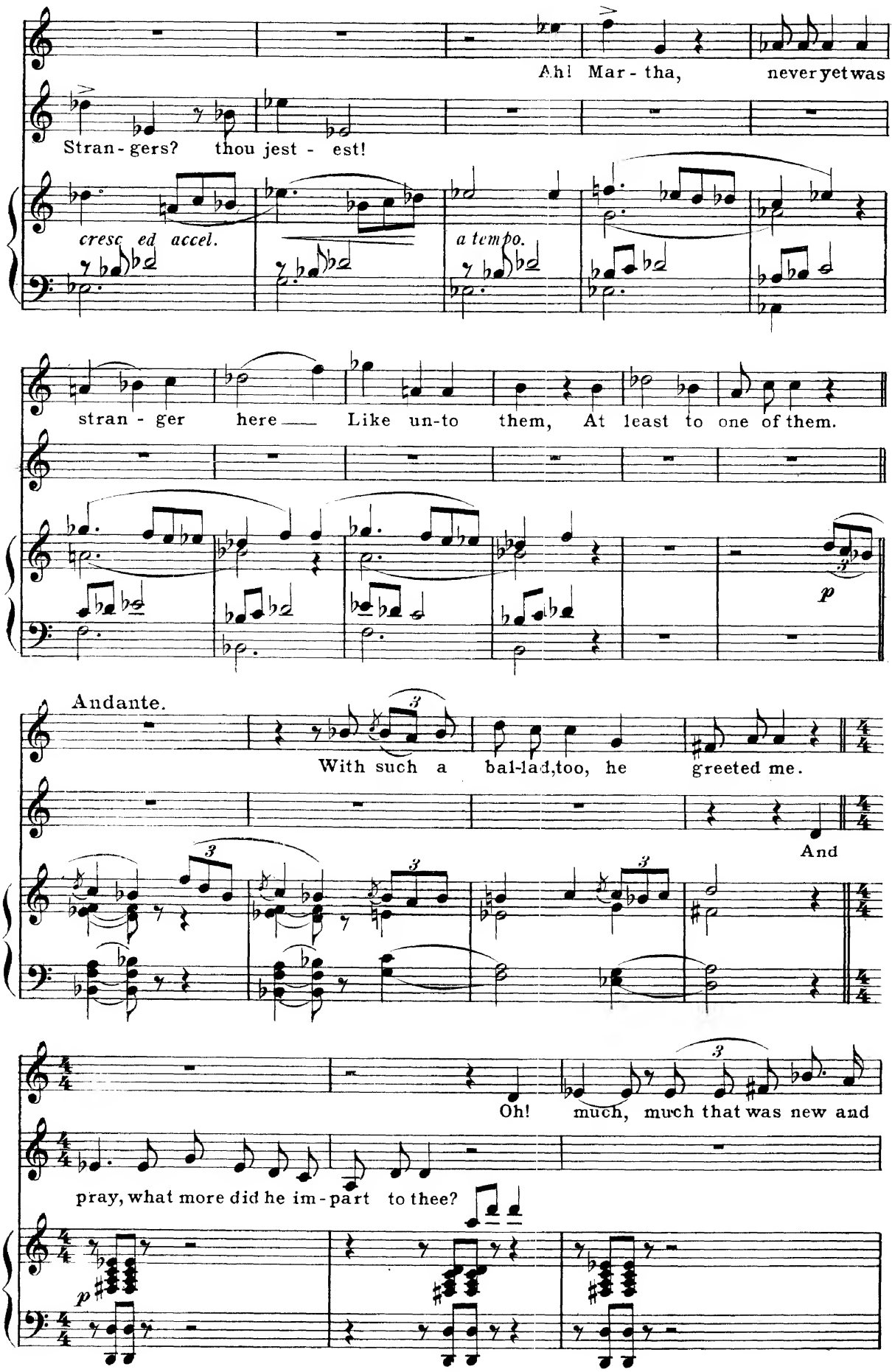
life's — to me — More sad, — or bright, —

— For I'm a - lone; can on - ly think, How full of grief, how


des - o - late, This drear - - y world's with - out
him For this stran - ger's ho - ly pres - -
pp
ence, hath filled me with de - - light. My
heart with - in me sings, A soft and ten - der
lay, A soft and ten - der lay. 'Tis


Andante.
allarg.
love! 'Tis love! That gives me such ex-qui-site joy and
f
allarg.
rit.
pain! 'Tis love! 'Tis love! that fills my soul, with
f
rit.
joy and pain!
p
(Iolanthe goes sorrowfully towards the house.)
tr
tr


Allegro.
(Enter Martha from the right.)
MARTHA.
O, Heavns! What
cresc.
ff
IOLANTHE.
I a-
see I? Thou'rt waken'd and art here. O, speak! who did a-wake thee?
fp
(Iolanthe turns and goes towards Martha.)
un poco meno mosso.
woke myself, But list! for I have news for thee;
p
I have had stran-gers here,


Ah! Mar - tha, never yet was
Stran - gers? thou jest - est!
cresc ed accel.
a tempo.
stran - ger here — Like un-to them, At least to one of them.
p
Andante.
With such a bal-lad, too, he greeted me.
And
Oh! much, much that was new and
pray, what more did he im - part to thee?
p

(René, Ebn and Bertrand enter

won - der-ful. He said, and yet I under - stood it not; That

through the secret door unnoticed and overhear what Iolanthe says.)

one could e-ven at a dis - tance tru - ly dis - tin - guish ob-jects by the

help of sight His meaning dost thou

MARTHA. *(Seeing the King.)*

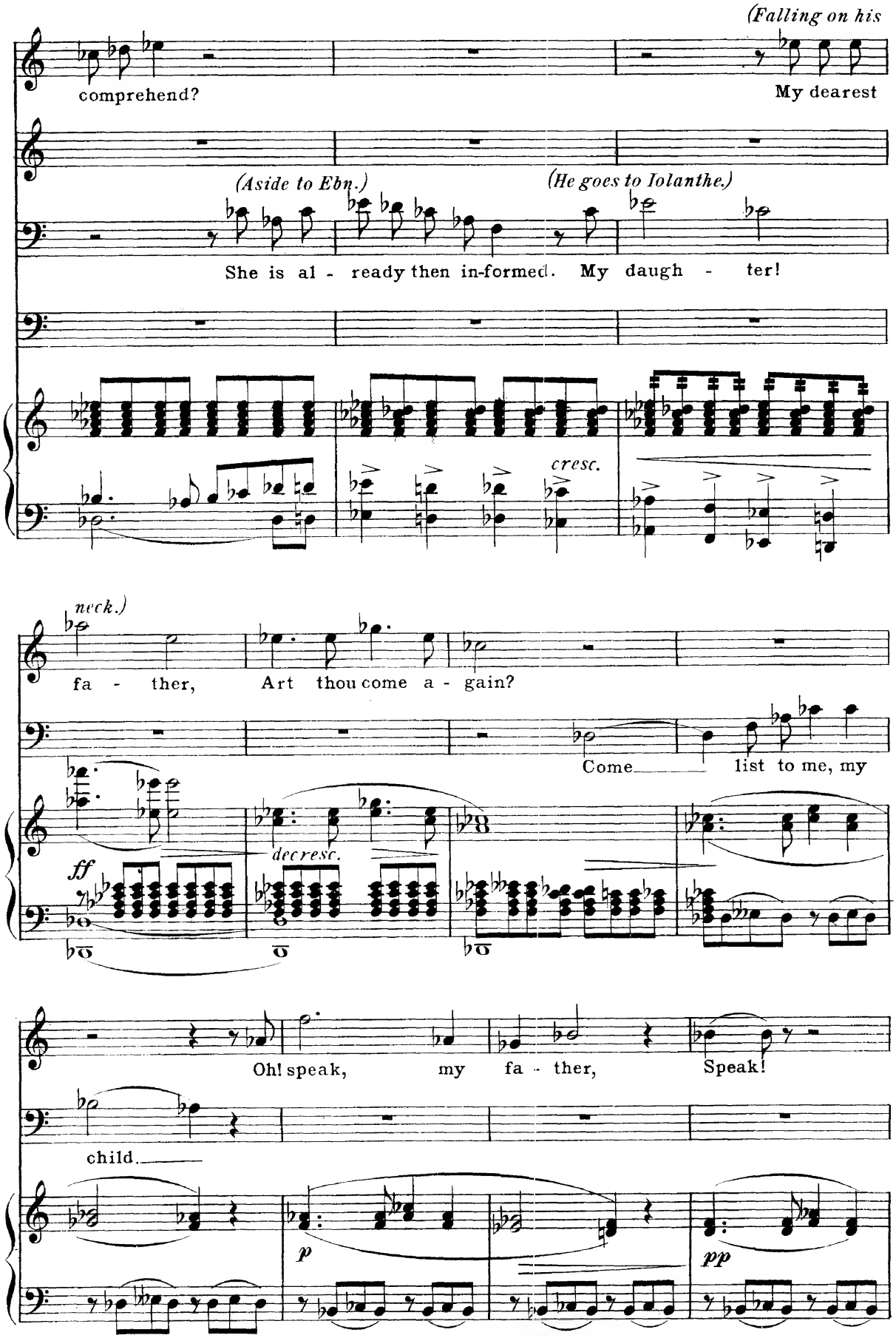
Oh, God! The King!

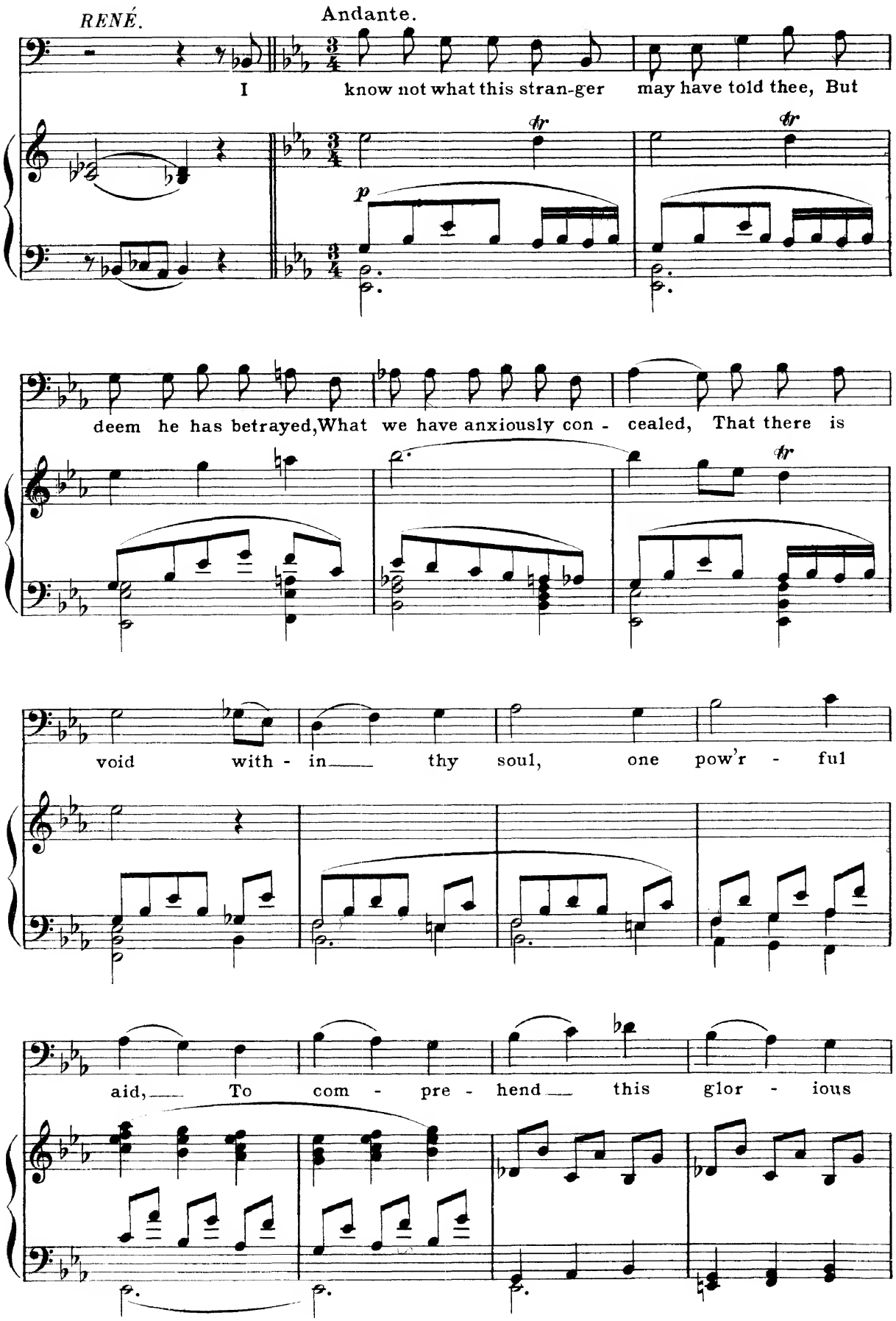
RENÉ. *(To Ebn.)*

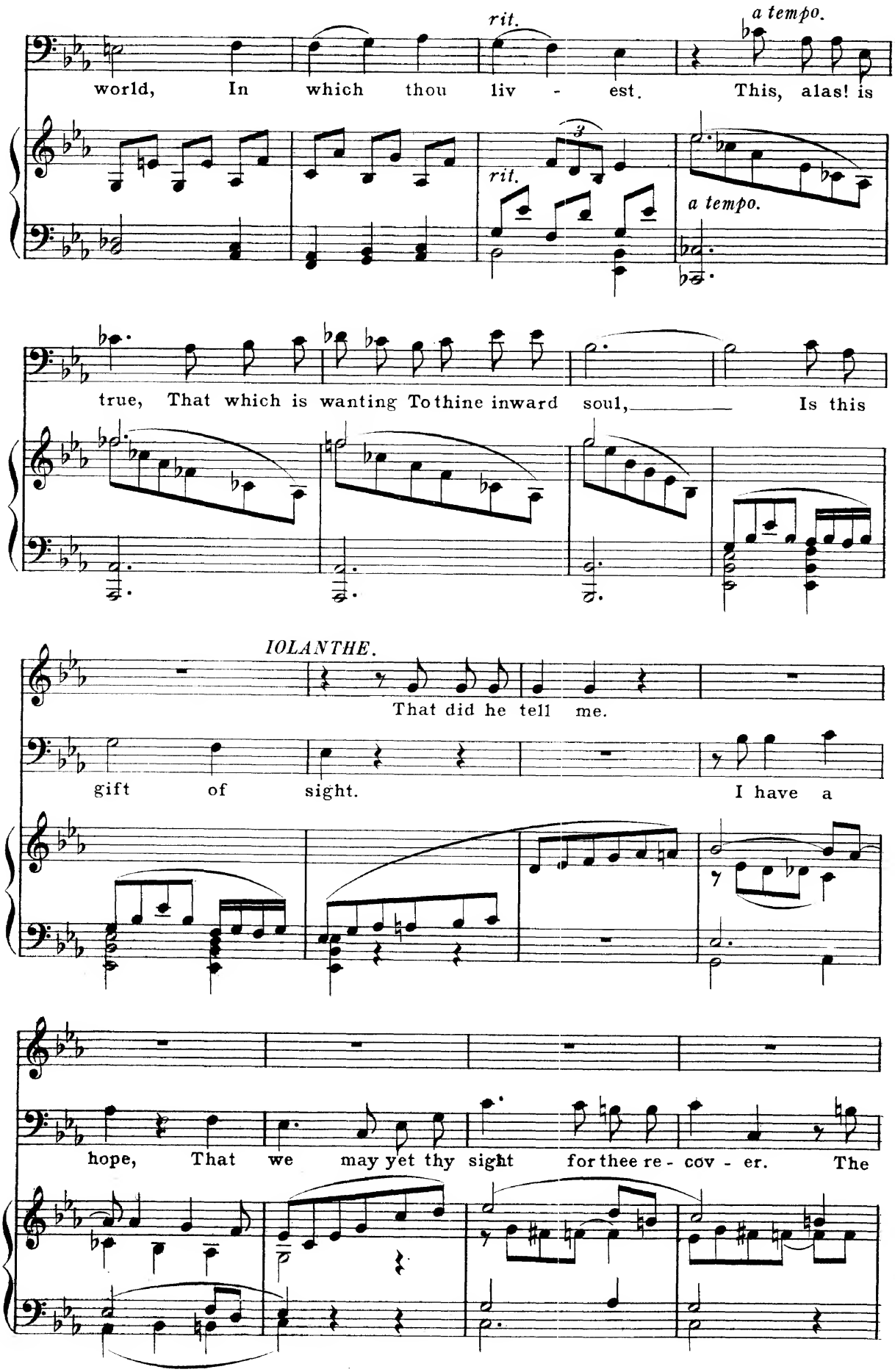
Oh, Heavn's! What is this I hear?

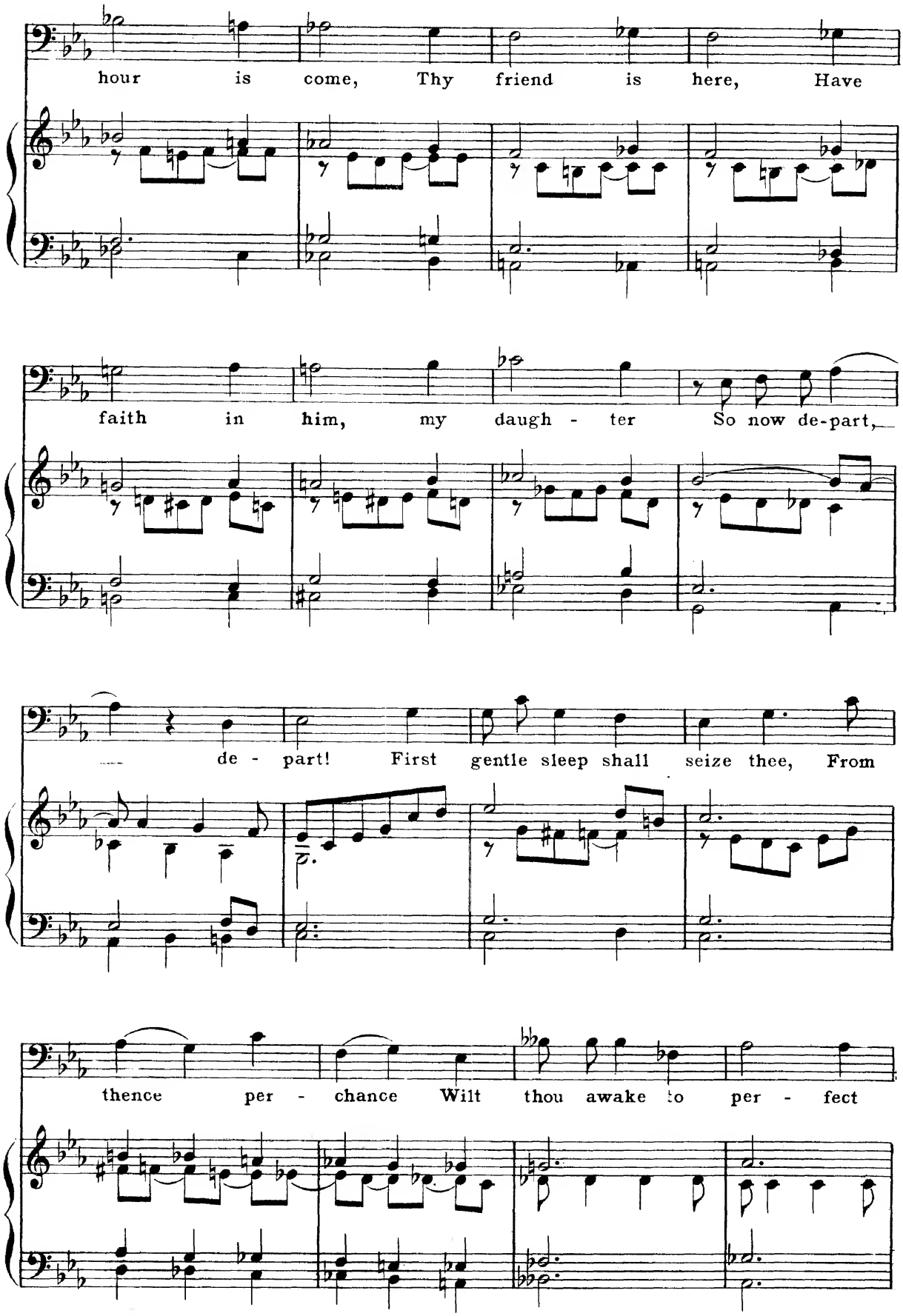
EBN.

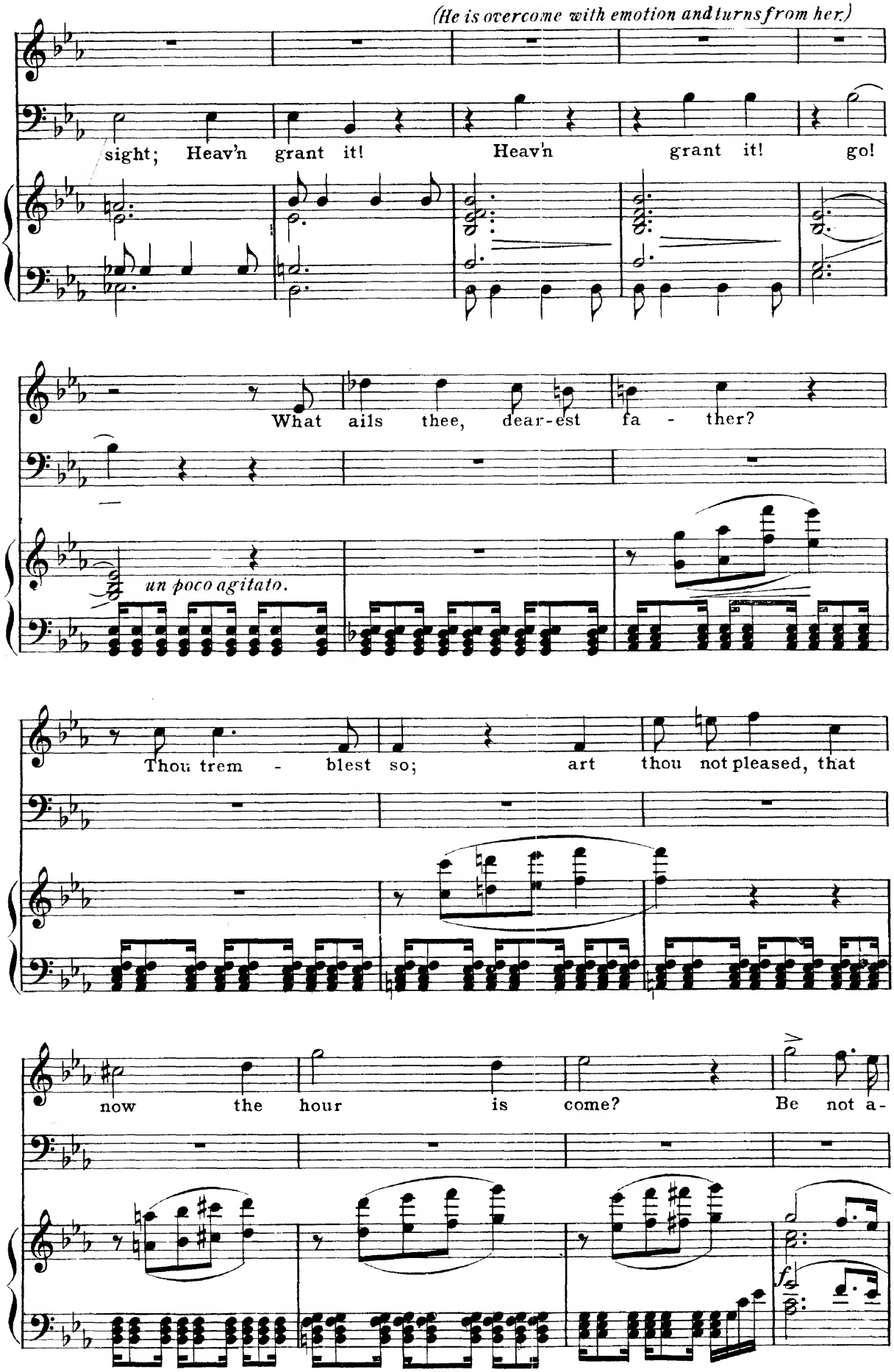
Oh, Heavn's!

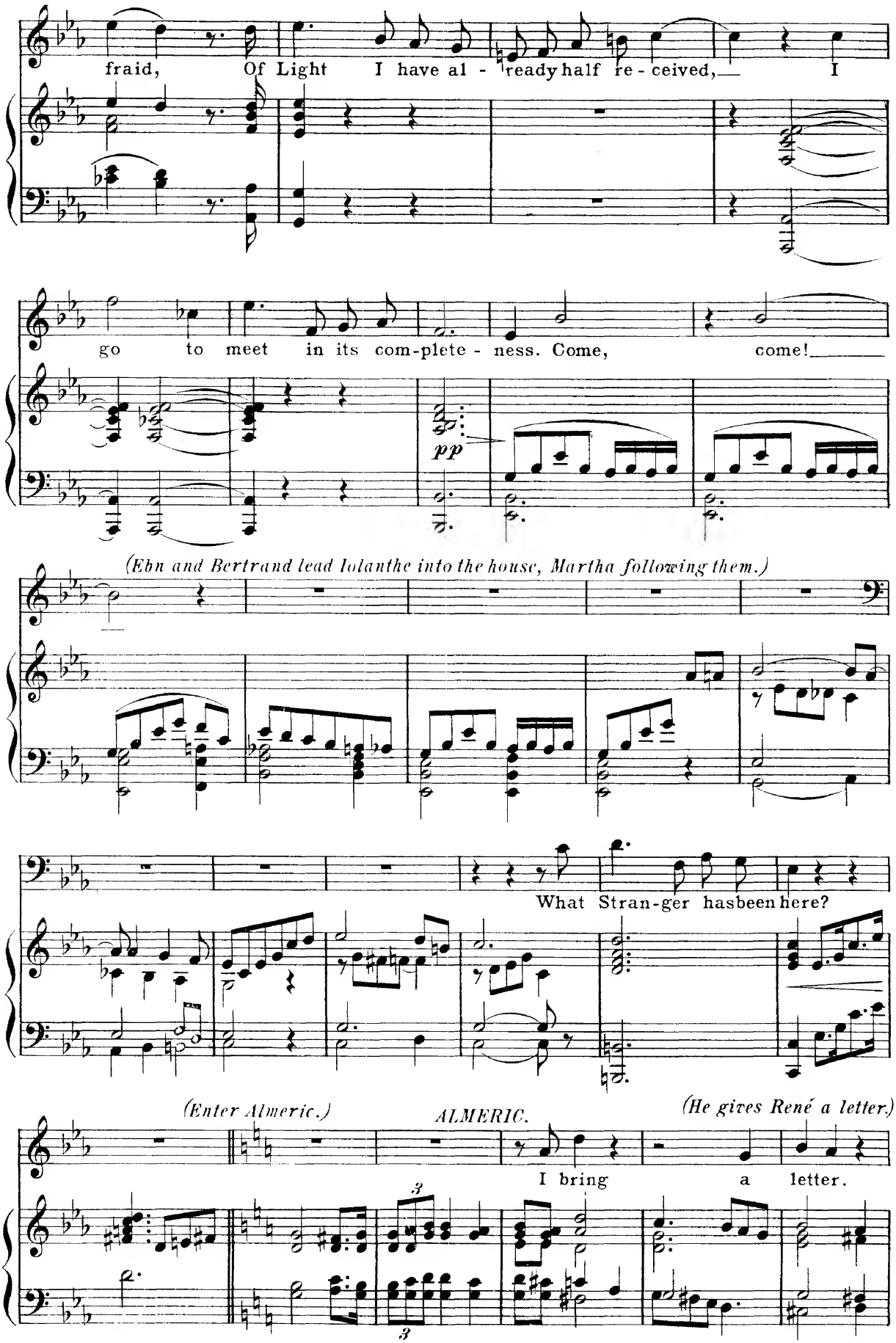

(Falling on his
comprehend?
My dearest
(Aside to Ebn.)
(He goes to Iolanthe.)
She is al - ready then in-formed. My daugh - ter!
cresc.
neck.)
fa - ther, Art thou come a - gain?
Come list to me, my
ff
decresc.
Oh! speak, my fa - ther, Speak!
child.
p
pp

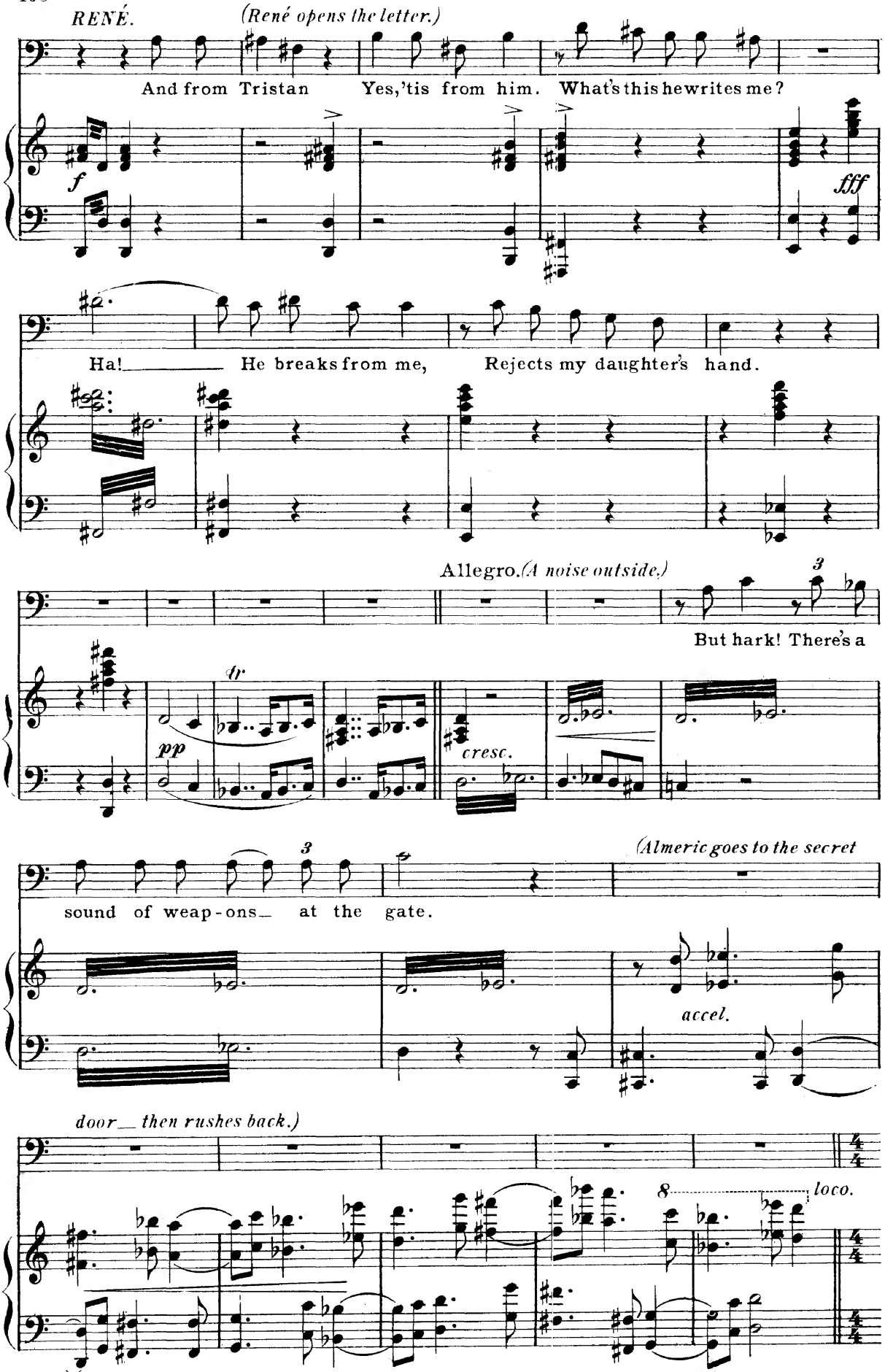

RENÉ.
Andante.
I know not what this stran-ger may have told thee, But
deem he has betrayed, What we have anxiously con - cealed, That there is
void with - in thy soul, one pow'r - ful
aid, To com - pre - hend this glor - ious

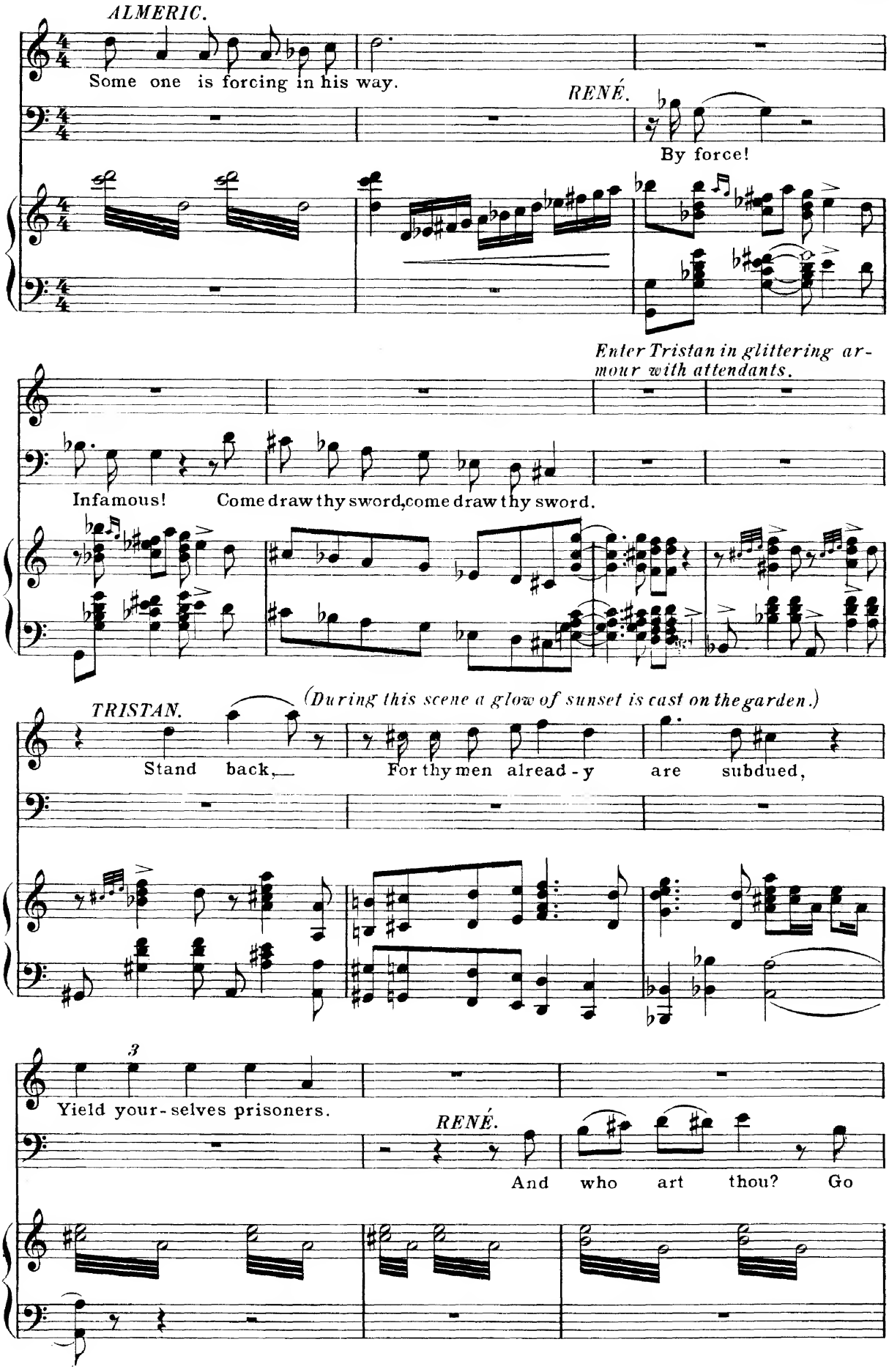

rit.
a tempo.
world, In which thou liv - est. This, alas! is
rit.
a tempo.
true, That which is wanting To thine inward soul, Is this
IOLANTHE.
That did he tell me.
gift of sight. I have a
hope, That we may yet thy sight for thee re - cov - er. The

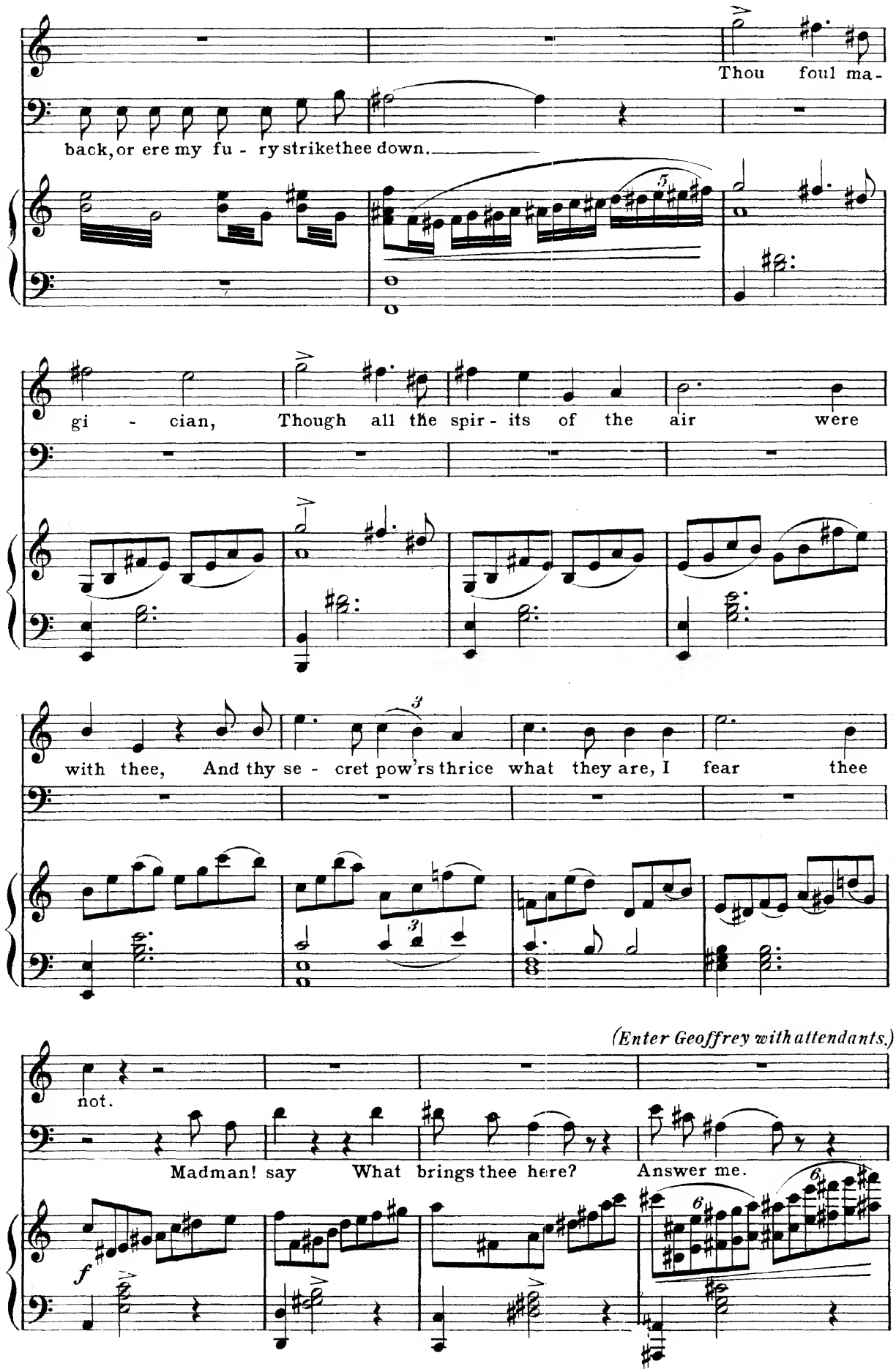

hour is come, Thy friend is here, Have
faith in him, my daugh - ter So now de-part,
de - part! First gentle sleep shall seize thee, From
thence per - chance Wilt thou awake to per - fect

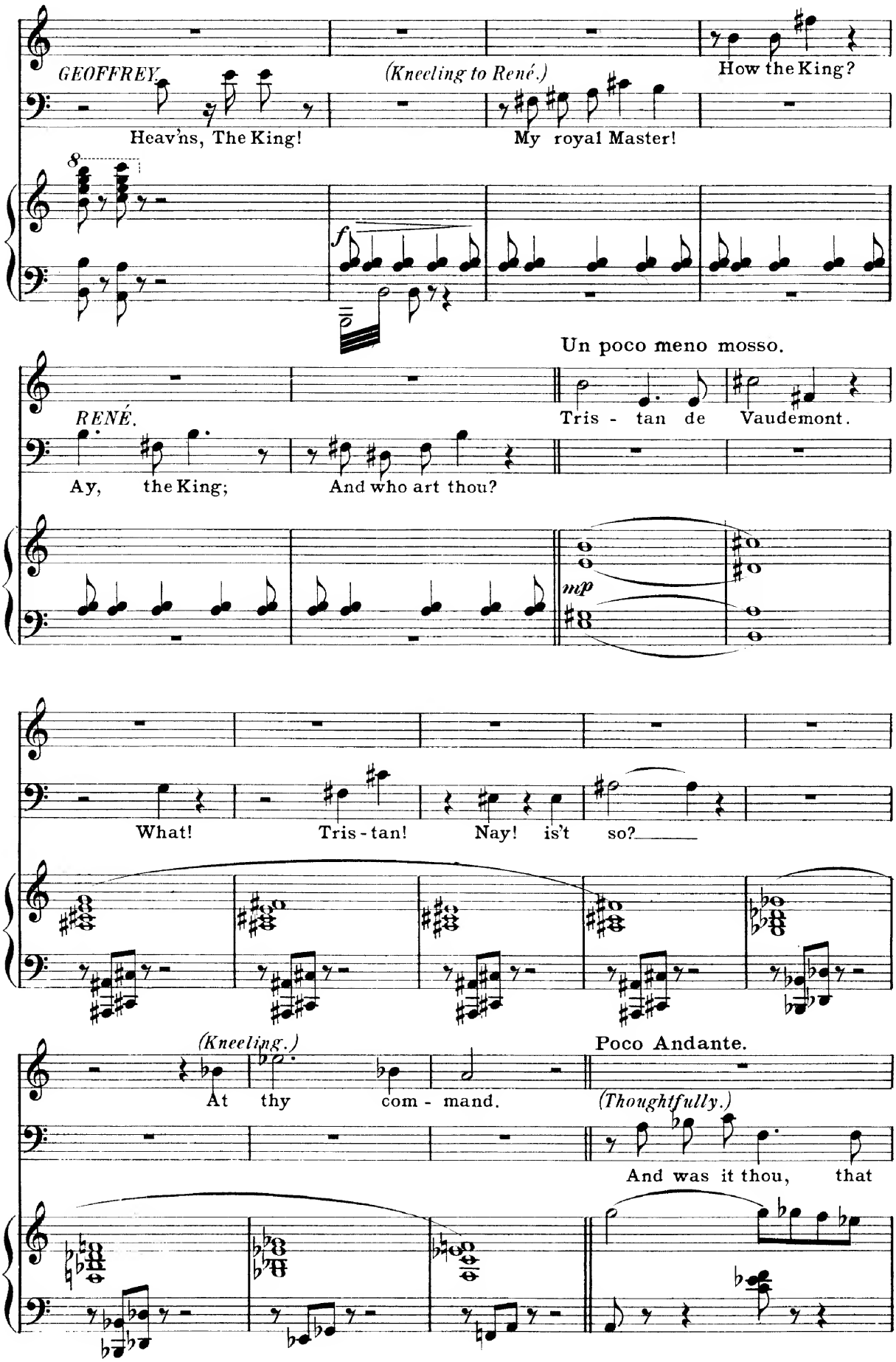

(He is overcome with emotion and turns from her.)
sight; Heav'n grant it! Heav'n grant it! go!
What ails thee, dear-est fa - ther?
un poco agitato.
Thou trem - blest so; art thou not pleased, that
now the hour is come? Be not a-
f

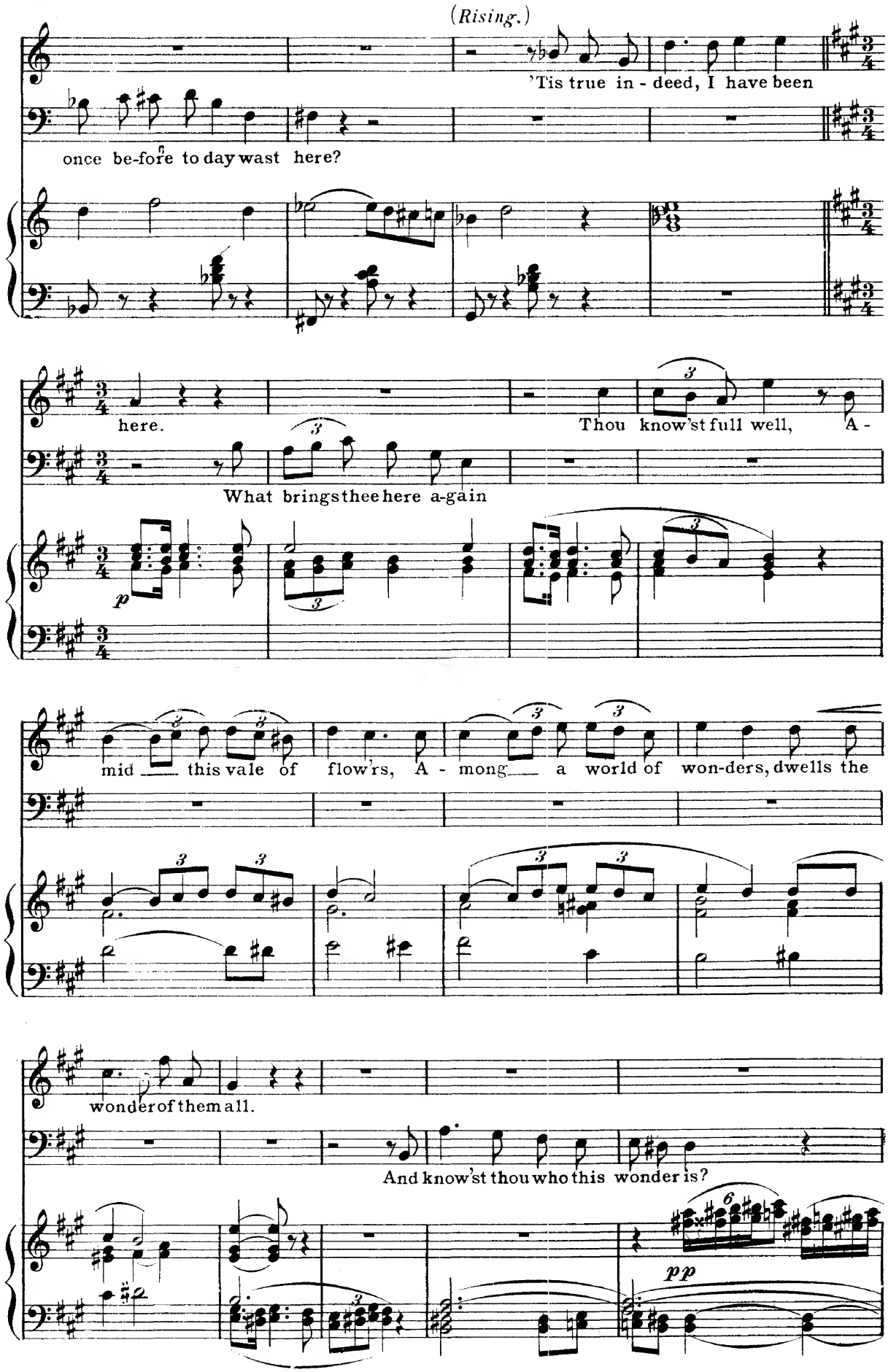

fraid, Of Light I have al - ready half re - ceived, I
go to meet in its com-plete - ness. Come, come!
pp
(Ebn and Bertrand lead Iolanthe into the house, Martha following them.)
What Stran-ger hasbeen here?
(Enter Almeric.)
ALMERIC.
(He gives René a letter.)
I bring a letter.

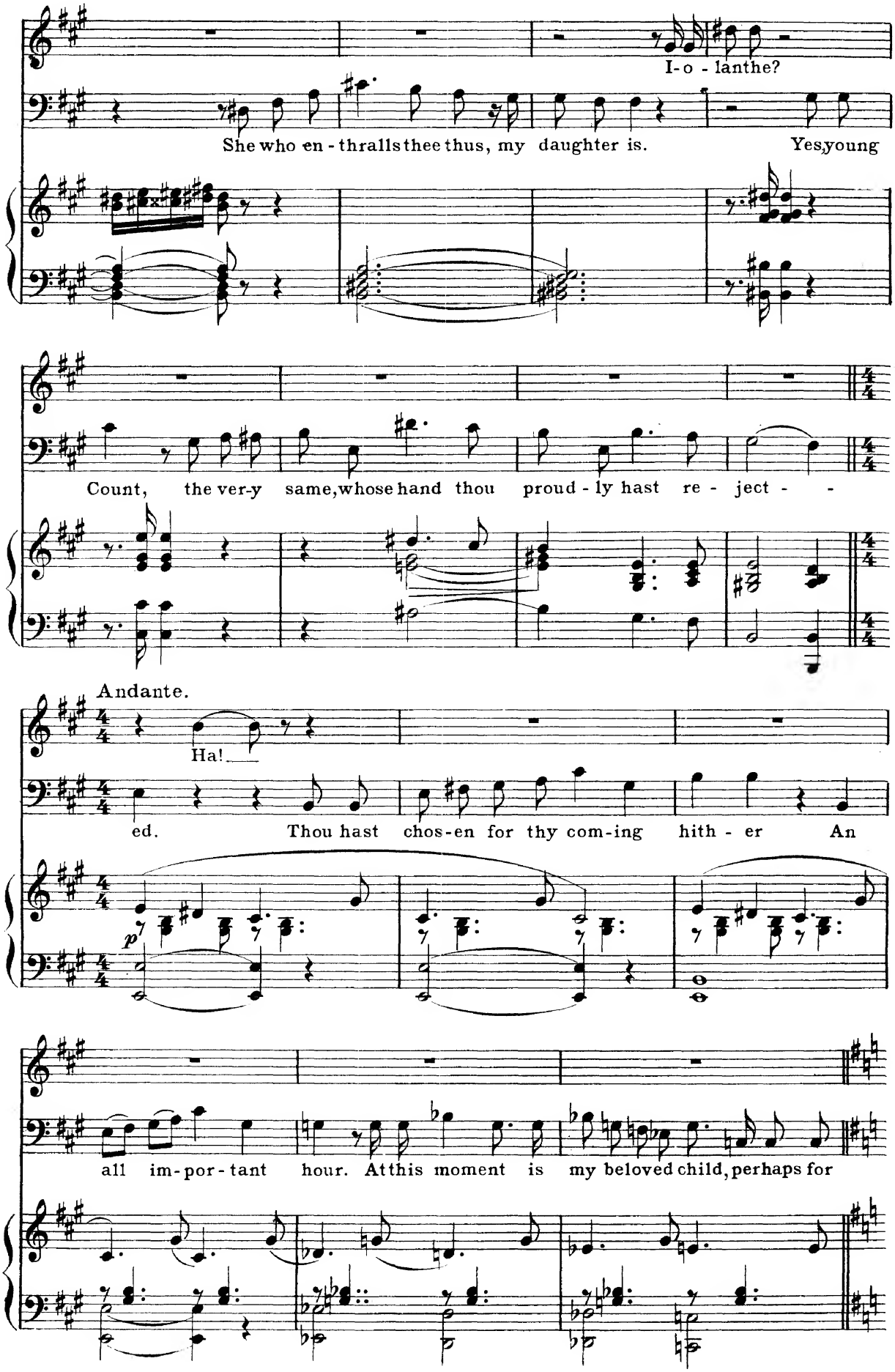

RENÉ.
(René opens the letter.)
And from Tristan
Yes,'tis from him.
What's this he writes me?
f
fff
Ha!
He breaks from me,
Rejects my daughter's hand.
Allegro. (A noise outside.)
But hark! There's a
tr
pp
cresc.
sound of weap-ons
at the gate.
(Almeric goes to the secret
accel.
door then rushes back.)
8
loco.

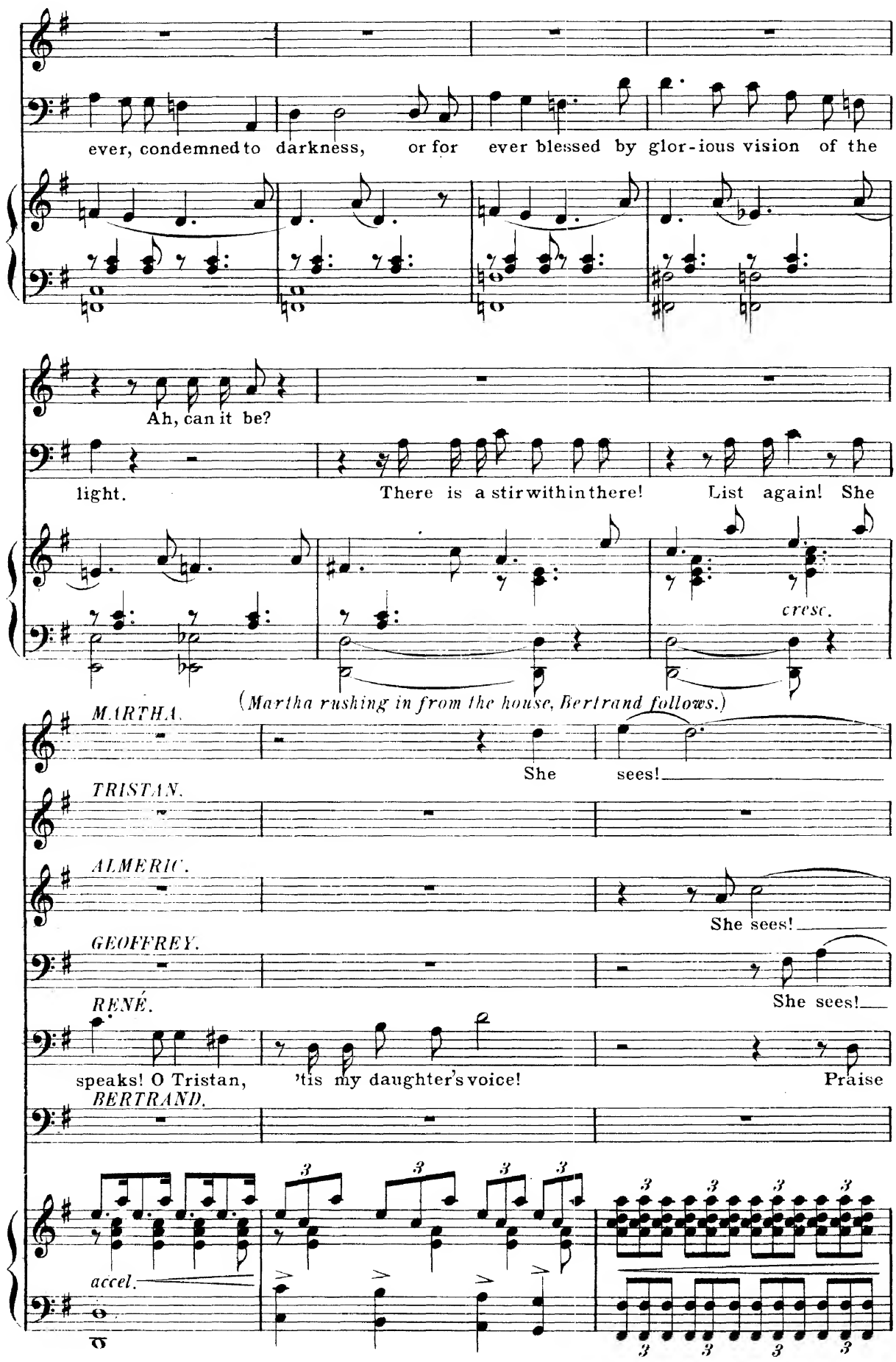

ALMERIC.
Some one is forcing in his way.
RENÉ.
By force!
Enter Tristan in glittering armour with attendants.
Infamous! Come draw thy sword, come draw thy sword.
TRISTAN.
(During this scene a glow of sunset is cast on the garden.)
Stand back, For thy men already are subdued,
3
Yield your-selves prisoners.
RENÉ.
And who art thou? Go

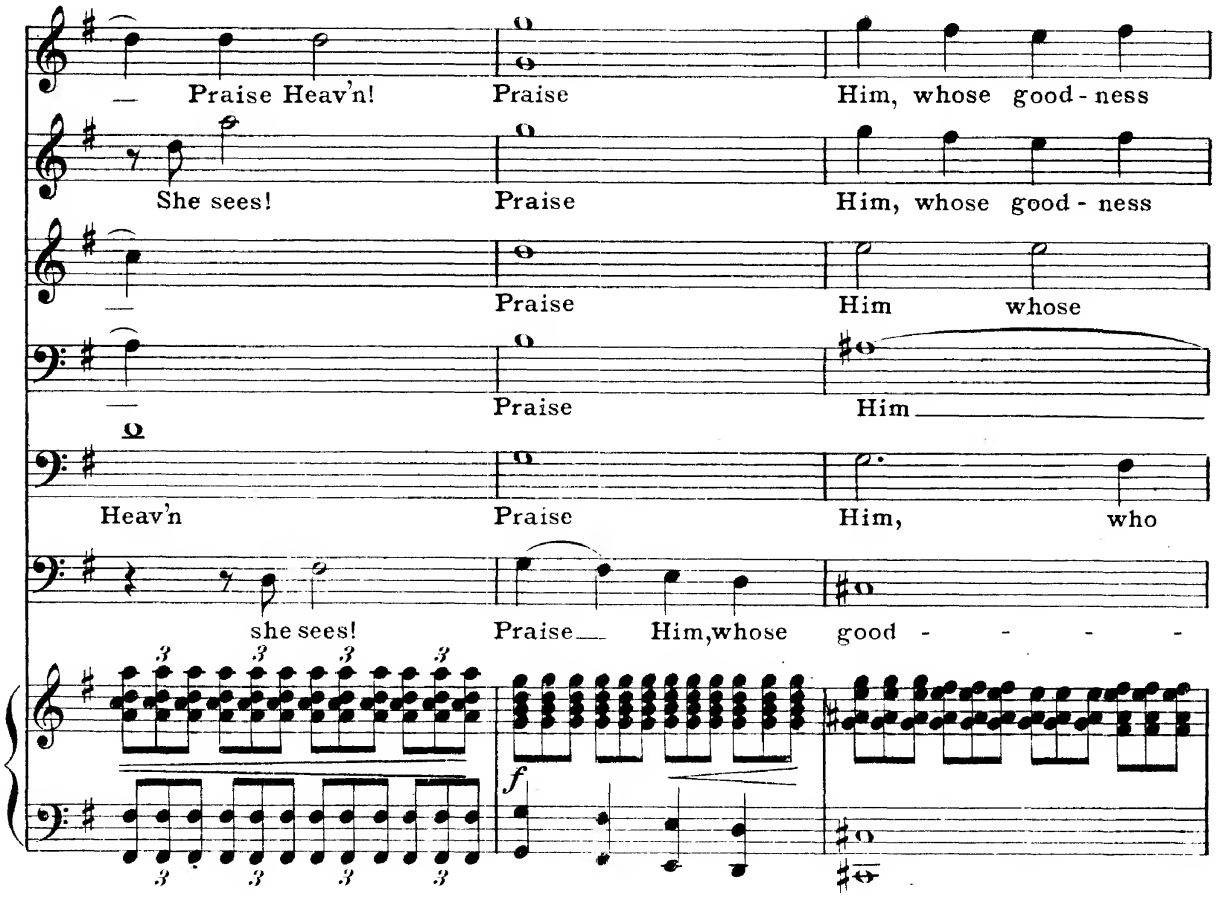

Thou foul ma-
back, or ere my fu - ry strike thee down.
gi - cian, Though all the spir - its of the air were
with thee, And thy se - cret pow'rs thrice what they are, I fear thee
(Enter Geoffrey with attendants.)
not.
Madman! say What brings thee here? Answer me.
f

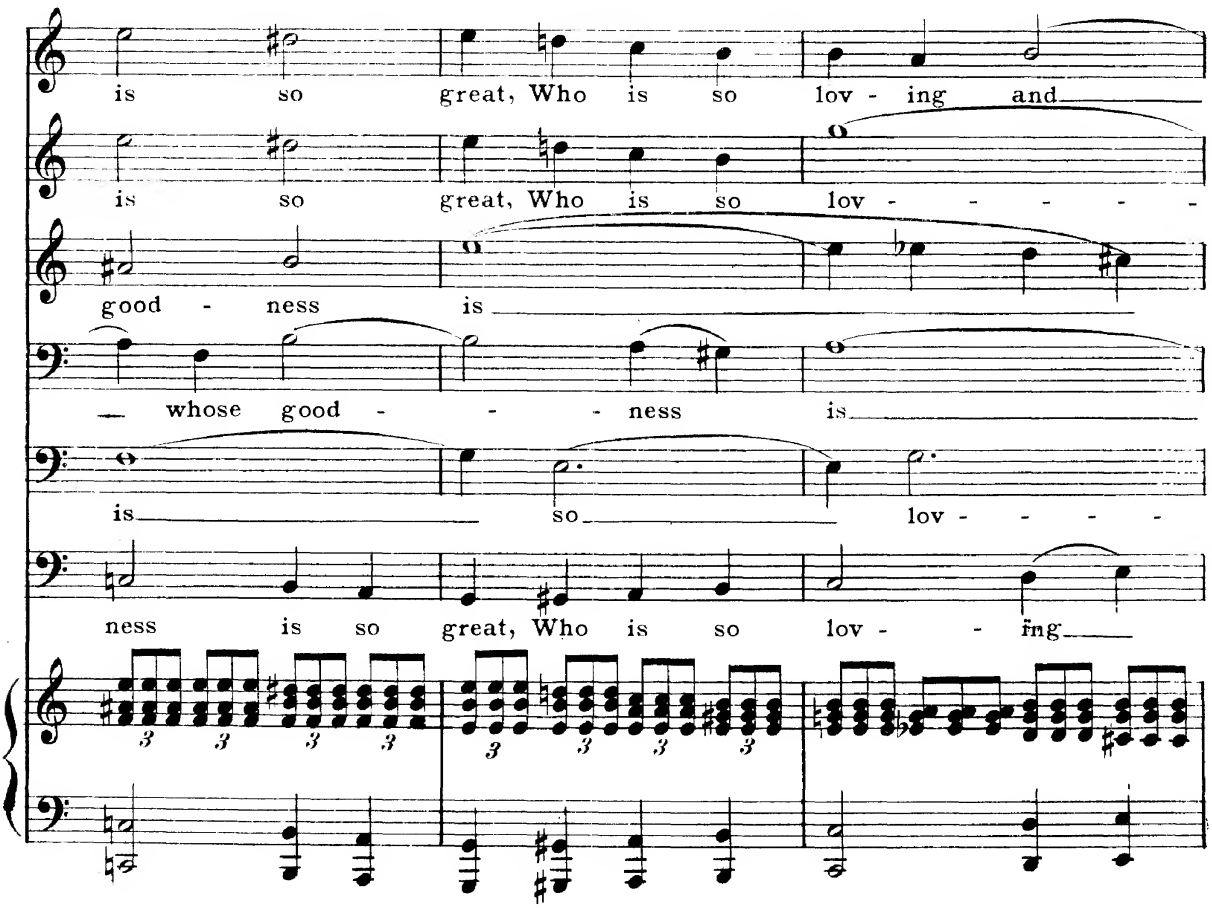

GEOFFREY.
Heav'ns, The King!
(Kneeling to René.)
My royal Master!
How the King?
f
Un poco meno mosso.
RENÉ.
Ay, the King;
And who art thou?
Tris - tan de Vaudemont.
mp
What!
Tris-tan!
Nay! is't so?
(Kneeling.)
At thy com - mand.
Poco Andante.
(Thoughtfully.)
And was it thou, that

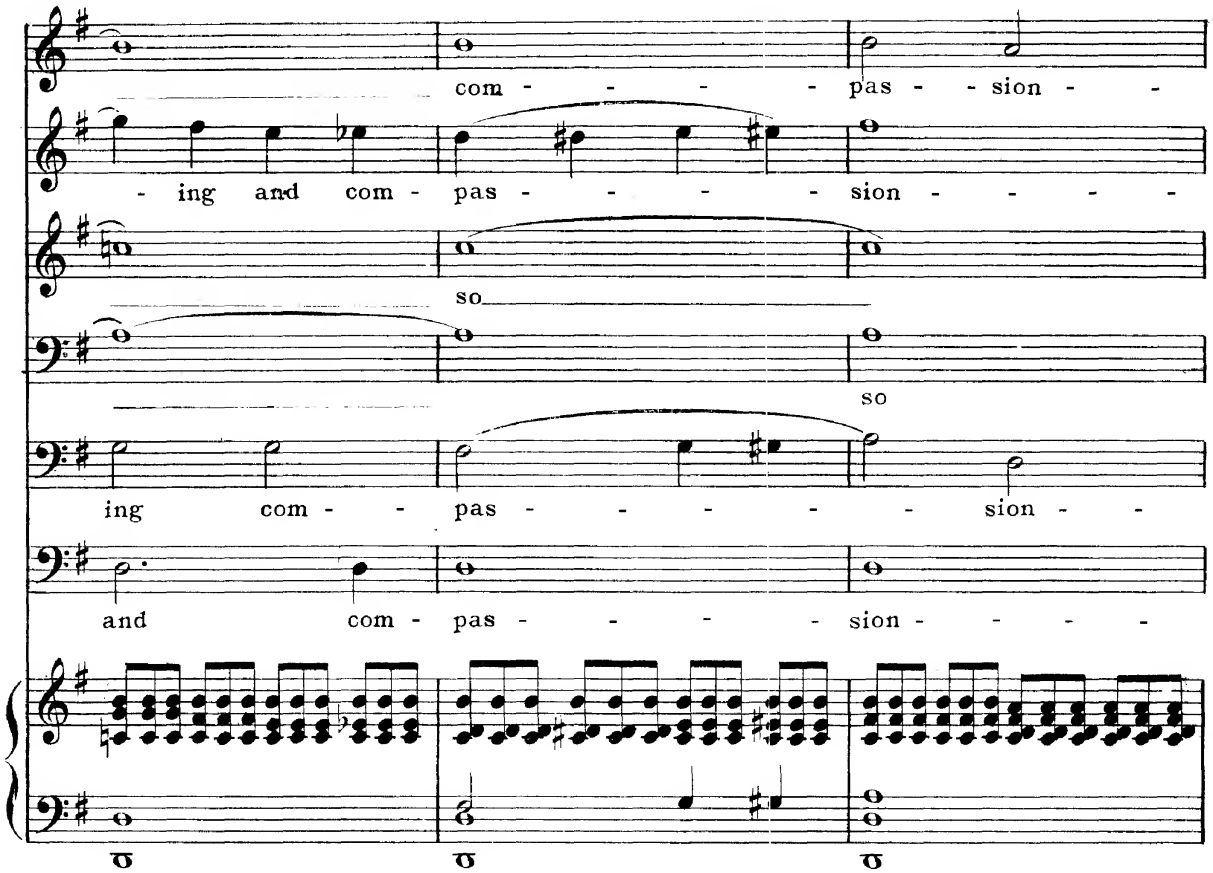

(Rising.)
'Tis true in - deed, I have been
once be-fore to day wast here?
here.
Thou know'st full well, A -
What brings thee here a-gain
mid this vale of flow'rs, A - mong a world of won-ders, dwells the
wonder of them all.
And know'st thou who this wonder is?
p
pp


I-o - lanthe?
She who en - thralls thee thus, my daughter is. Yes, young
Count, the ver-y same, whose hand thou proud - ly hast re - ject - -
Andante.
Ha!
ed. Thou hast chos-en for thy com-ing hith - er An
p
all im-por-tant hour. At this moment is my beloved child, perhaps for

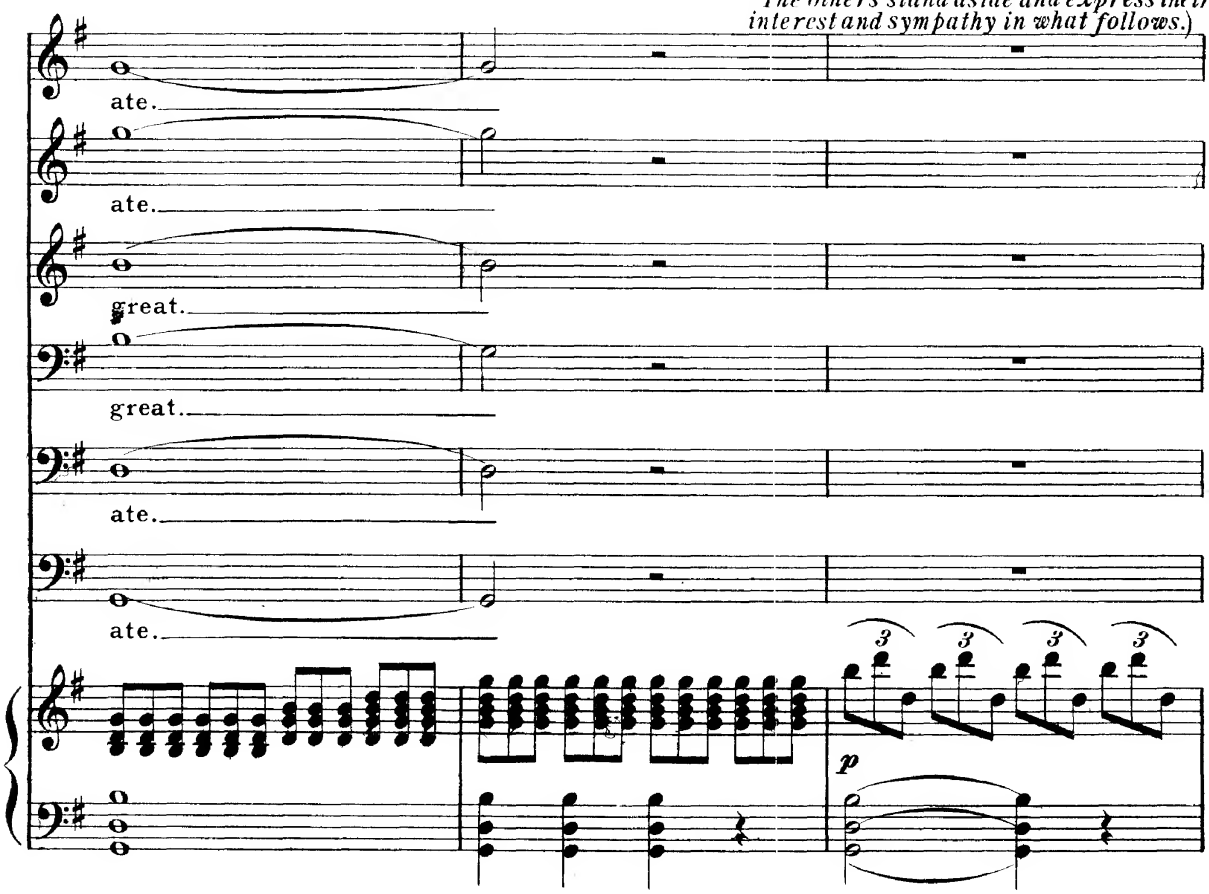

ever, condemned to darkness, or for ever blessed by glor-ious vision of the
Ah, can it be?
light. There is a stir within there! List again! She
cresc.
(Martha rushing in from the house, Bertrand follows.)
MARTHA.
She sees!
TRISTAN.
ALMERIC.
She sees!
GEOFFREY.
She sees!
RENÉ.
speaks! O Tristan, 'tis my daughter's voice! Praise
BERTRAND.
accel.

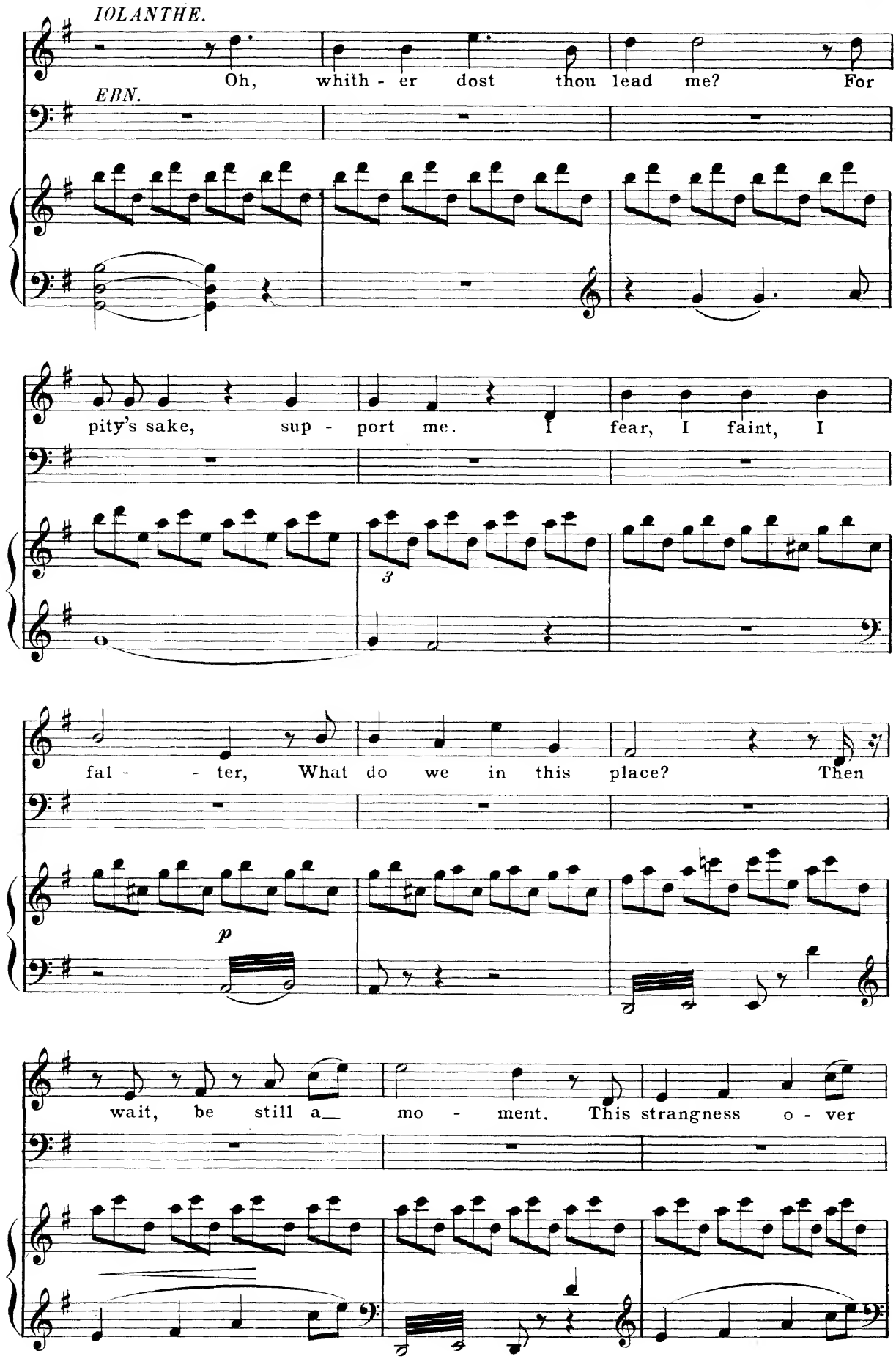

Praise Heav'n! Praise Him, whose good - ness
She sees! Praise Him, whose good - ness
Praise Him whose
Praise Him
Heav'n Praise Him, who
she sees! Praise Him, whose good - - - -
f

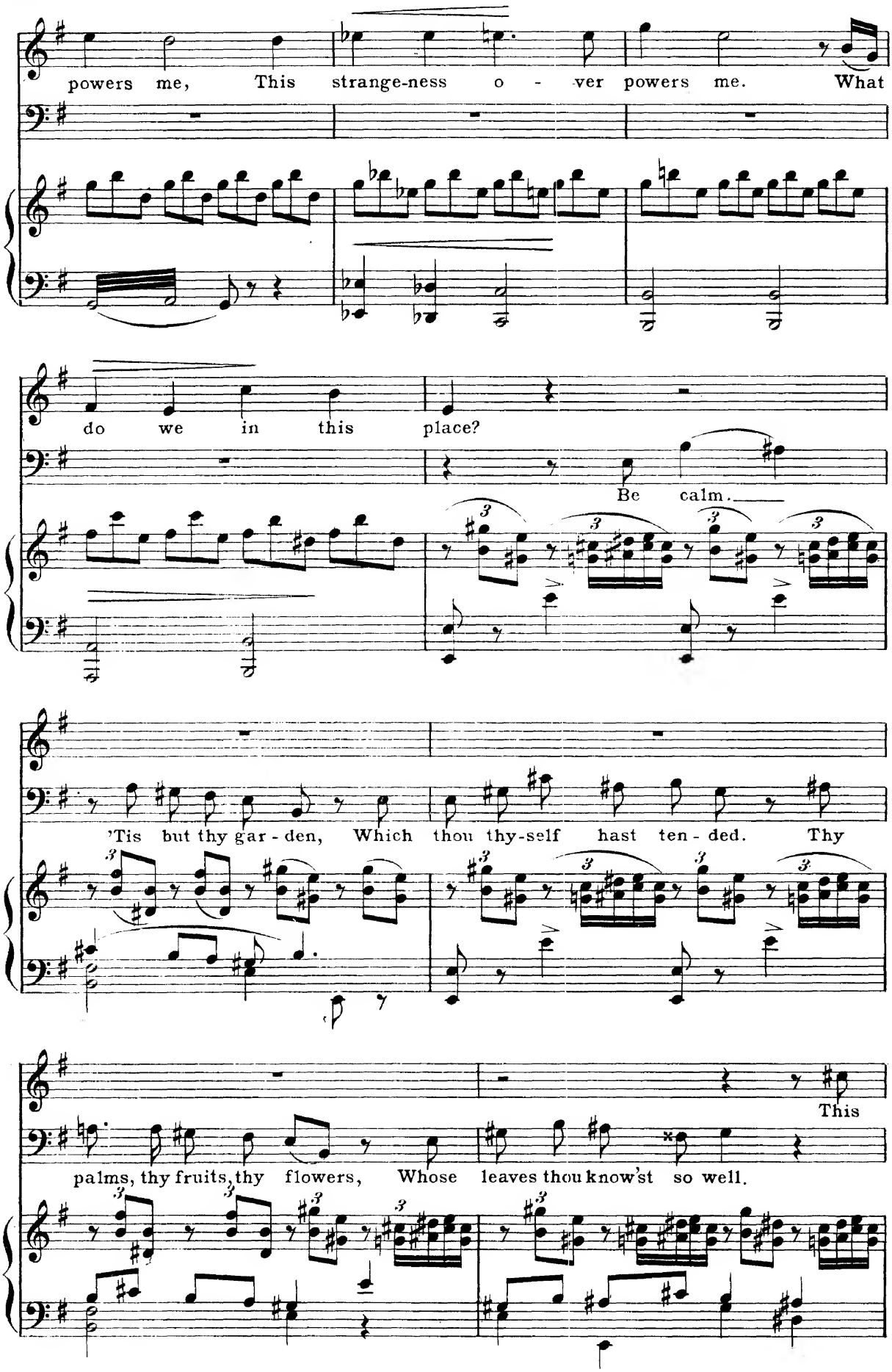

is so great, Who is so lov - ing and
is so great, Who is so lov - - - - -
good - ness is
whose good - - - ness is
is so lov - - - -
ness is so great, Who is so lov - - ing

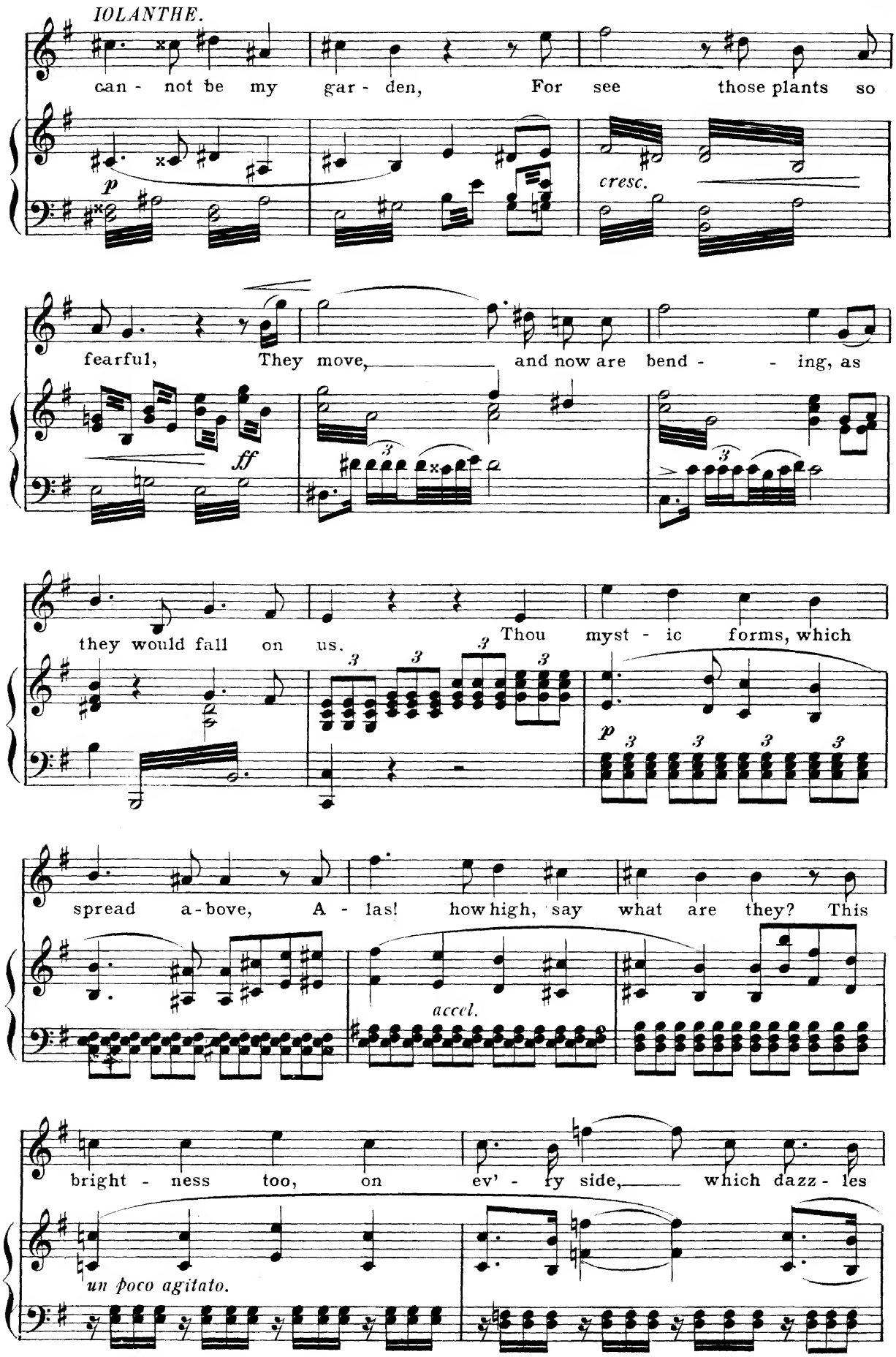


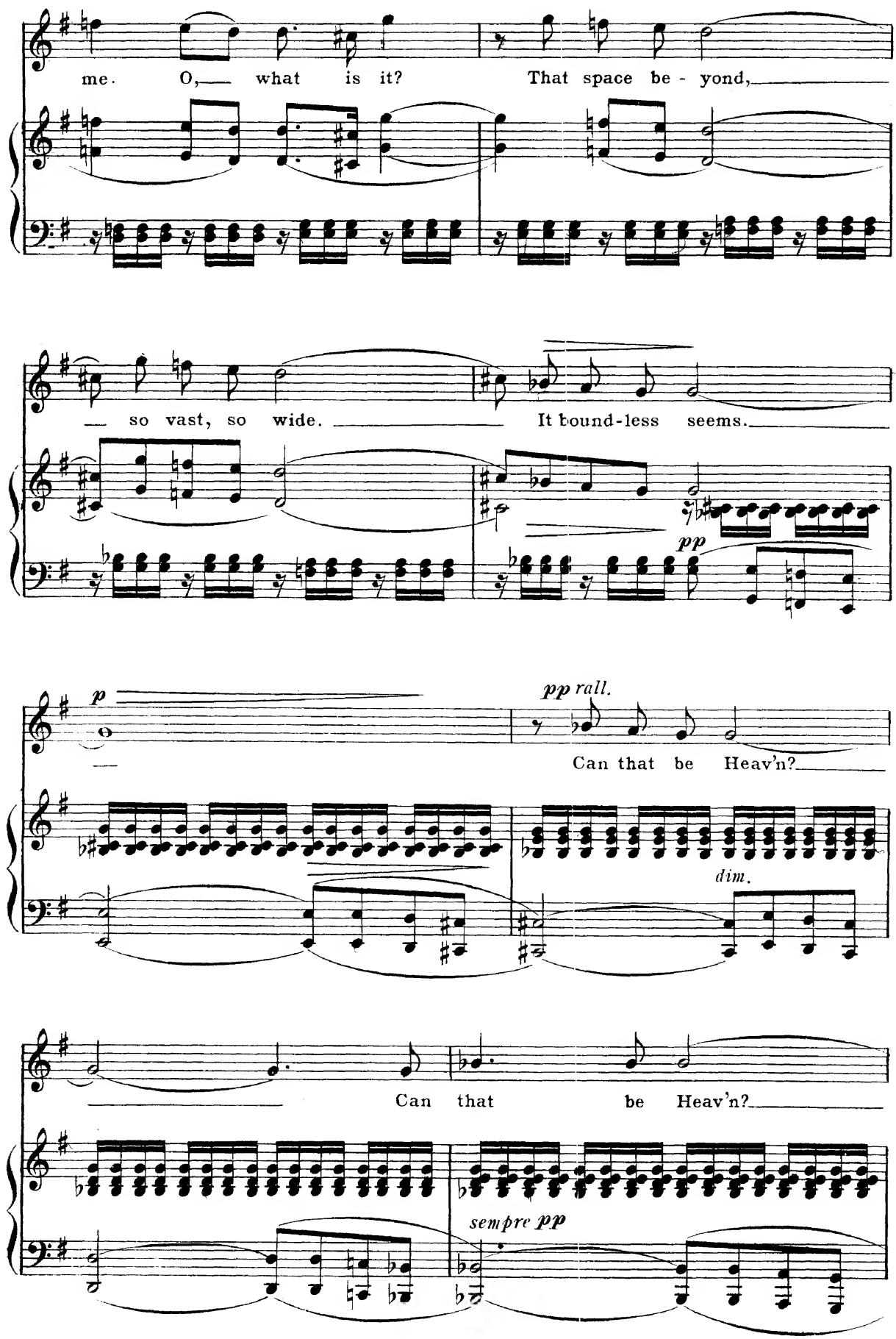
(*Enter Iolanthe supported by Ebn. The others stand aside and express their interest and sympathy in what follows.*)

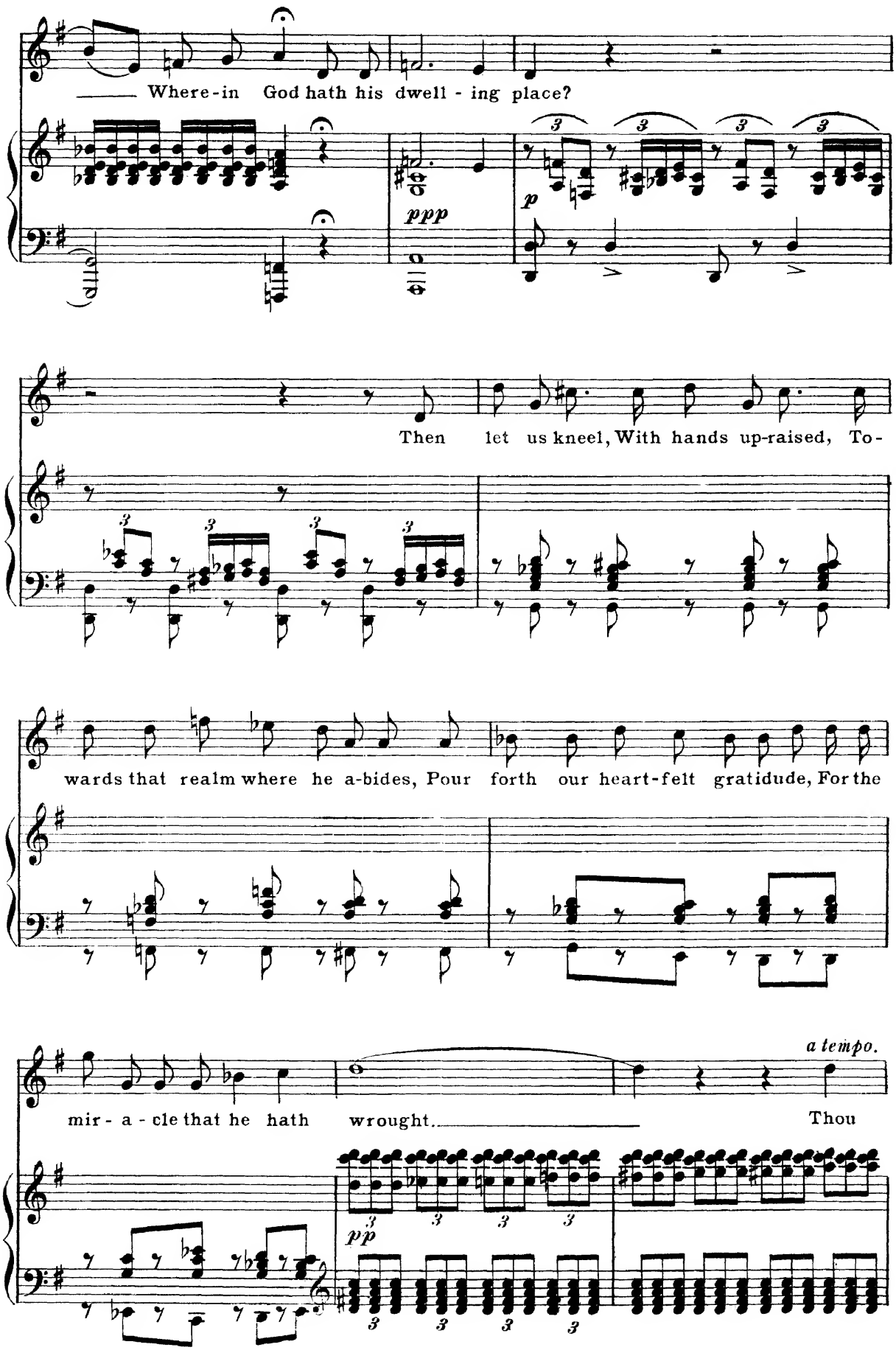


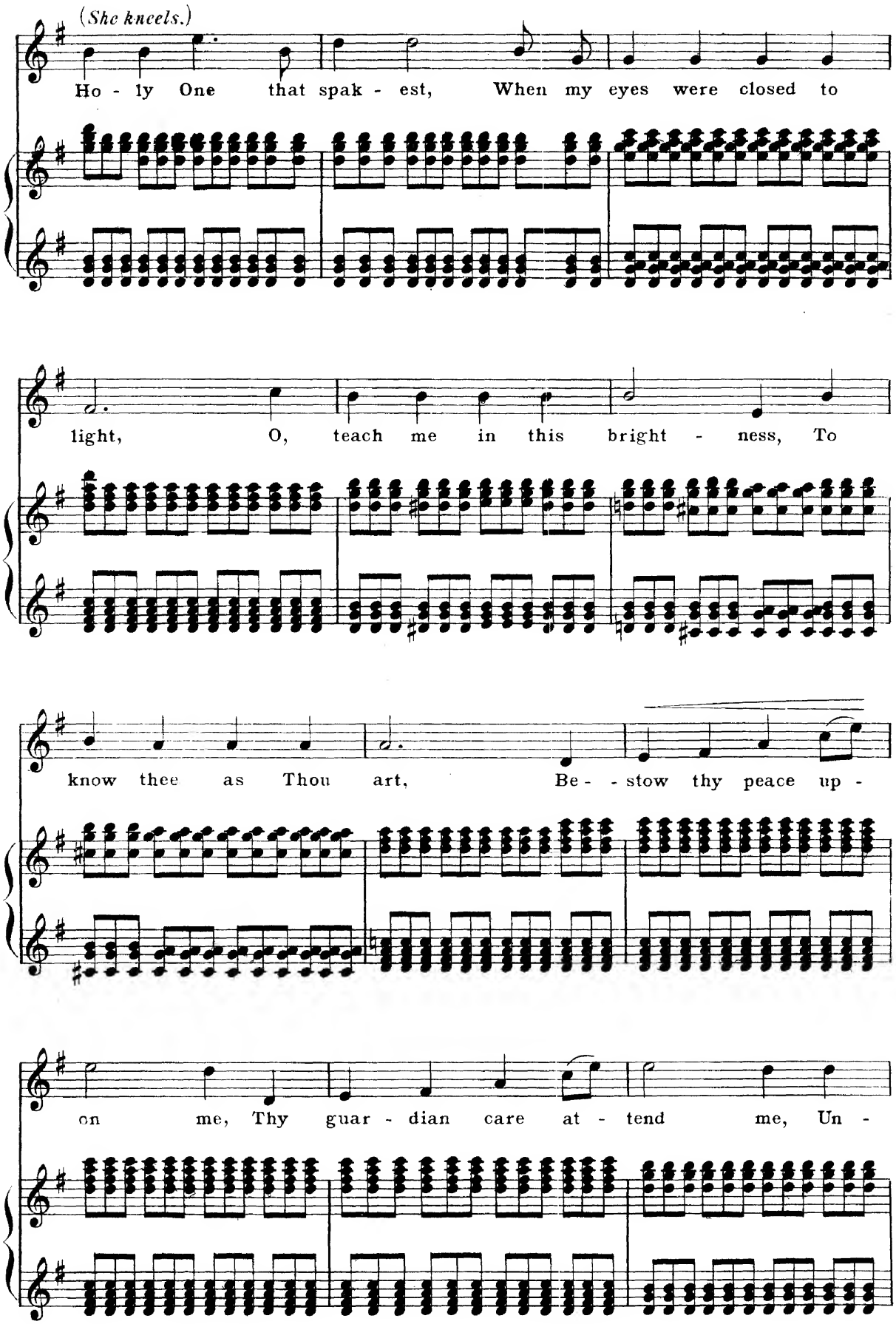

IOLANTHE.
Oh, whith - er dost thou lead me? For
EBN.
pity's sake, sup - port me. I fear, I faint, I
3
fal - - ter, What do we in this place? Then
p
wait, be still a_ mo - ment. This strangness o - ver

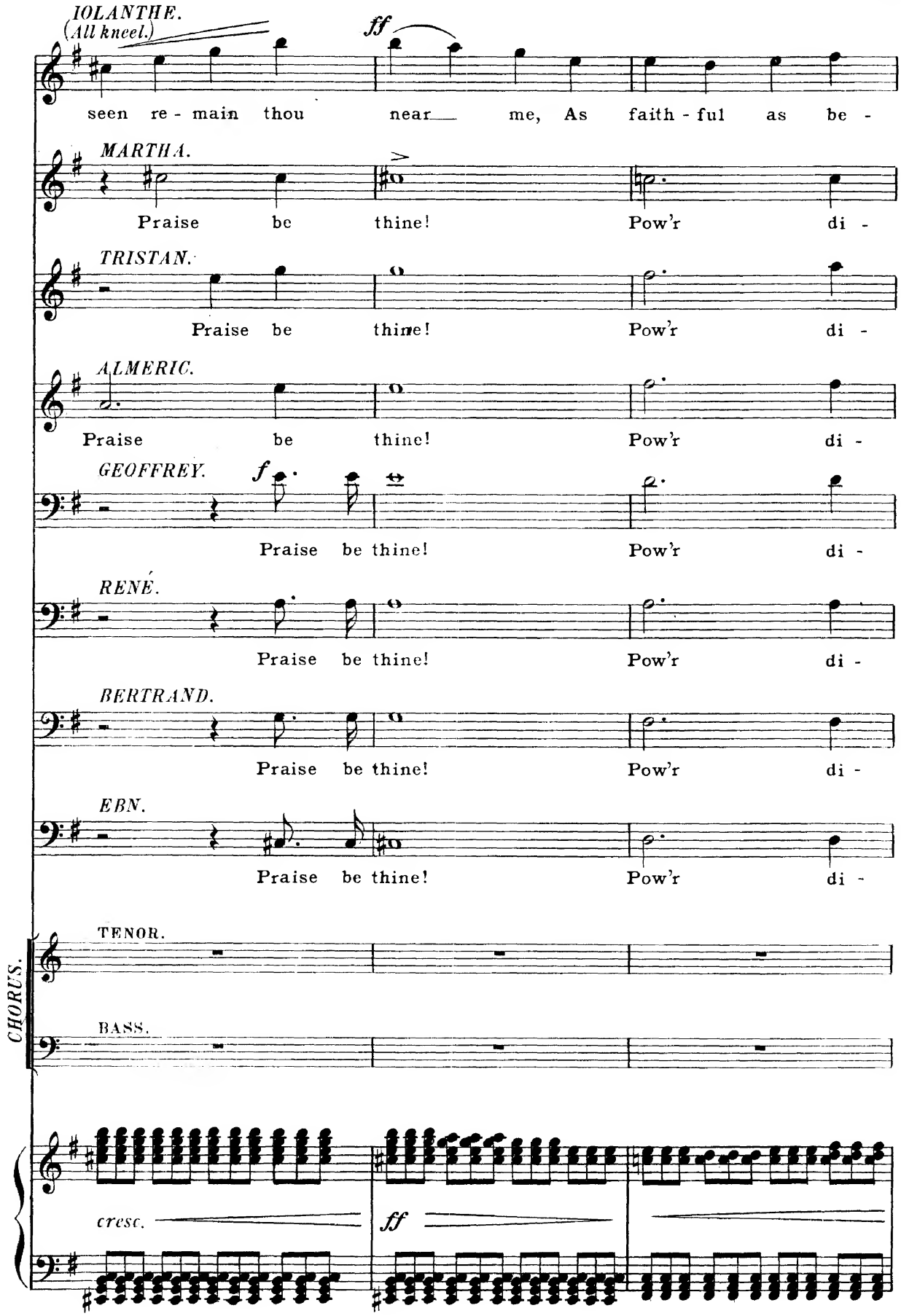

powers me, This strange-ness o - ver powers me. What
do we in this place?
Be calm.
'Tis but thy gar - den, Which thou thy-self hast ten - ded. Thy
This
palms, thy fruits, thy flowers, Whose leaves thou know'st so well.

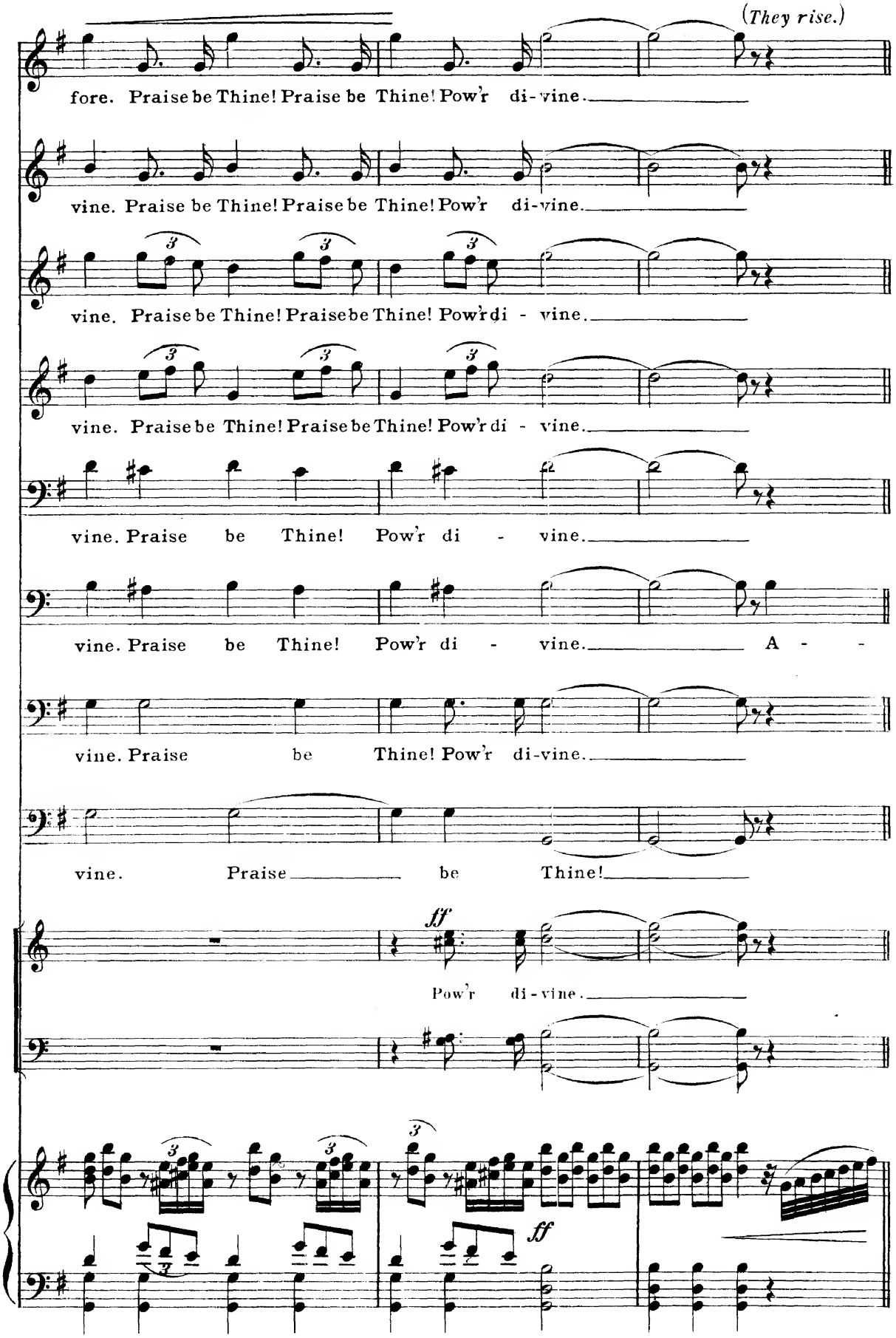

IOLANTHE.
can - not be my gar - den, For see those plants so
p
cresc.
fearful, They move, and now are bend - - ing, as
ff
they would fall on us. Thou myst - ic forms, which
p
spread a-bove, A - las! how high, say what are they? This
accel.
bright - ness too, on ev' - ry side, which dazz - les
un poco agitato.

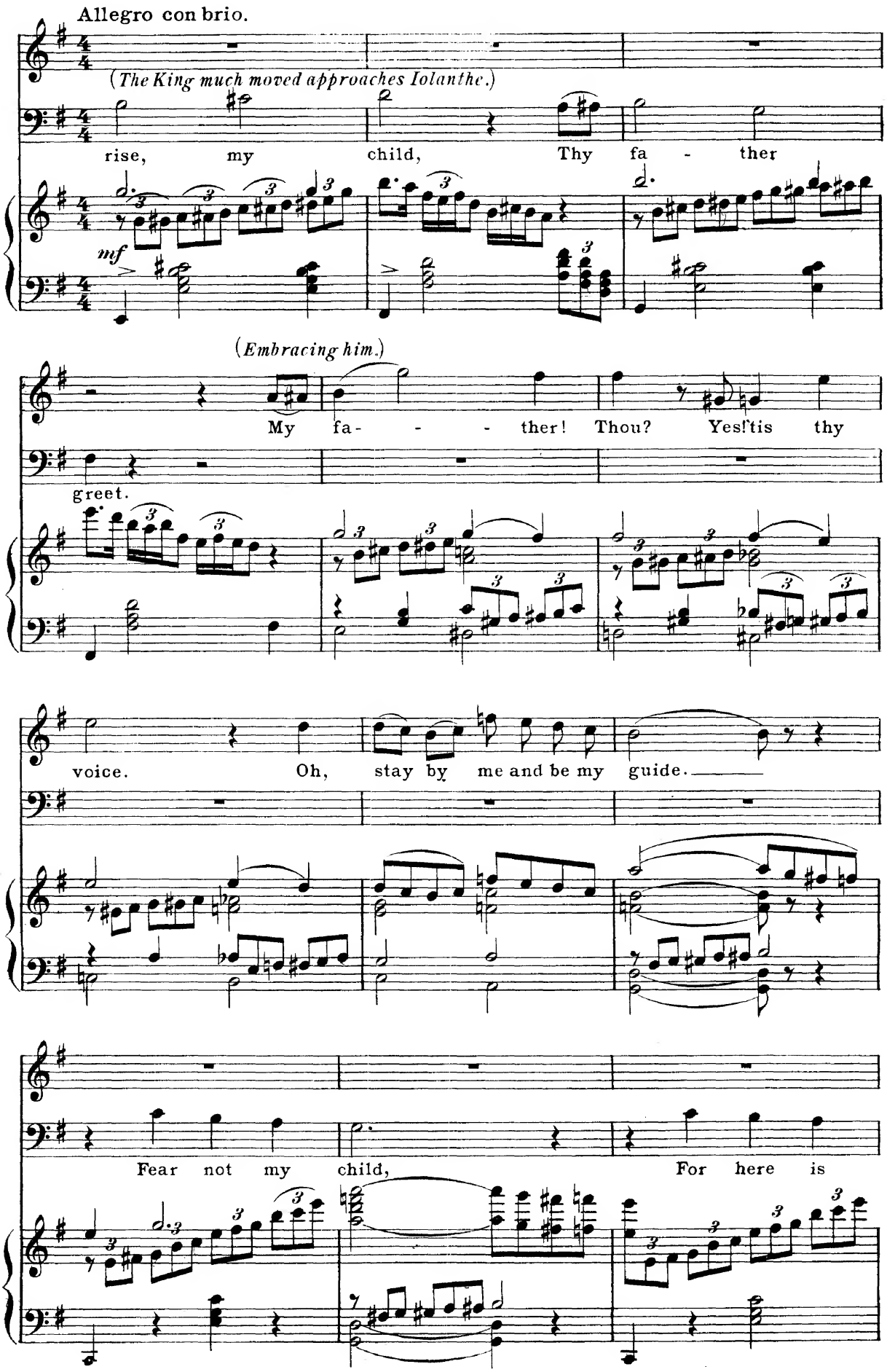

me. O, what is it? That space be - yond,
so vast, so wide. It bound-less seems.
pp
p
pp rall.
Can that be Heav'n?
dim.
Can that be Heav'n?
sempre pp

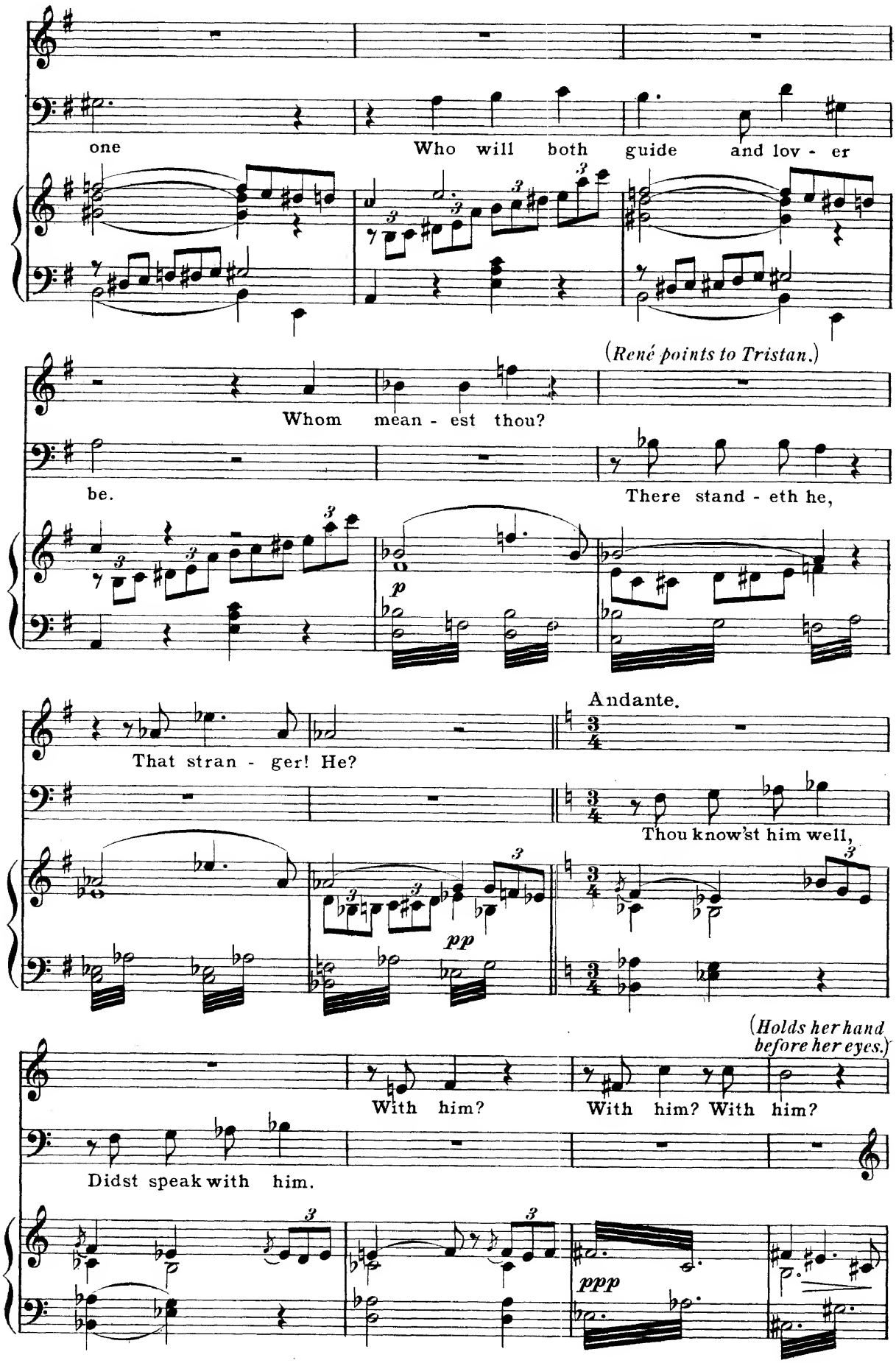

Where-in God hath his dwell - ing place?
ppp
p
Then let us kneel, With hands up-raised, To-
wards that realm where he a-bides, Pour forth our heart-felt gratidude, For the
a tempo.
mir - a - cle that he hath wrought. Thou
pp

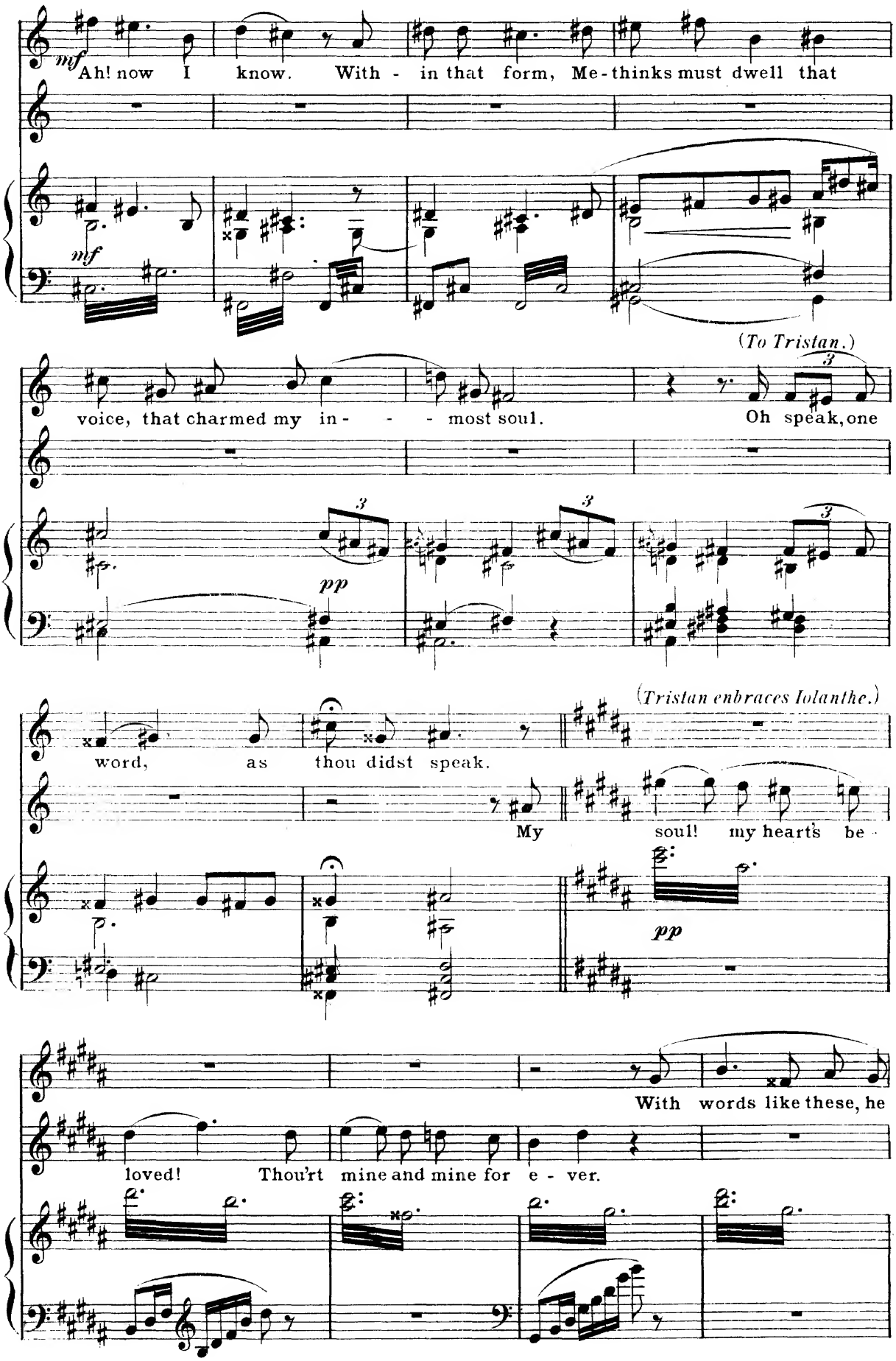

(She kneels.)
Ho - ly One that spak - est, When my eyes were closed to
light, O, teach me in this bright - ness, To
know thee as Thou art, Be - - stow thy peace up -
on me, Thy guar - dian care at - tend me, Un -

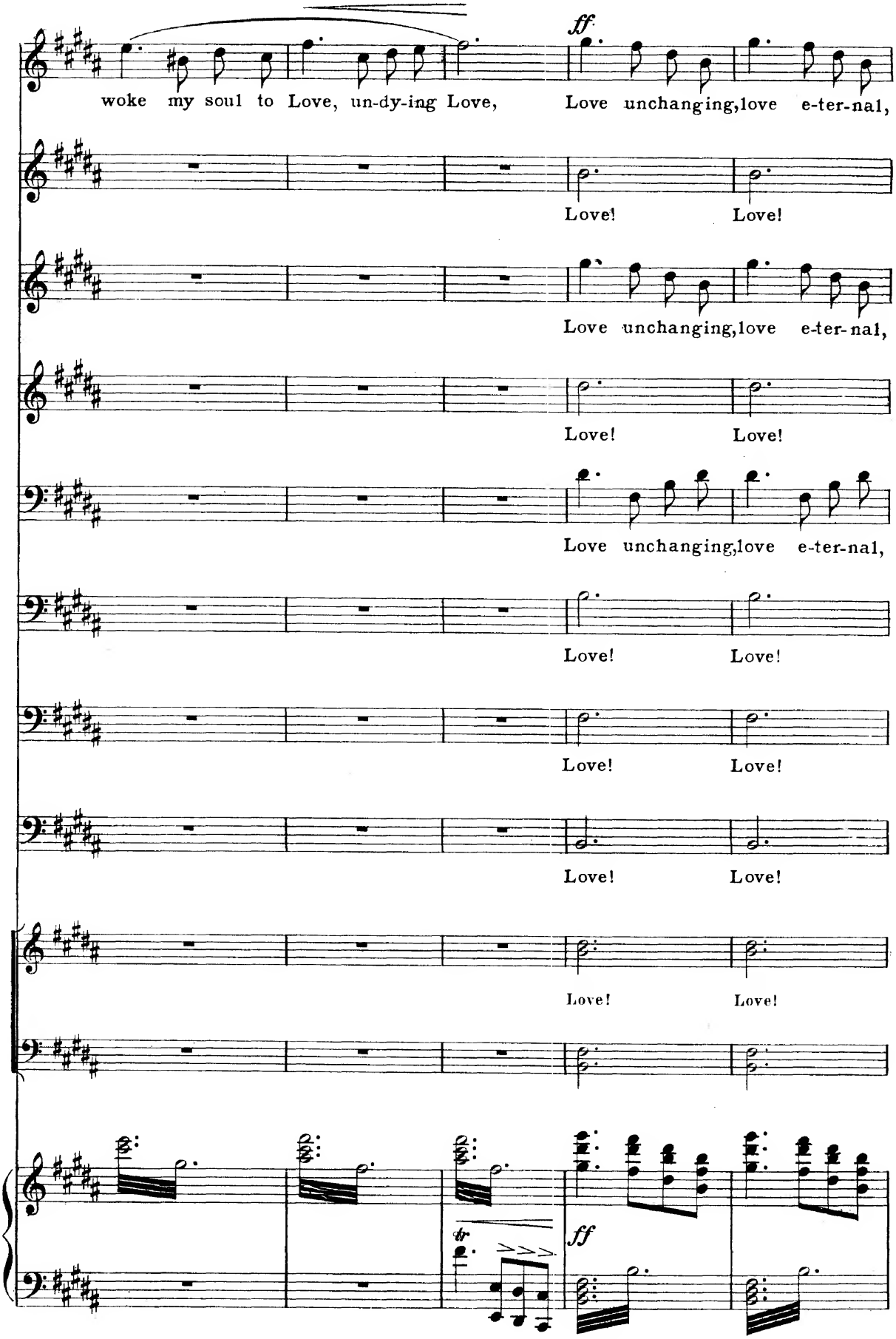

IOLANTHE.
(All kneel.)
ff
seen re - main thou near me, As faith - ful as be -
MARTHA.
Praise be thine! Pow'r di -
TRISTAN.
Praise be thine! Pow'r di -
ALMERIC.
Praise be thine! Pow'r di -
GEOFFREY.
f
Praise be thine! Pow'r di -
RENÉ.
Praise be thine! Pow'r di -
BERTRAND.
Praise be thine! Pow'r di -
EBN.
Praise be thine! Pow'r di -
CHORUS.
TENOR.
BASS.
cresc.
ff

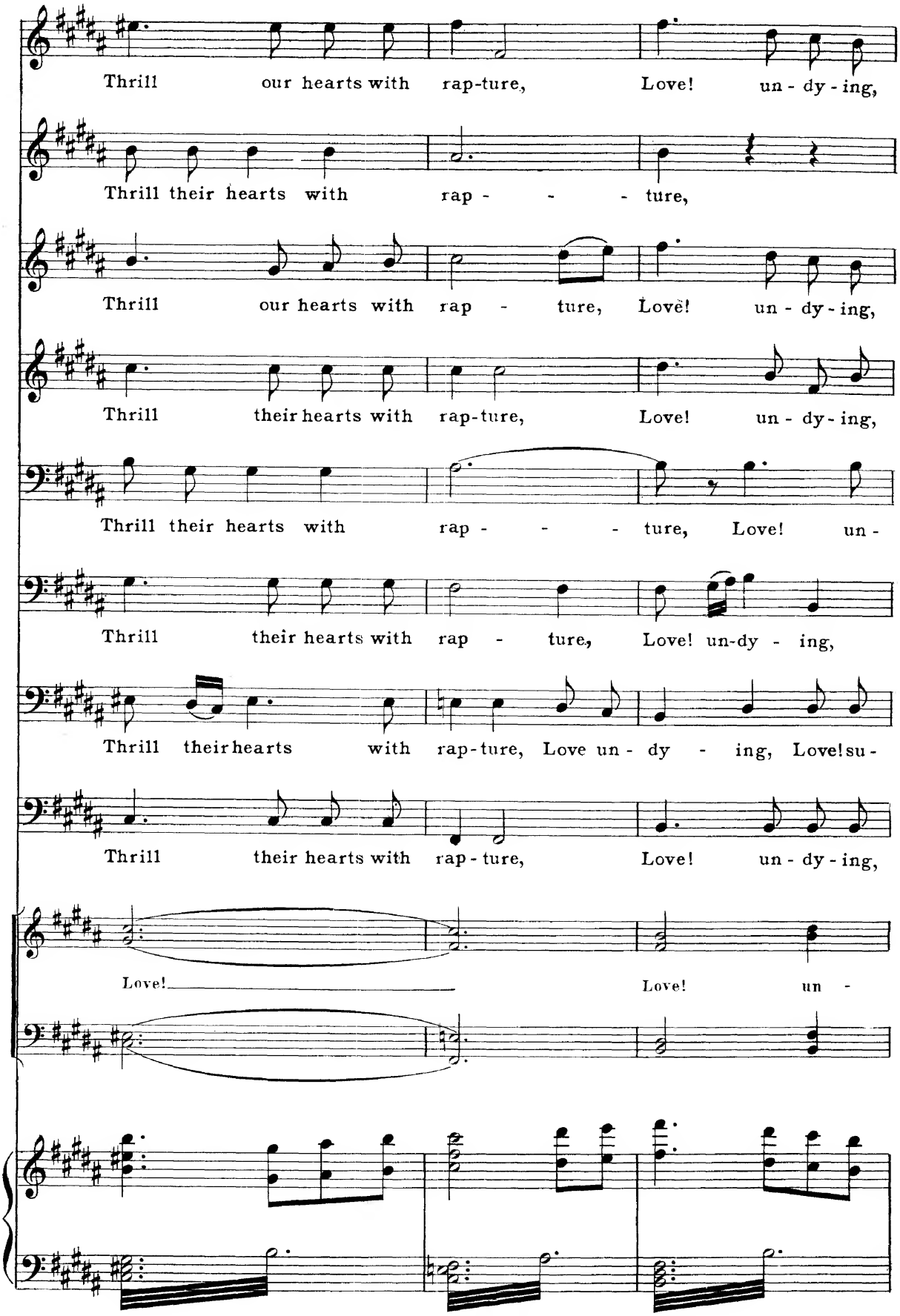

(They rise.)
fore. Praise be Thine! Praise be Thine! Pow'r di-vine.
vine. Praise be Thine! Praise be Thine! Pow'r di-vine.
vine. Praise be Thine! Praise be Thine! Pow'r di - vine.
vine. Praise be Thine! Praise be Thine! Pow'r di - vine.
vine. Praise be Thine! Pow'r di - vine.
vine. Praise be Thine! Pow'r di - vine. A - -
vine. Praise be Thine! Pow'r di-vine.
vine. Praise be Thine!
ff
Pow'r di-vine.
3
ff

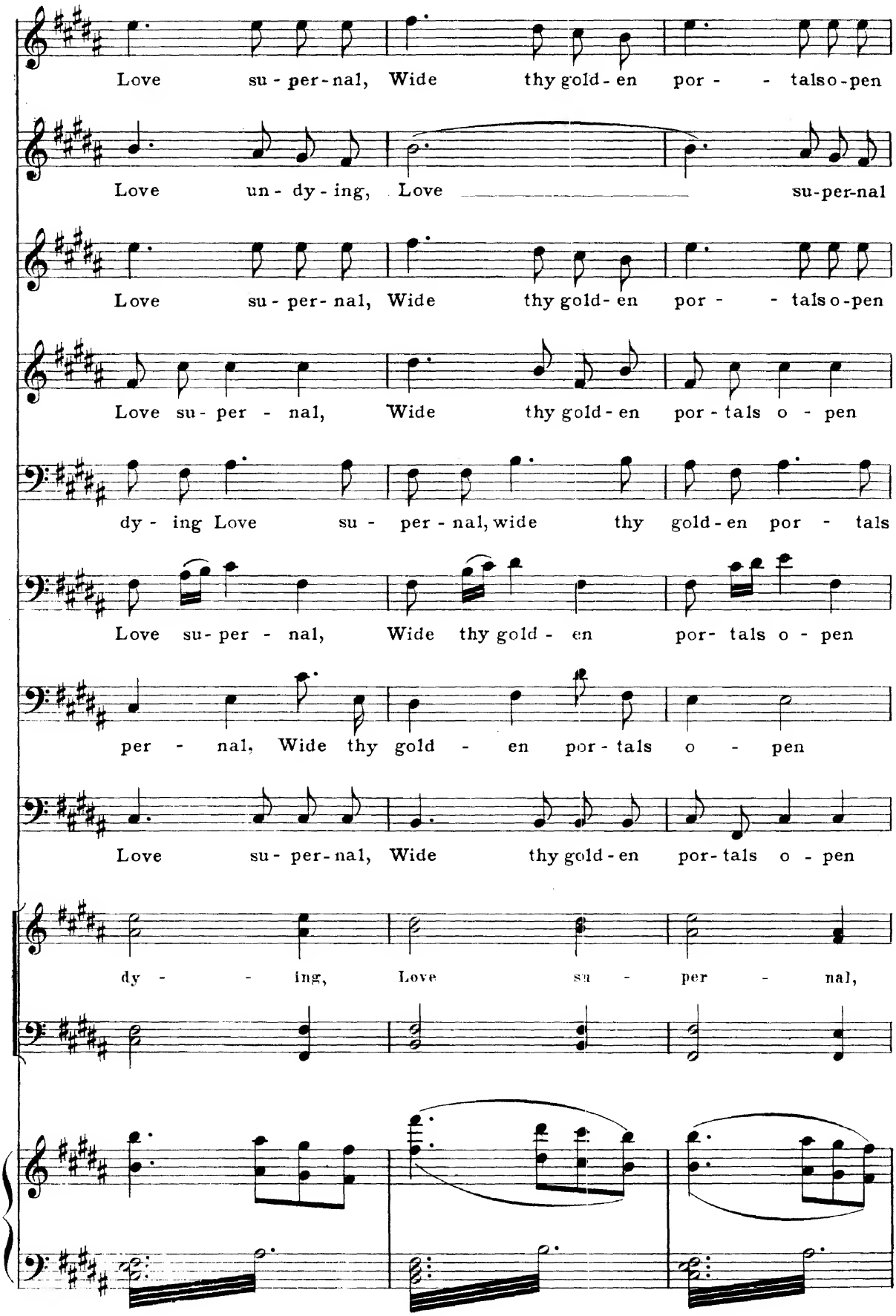

Allegro con brio.
(The King much moved approaches Iolanthe.)
rise, my child, Thy fa - ther
mf
(Embracing him.)
My fa- - - - ther! Thou? Yes!'tis thy
greet.
voice. Oh, stay by me and be my guide.
Fear not my child, For here is

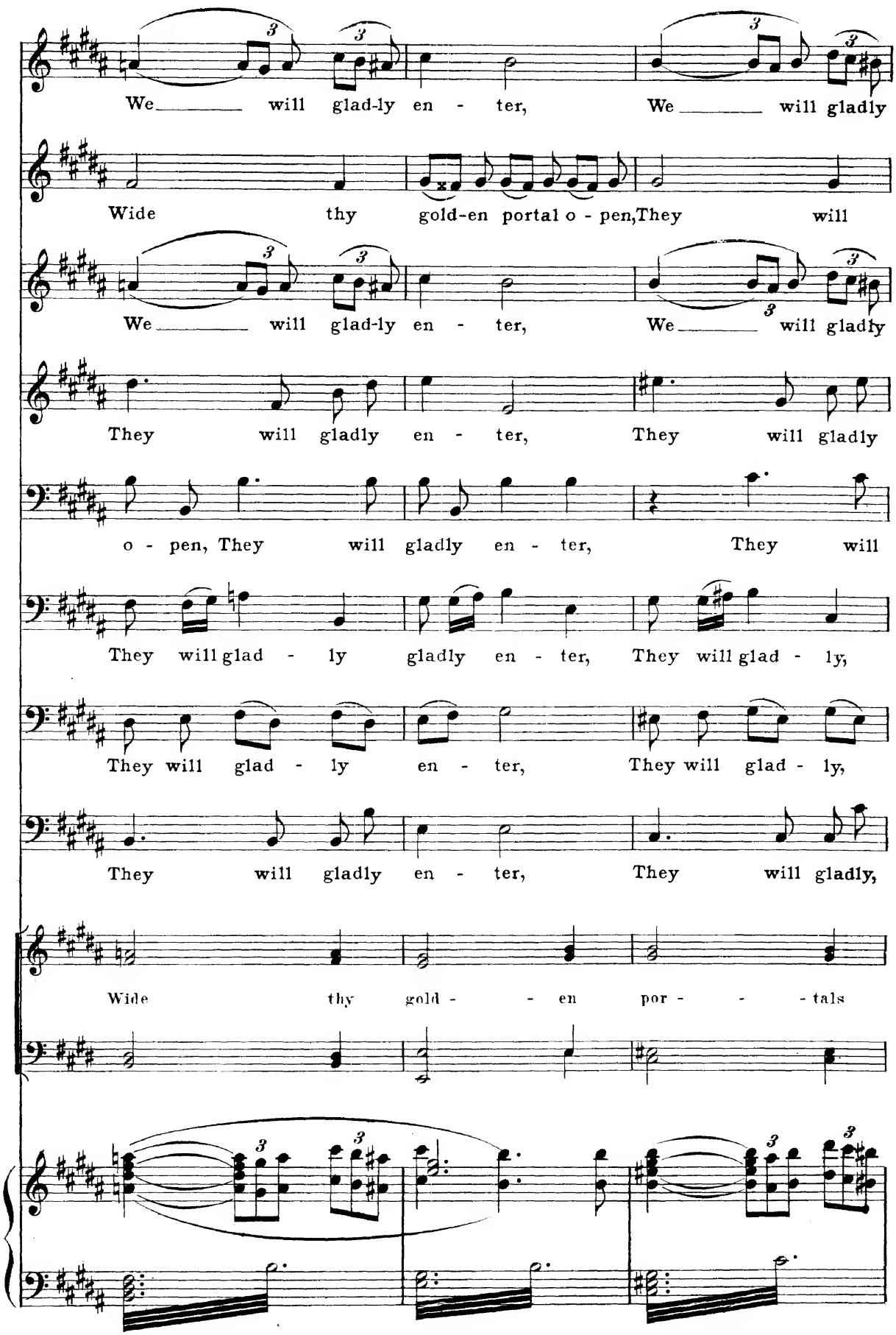

one
Who will both guide and lov - er
(René points to Tristan.)
Whom mean - est thou?
be.
There stand - eth he,
p
Andante.
That stran - ger! He?
Thou know'st him well,
pp
(Holds her hand before her eyes.)
With him?
With him? With him?
Didst speak with him.
ppp

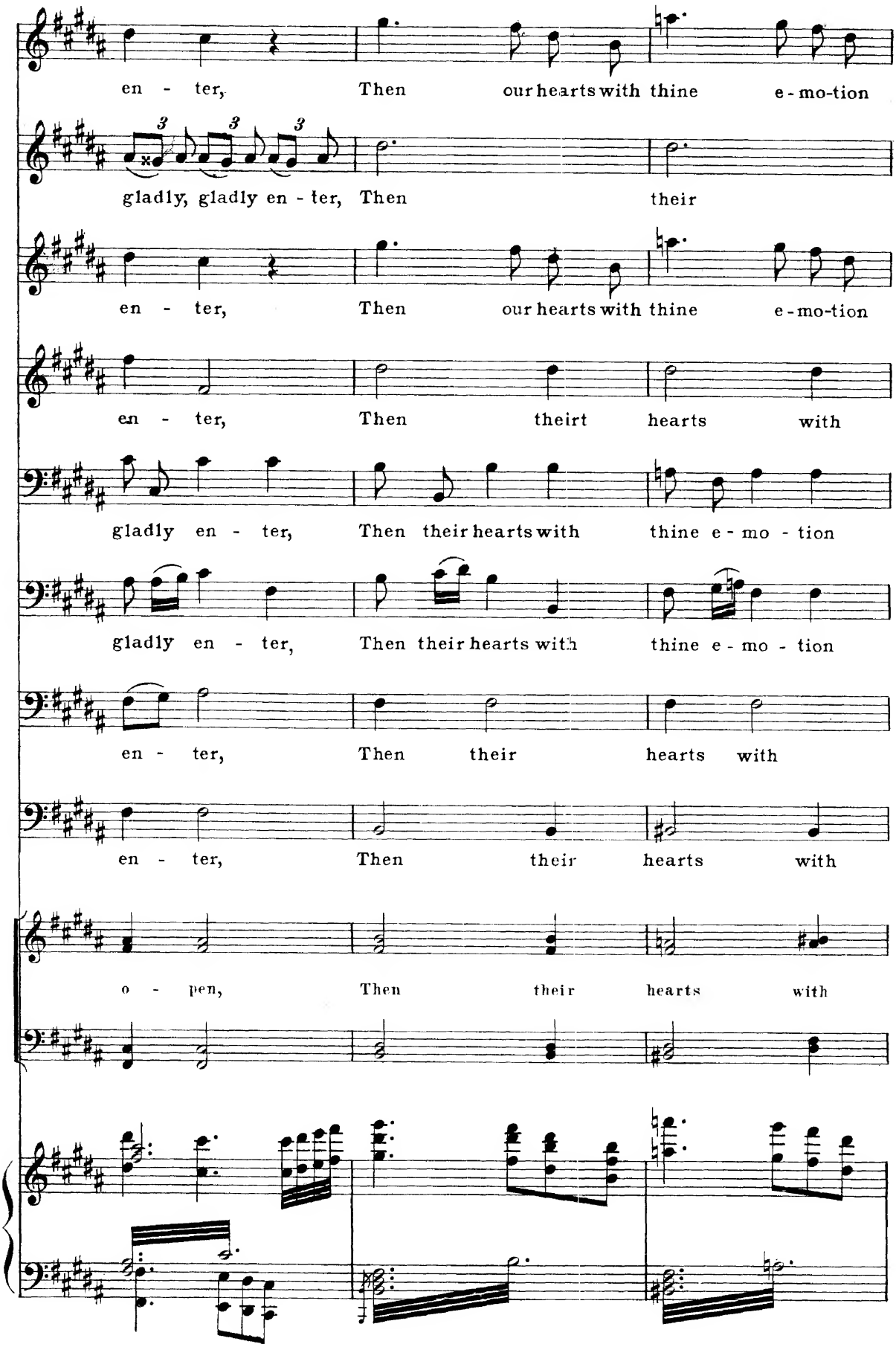

mf
Ah! now I know. With - in that form, Me - thinks must dwell that
mf
(To Tristan.)
voice, that charmed my in - - - most soul.
Oh speak, one
3
pp
(Tristan enbraces Iolanthe.)
word, as thou didst speak.
My soul! my heart's be -
pp
With words like these, he
loved! Thou'rt mine and mine for e - ver.

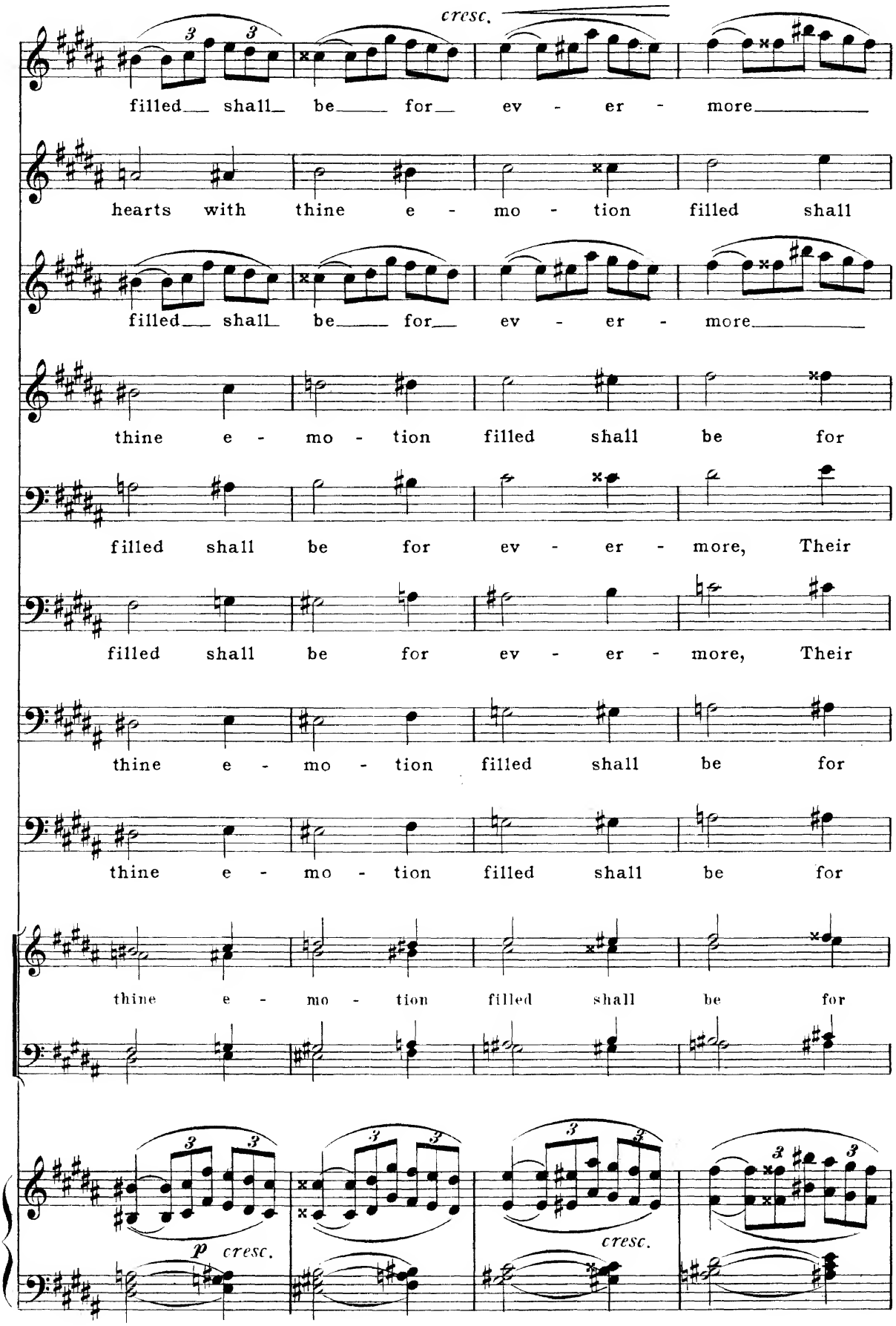

ff
woke my soul to Love, un-dy-ing Love,
Love unchanging, love e-ter-nal,
Love!
Love!
Love unchanging, love e-ter-nal,
Love!
Love!
Love unchanging, love e-ter-nal,
Love!
Love!
Love!
Love!
Love!
Love!
tr
ff

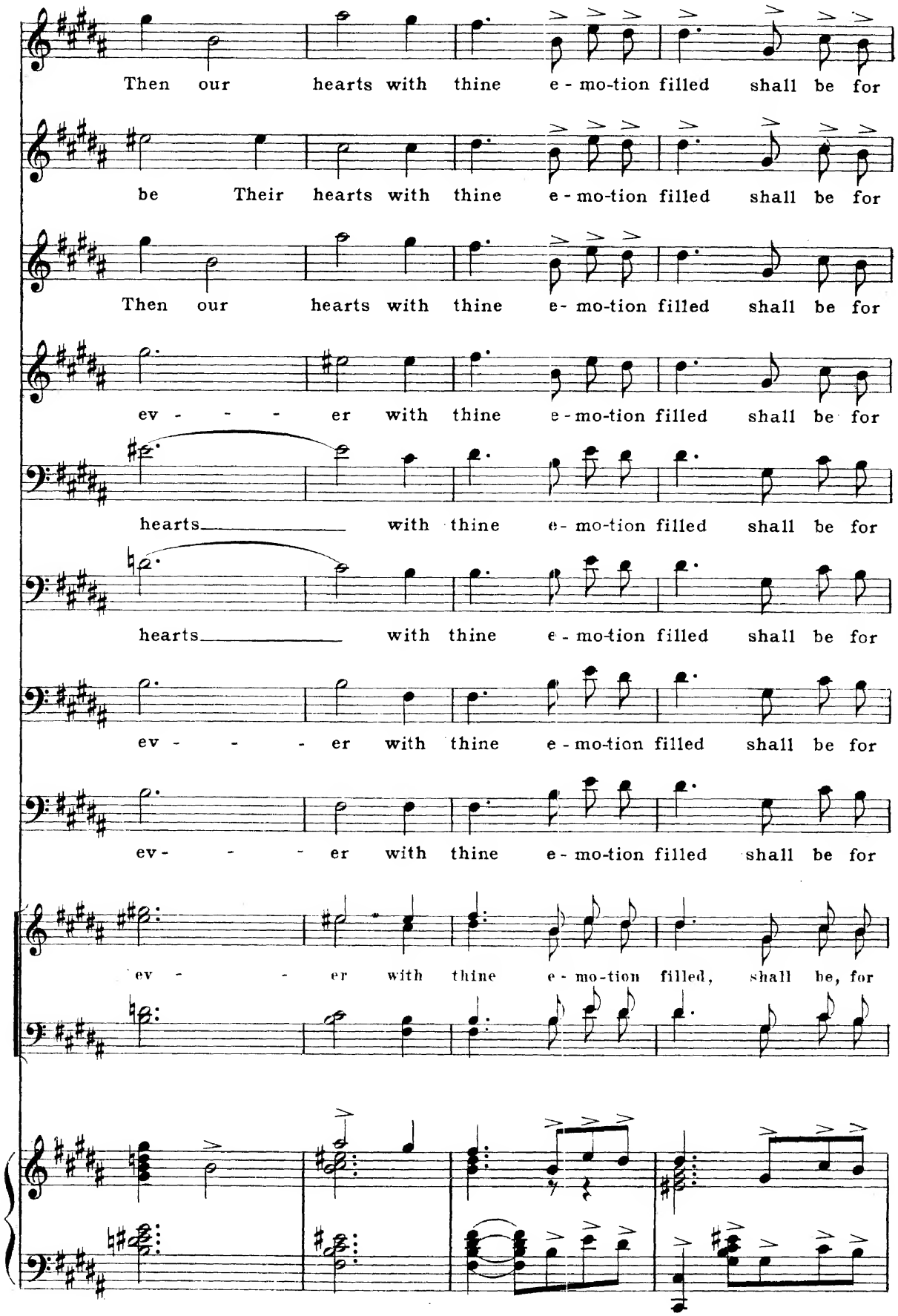

Thrill our hearts with rap-ture, Love! un - dy - ing,
Thrill their hearts with rap - - - ture,
Thrill our hearts with rap - ture, Love! un - dy - ing,
Thrill their hearts with rap-ture, Love! un - dy - ing,
Thrill their hearts with rap - - - ture, Love! un -
Thrill their hearts with rap - ture, Love! un-dy - ing,
Thrill their hearts with rap-ture, Love un - dy - ing, Love! su -
Thrill their hearts with rap - ture, Love! un - dy - ing,
Love!
Love! un -

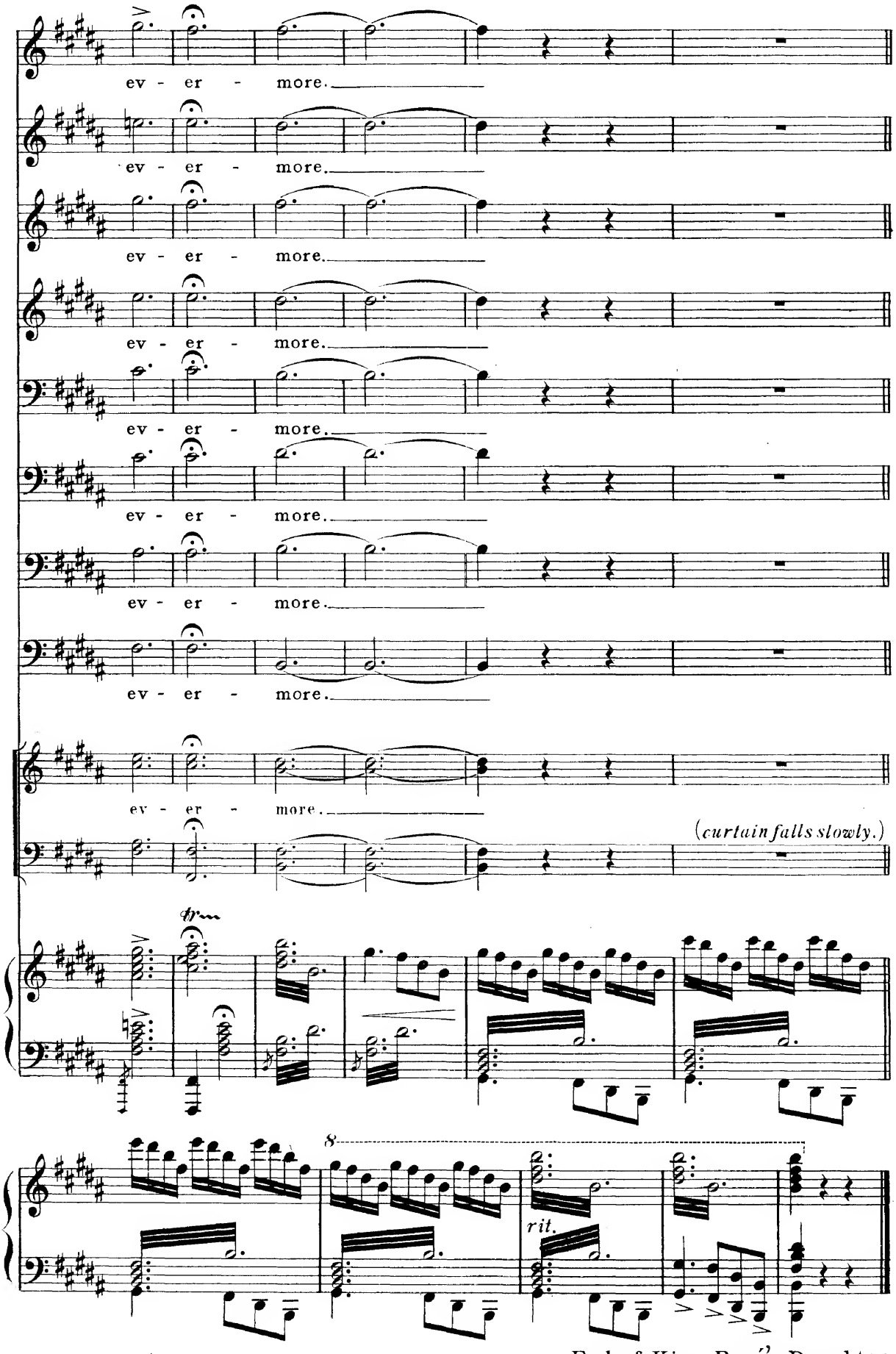

Love su - per - nal, Wide thy gold - en por - - tals o - pen
Love un - dy - ing, Love su - per - nal
Love su - per - nal, Wide thy gold - en por - - tals o - pen
Love su - per - nal, Wide thy gold - en por - tals o - pen
dy - ing Love su - per - nal, wide thy gold - en por - tals
Love su - per - nal, Wide thy gold - en por - tals o - pen
per - nal, Wide thy gold - en por - tals o - pen
Love su - per - nal, Wide thy gold - en por - tals o - pen
dy - - ing, Love su - per - nal,


We will glad-ly en - ter, We will gladly
Wide thy gold-en portal o - pen, They will
We will glad-ly en - ter, We will gladly
They will gladly en - ter, They will gladly
o - pen, They will gladly en - ter, They will
They will glad - ly gladly en - ter, They will glad - ly,
They will glad - ly en - ter, They will glad - ly,
They will gladly en - ter, They will gladly,
Wide thy gold - - en por - - - tals


en - ter, Then our hearts with thine e - mo-tion
gladly, gladly en - ter, Then their
en - ter, Then our hearts with thine e - mo-tion
en - ter, Then theirt hearts with
gladly en - ter, Then their hearts with thine e - mo - tion
gladly en - ter, Then their hearts with thine e - mo - tion
en - ter, Then their hearts with
en - ter, Then their hearts with
o - pen, Then their hearts with


cresc.
filled shall be for ev - er - more
hearts with thine e - mo - tion filled shall
filled shall be for ev - er - more
thine e - mo - tion filled shall be for
filled shall be for ev - er - more, Their
filled shall be for ev - er - more, Their
thine e - mo - tion filled shall be for
thine e - mo - tion filled shall be for
thine e - mo - tion filled shall be for
p cresc.
cresc.


Then our hearts with thine e - mo-tion filled shall be for
be Their hearts with thine e - mo-tion filled shall be for
Then our hearts with thine e- mo-tion filled shall be for
ev - - - er with thine e - mo-tion filled shall be for
hearts with thine e - mo-tion filled shall be for
hearts with thine e - mo-tion filled shall be for
ev - - - er with thine e - mo-tion filled shall be for
ev- - - er with thine e - mo-tion filled shall be for
ev - - er with thine e - mo-tion filled, shall be, for



End of King René's Daughter.